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THE

ADVENTURES

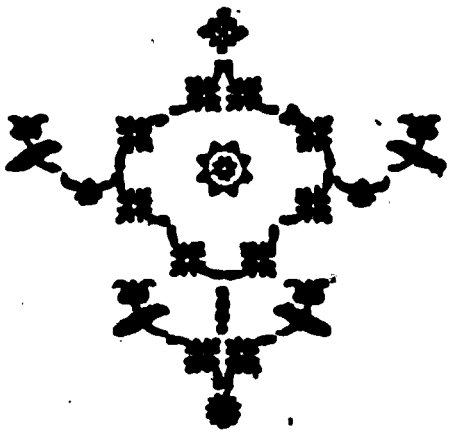
OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

ET GENUS ET VIRTUS, NISI CUM RE, VILIOR ALGA EST. HOR.



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THE

PREFACE.

F all kinds of ſatire, there is none ſo entertaining and uni-
verſally improving, as that which is introduced, as it were,
ſionally, in the courſe of an intereſting ſtory, which brings
y incident home to life; and by repreſenting familiar ſcenes
n uncommon and amuſing point of view, inveſts them with all
graces of novelty, while nature is appealed to in every particu-

The Reader gratifies his curioſity, in purſuing the adventures of a
ſon in whoſe favour he is prepoſſeſſed; he eſpouſes his cauſe, he
npathizes with him in diſtreſs, his indignation is heated againſt
: authors of his calamity; the humane paſſions are inflamed; the
ntraſt between dejected virtue, and inſulting vice, appears with
eater aggravation, and every impreſſion having a double force on
e imagination, the memory retains the circumſtance, and the
art improves by the example. The attention is not tired with a
ıre catalogue of characters, but agreeably diverted with all the va-
:ty of invention; and the viciſſitudes of life appear in their pecu-
ır circumſtances, opening an ample field for wit and humour.

Romance, no doubt, owes it's origin to ignorance, vanity, and ſu-
:rſtition. In the dark ages of the world, when a man had ren-
:red himſelf famous for wiſdom or valour, his family and adhe-
nts availed themſelves of his ſuperior qualities, magnified his vir-
ıes, and repreſented his character and perſon as ſacred and ſuper-
ıtural. The vulgar eaſily ſwallowed the bait, implored his protec-
ɔn, and yielded the tribute of homage and praiſe even to adora-
ɔn; his exploits were handed down to poſterity with a thouſand
aggerations; they were repeated as incitements to virtue; divine
nours were paid, and altars erected to his memory, for the en-
ıragement of thoſe who attempted to imitate his example; and
ıce aroſe the heathen mythology, which is no other than a col-
ion of extravagant romances. As learning advanced, and ge-
received cultivation, theſe ſtories were embelliſhed with the
:s of poetry; that they might the better recommend themſelves
e attention, they were ſung in public, at feſtivals, for the in-
ion and delight of the audience; and rehearſed before battle,

as

as incentives to deeds of glory. Thus tragedy and the epic muſe were born; and, in the progreſs of taſte, arrived at perfection.——It is no wonder, that the ancients could not reliſh a fable in proſe, after they had ſeen ſo many remarkable events celebrated in verſe, by their beſt poets; we therefore find no romance among them, during the æra of their excellence, unleſs the Cyropædia of Xenophon may be ſo called; and it was not till arts and ſciences began to revive, after the irruption of the Barbarians into Europe, that any thing of this kind appeared. But when the minds of men were debauched by the impoſition of prieſt-craft to the moſt abſurd pitch of credulity; the authors of romance aroſe, and loſing ſight of probability, filled their performances with the moſt monſtrous hyperboles. If they could not equal the ancient poets in point of genius, they were reſolved to excel them in fiction, and apply to the wonder rather than the judgment of their readers: Accordingly they brought necromancy to their aid, and inſtead of ſupporting the character of their heroes by dignity of ſentiment and practice, diſtinguiſhed them by their bodily ſtrength, activity, and extravagance of behaviour. Although nothing could be more ludicrous and unnatural than the figures they drew, they did not want patrons and admirers, and the world actually began to be infected with the ſpirit of knight-errantry; when Cervantes, by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taſte of mankind, repreſenting chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to purpoſes far more uſeful and entertaining, by making it aſſume the ſock, and point out the follies of ordinary life.

The ſame method has been practiſed by other Spaniſh and French authors, and by none more ſucceſsfully than by Monſier Le Sage, who in his Adventures of Gil Blas, has deſcribed the knavery and foibles of life, with infinite humour and ſagacity.——The following ſheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however, to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular ſituations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the ſcene is laid.——The diſgraces of Gil Blas are, for the moſt part, ſuch as rather excite mirth than compaſſion; he himſelf laughs at them; and his tranſitions from diſtreſs to happineſs, or at leaſt eaſe, are ſo ſudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himſelf to be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader, againſt the ſordid and vicious diſpoſition of the world.

I have attempted to repreſent modeſt merit ſtruggling with every difficulty to which a friendleſs orphan is expoſed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the ſelfiſhneſs, envy, malice, and baſe indifference of mankind.——To ſecure a favourable prepoſſeſſion, I have allowed him the advantages of birth and education, which in the ſeries of his misfortunes will, I hope, engage the ingenuous more warmly in his behalf; and though I foreſee, that ſome people will be offended at the mean ſcenes in which he is involved, I perſuade myſelf the judicious will not only perceive the neceſſity of deſcribing thoſe ſituations to which he muſt of courſe be confined, *in his low eſtate*, but alſo find entertainment in viewing thoſe parts *of life, where the humours* and paſſions are diſguiſed by affectation, ceremony,

ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as nature has implanted them.——But, I believe, I need not trouble myself is vindicating a practice authorized by the best writers in this way, some of whom I have already named.

Every intelligent reader will, at first sight, perceive I have not deviated from nature, in the facts; which are all true in the main, although the circumstances are altered and disguised, to avoid personal satire.

It now remains to give my reasons for making the chief personage of this work a North Briton; which are chiefly these: I could at a small expence bestow on him such education as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England, by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom, with more propriety than in any place near the capital; and lastly, the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country.

That the delicate reader may not be offended at the unmeaning oaths which proceed from the mouths of some persons in these memoirs, I beg leave to premise, that I imagined nothing could more effectually expose the absurdity of such miserable expletives, than a natural and verbal representation of the discourse in which they occur.

A · B O L O G U E.

Young painter indulging a vein of pleaſantry, ſketched a kind of
converſation-piece, repreſenting a bear, an owl, a monkey, and
ſs; and to render it more ſtriking, humorous, and moral, diſtinguiſhed
ry figure by ſome emblem of human life.

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old, toothleſs,
nken ſoldier; the owl perched upon the handle of a coffee-pot, with
ſtacles on noſe, ſeemed to contemplate a newſpaper; and the aſs
amented with a huge, bye-wig, (which, however, could not conceal
long ears) ſat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the
plements of painting. This whimſical groupe afforded ſome mirth,
d met with general approbation, until ſome miſchievous wag hinted
at the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer: an
ſinuation which was no ſooner circulated, than thoſe very people who
pl[illegible]d it before, began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themſelves
gni[illegible]by the ſeveral figures of the piece.

Among others, a worthy perſonage in years, who had ſerved in the
my with reputation, being incenſed at the ſuppoſed outrage, repaired
the lodgings of the painter, and finding him at home, 'Hark ye, Mr.
Monkey,' ſaid he, 'I have a good mind to convince you, that though
the bear has loſt his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not ſo
drunk but he can perceive your impertinence.' 'Sblood! Sir, that
toothleſs jaw is a damned ſcandalous libel; but don't you imagine
me ſo chopfallen as not to be able to chew the cud of reſentment.'
—Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned phyſician, who
lvancing to the culprit with fury in his aſpect, exclaimed, 'Suppoſe
the augmentation of the aſs's ears ſhould prove the diminution of the
baboon's: nay, ſeek not to prevaricate; for, by the beard of Æſcula-
pius! there is not one hair in this periwig that will not ſtand up in
judgment to convict thee of perſonal abuſe.—Do but obſerve, captain,
how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls; the colour, in-
deed, is different, but then the form and foretop are quite ſimilar.'—
While he thus remonſtrated in a ſtrain of vociferation, a venerable ſena-
tor entered, and waddling up to the delinquent, 'Jackanapes!' cried
e, 'I will now let thee ſee I can read ſomething elſe than a newſpa-
per, and that without the help of ſpectacles. Here is your own note
of hand, ſirrah, for money, which if I had not advanced, you your-
ſelf would have reſembled an owl, in not daring to ſhew your face by
day, you ungrateful, ſlanderous knave!'

In vain the aſtoniſhed painter declared that he had no intention to give
fence, or to characterize particular perſons: they affirmed the reſem-
ance was too palpable to be overlooked; they taxed him with inſo-
nce, malice, and ingratitude; and their clamours being overheard
the public, the *captain was a bear, the doctor an aſs, and the ſenator*
owl, to his dying day.

Chriſtian reader, I beſeech thee, in the bowels of the Lord, remember this example while thou art employed in the peruſal of the following ſheets; and ſeek not to appropriate to thyſelf that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou ſhouldeſt meet with a character that reflects thee in ſome ungracious particular, keep thy own counſel; conſider that one feature makes not a face, and that though thou art, perhaps, diſtinguiſhed by a bottle-noſe, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the ſame predicament.

THE

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

OF MY BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

I Was born in the northern part of this united kingdom, in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had on many occasions signalized himself in behalf of his country; and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.

My father (his youngest son) falling in love with a poor relation, who lived with the old gentleman in quality of house-keeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage. During her pregnancy, a dream discomposed my mother so much, that her husband, tired with her importunity, at last consulted a highland seer, whose favourable interpretation he would have secured before-hand by a bribe, but found him incorruptible. She dreamed, she was delivered of a tennis-ball, which the devil (who, to her great surprise, acted the part of midwife) struck so forcibly with a racket, that it disappeared in an instant: and she was for some time inconsolable for the loss of her offspring; *when, all of a sudden, she beheld it return with equal violence, and enter the earth beneath her feet,* whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree covered with blossoms, the scent of which operated so strongly on her nerves that she awoke. The attentive sage, after some deliberation, assured my parents, that their first-born would be a great traveller; that he would undergo many dangers and difficulties, and at last return to his native land, where he would flourish in happiness and reputation. How truly this was foretold, will appear in the sequel. It was not long before some officious person informed my grandfather of certain familiarities that passed between his son and house-keeper, which alarmed him so much that, a few days after, he told my father it was high time for him to think of settling; and that he had provided a match for him, to which he could in justice have no objections. My father, finding it would be impossible to conceal his situation much longer, frankly owned what he had done; and excused himself for not having asked the consent of his father, by saying, he knew it would have been to no purpose; and that, had his inclination been known, my grandfather might have taken such measures as would have effectually put the gratification of it out of his power: he added, that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty, and good sense; as for fortune, it was beneath his care. The old gentleman, who kept all his passions, except o

in excellent order, heard him to an end with great temper; and then calmly aſked, how he propoſed to maintain himſelf and ſpouſe. He replied, he could be in no danger of wanting, while his father's tenderneſs remained, which he and his wife ſhould always cultivate with the utmoſt veneration: that he was perſuaded his allowance would be ſuitable to the dignity and circumſtances of his family; and to the proviſion already made for his brothers and ſiſters, who were happily ſettled under his protection. 'Your 'brothers and ſiſters,' ſaid my grandfather, 'did not think it beneath them 'to conſult me in an affair of ſuch im-'portance as matrimony; neither, I 'ſuppoſe, would you have omitted 'that piece of duty, had not you ſome 'ſecret fund in reſerve; to the com-'forts of which I leave you, with a 'deſire that you will this night ſeek 'out another habitation for yourſelf 'and wife; whither, in a ſhort time, I 'will ſend you an account of the ex-'pence I have been at in your educa-'tion, with a view of being reim-'burſed. Sir, you have made the 'grand tour; you are a polite gentle-'man; a very pretty gentleman; I 'wiſh you a great deal of joy, and am 'your very humble ſervant.' So ſaying, he left my father in a ſituation eaſily imagined. However, he did not long heſitate; for, being perfectly well acquainted with his father's diſpoſition, he did not doubt that he was glad of this pretence to get rid of him; and his reſolves being invariable as the laws of the Medes and Perſians, he knew that it would be to no purpoſe to attempt him by prayers and intreaties; ſo without any farther application, he betook himſelf, with his diſconſolate bedfellow, to a farm-houſe, where an old ſervant of his mother dwelt; there they remained for ſome time in a ſituation but ill adapted to the elegance of their deſires and tenderneſs of their love; which nevertheleſs my father choſe to endure, rather than ſupplicate an unnatural and inflexible parent: but my mother, foreſeeing the inconveniencies to which ſhe muſt have been expoſed, had ſhe been delivered in this place, (and her pregnancy was very far advanced) without communicating her deſign to her huſband, went in diſguiſe to the houſe of my grandfather, hoping that her tears and condition would move him to compaſſion, and reconcile him to an event which was now irrevocably paſt. She found means to deceive the ſervants, and was introduced as an unfortunate lady, who wanted to complain of ſome matrimonial grievances, it being my grandfather's particular province to decide in all caſes of ſcandal. She was accordingly admitted into his preſence, where diſcovering herſelf ſhe fell at his feet, and in the moſt affecting manner implored his forgiveneſs; at the ſame time, repreſenting the danger that threatened not only her life, but that of his own grand-child which was about to ſee the light. He told her, he was ſorry that the indiſcretion of her and his ſon had compelled him to make a vow, which put it out of his power to give any aſſiſtance. That he had already imparted his thoughts on that ſubject to her huſband, and was ſurprized that they ſhould diſturb his peace with any farther importunity. This ſaid, he retired. The violence of my mother's affliction had ſuch an effect on her conſtitution, that ſhe was immediately ſeized with the pains of childbed; and had not an old maid-ſervant, to whom ſhe was very dear, afforded her pity and aſſiſtance, at the hazard of incurring my grandfather's diſpleaſure, ſhe and the innocent fruit of her womb muſt have fallen miſerable victims to his rigour and inhumanity. By the friendſhip of this poor woman, ſhe was carried up to a garret, and immediately delivered of a man-child, the ſtory of whoſe unfortunate birth he himſelf now relates. My father being informed of what had happened, flew to the embraces of his darling ſpouſe, and while he loaded his offſpring with paternal careſſes, could not forbear ſhedding a flood of tears, on beholding the dear partner of his heart (for whoſe eaſe he would have ſacrificed the treaſures of the Eaſt) ſtretched upon a flock-bed, in a miſerable apartment, unable to protect her from the inclemencies of the weather. It is not to be ſuppoſed that the old gentleman was ignorant of what paſſed, though he affected to know nothing of the matter, and pretended to be very much ſurprized, when one of his grandchildren, by his eldeſt ſon deceaſed, who lived with him as his heir-apparent, acquaint-

ed

ed him with the affair; he determined therefore to observe no medium, but immediately (on the third day after her delivery) sent her a peremptory order to be gone, and turned off the servant who had preserved her life. This behaviour so exasperated my father, that he had recourse to the most dreadful imprecations; and on his bare knees implored that Heaven would renounce him, if ever he should forget or forgive the barbarity of his sire. The injuries of this unhappy mother received from her removal in such circumstances, and the want of necessaries where she lodged, together with her grief and anxiety of mind, soon threw her into a languishing disorder, which put an end to her life. My father, who loved her tenderly, was so affected with her death, that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses: during which time, the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far, on hearing the melancholy story of his daughter-in-law's death, and the deplorable condition of his son, as to send the child to nurse, and he ordered my father to be carried home to his house, where he soon recovered the use of his reason. Whether this hard-hearted judge felt any remorse for his cruel treatment of his son and daughter; or (which is more probable) was afraid his character would suffer in the neighbourhood; he professed great sorrow for his conduct to my father, whose delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy and reserve. At length he disappeared, and notwithstanding all imaginary inquiry, could not be heard of, a circumstance which confirmed most people in the opinion of his having made away with himself in a fit of despair. How I understood the particulars of my birth, will appear in the course of these memoirs.

CHAP. II.

I GROW UP—AM HATED BY MY RELATIONS—SENT TO SCHOOL—NEGLECTED BY MY GRANDFATHER—MALTREATED BY MY MASTER—SEASONED TO ADVERSITY—I FORM CABALS AGAINST THE PEDANT—AM DEBARRED ACCESS TO MY *GRANDFATHER*—HUNTED BY HIS HEIR—I DEMOLISH THE TEETH OF HIS TUTOR.

THERE were not wanting some, who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him: and this conjecture was strengthened by reflecting, that in all his calamities they never discovered the least inclination to serve him; but, on the contrary, by all the artifices in their power, fed his father's resentment, and supported his resolution of leaving him to misery and want. But people of judgment treated this insinuation as an idle chimera; because, had my relations been so wicked as to consult their interest by committing such an atrocious crime, the fate of my father would have extended to me too, whose life was another obstacle to their expectation. Meanwhile, I grew apace, and as I strongly resembled my father, who was the darling of the tenants, I wanted nothing which their indigent circumstances could afford: but their favour was a weak resource against the jealous enmity of my cousins; who the more my infancy promised, conceived the more implacable hatred against me; and before I was six years of age, had so effectually blockaded my grandfather, that I never saw him but by stealth, when I sometimes made up to his chair as he sat to view his labourers in the field: on which occasions, he would streak my head, bid me be a good boy, and promise to take care of me. I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which he had been dictator time out of mind: but, as he never paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible, and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master, and chid him severely for bestowing such *pains* on my education; telling him, that

that if ever I ſhould be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the diſpleaſure of his patron, aſſured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application, than to any inſtruction or encouragement he received; that although he could not diveſt him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unleſs he would impower him to diſable his fingers, he ſhould endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And indeed he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he cauſed a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thruſt the fingers and thumb of my right-hand, and faſtened it by whipcord to my wriſt, in ſuch a manner as effectually debarred me the uſe of my pen. But this reſtraint I was freed from in a few days by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who taking upon him to inſult my poverty, I was ſo incenſed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one ſtroke of my machine, I cut him to the ſkull, to the great terror of myſelf and ſchool-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the maſter of what had happened. I was ſo ſeverely puniſhed for this treſpaſs, that, were I to live to the age of Methuſalem, the impreſſion it made on me would not be effaced; no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the mercileſs tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who ſaw me, the continual wants to which I was expoſed, and my own haughty diſpoſition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thouſand troubleſome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adverſity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly ſcourged for crimes I did not commit, becauſe, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of miſchief whoſe author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of ſtealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abuſing old women I never ſaw. Nay, a ſtammering carpenter had eloquence enough to perſuade my maſter, that I fired a piſtol loaded with ſmall ſhot into his windows: though my landlady and the whole family bore witneſs, that I was a-bed faſt aſleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly eſcaped drowning, by the ſinking of a ferry-boat in which I was paſſenger. Another time, for having recovered of a bruiſe occaſioned by a horſe and cart running over me. A third time, for being bit by a baker's dog. In ſhort, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and ſympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the ſame. Far from being ſubdued by this infernal uſage, my indignation triumphed over that ſlaviſh awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increaſed, the more I perceived the injuſtice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our uſher, who had ſerved my father in his travels, I made a ſurprizing progreſs in the claſſicks, writing, and arithmetic; ſo that before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by every body to be the beſt ſcholar in the ſchool. This qualification, together with a boldneſs of temper, and ſtrength of make, which had ſubjected almoſt all my contemporaries, gave me ſuch influence over them, that I began to form cabals againſt my perſecutor; and was in hope of being able to bid him defiance in a very ſhort time. Being at the head of a faction conſiſting of thirty boys, moſt of them of my own age, I was determined to put their mettle to trial, that I might know how far they were to be depended upon, before I put my grand ſcheme in execution; with this view we attacked a body of ſtout apprentices, who had taken poſſeſſion of a part of the ground allotted to us for the ſcene of our diverſions, and who were then playing at nine-pins on the ſpot: but I had the mortification to ſee my adherents routed in an inſtant, and a leg of one of them broke in his flight, by the bowl which one of our adverſaries had detached in purſuit of us. This diſcomfiture did not hinder us from engaging

engaging them afterwards in frequent skirmishes, which we maintained by throwing stones at a distance, wherein I received many wounds, the scars of which still remain. Our enemies were so harassed and interrupted by these alarms, that they at last abandoned their conquest, and left us to the peaceable enjoyment of our own territories. It would be endless to enumerate the exploits we performed in the course of this confederacy, which became the terror of the whole village; insomuch, that when different interests divided it, one of the parties commonly courted the assistance of Roderick Random (by which name I was known) to cast the balance and keep the opposite faction in awe. Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day, to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access, by reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his female grand-children, who, though they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me, as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and indeed was qualified for nothing else, notwithstanding his grandfather's indulgence, in entertaining a tutor for him at home; who at the same time performed the office of parish clerk. This young Acteon, who inherited his grandfather's antipathy to every thing in distress, never set eyes on me, without uncoupling his beagles, and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter. In this christian amusement, he was encouraged by his preceptor; who, no doubt, took such opportunities to ingratiate himself with the rising sun, observing that the old gentleman, according to the course of nature, had not long to live, for he was already on the verge of fourscore. The behaviour of this rascally sycophant incensed me so much, that one day, when I was beleagured by him and his hounds in a farmer's house, where I had found protection, I took aim at him (being an excellent marksman) with a large pebble, which struck out four of his fore-teeth, and effectually incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk.

CHAP. III.

MY MOTHER'S BROTHER ARRIVES —RELIEVES ME—A DESCRIPTION OF HIM—HE GOES ALONG WITH ME TO THE HOUSE OF MY GRANDFATHER—IS ENCOUNTERED BY HIS DOGS—DEFEATS THEM AFTER A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT—IS ADMITTED TO THE OLD GENTLEMAN—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THEM.

ABOUT this time my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, lieutenant of a man of war, arrived in his own country; where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me, and out of his slender finances not only supplied me with what necessaries I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my grandfather to settle something handsome for the future. This was a task to which he was by no means equal, being entirely ignorant not only of the judge's disposition, but also of the ways of men in general, to which his education on board had kept him an utter stranger. He was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which (you might easily perceive) had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's taylor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three-fourths of his shoes, a silver-laced hat whose crown over-looked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob wig in buckle, a check shirt, a silk handkerchief, an hanger with a brass handle girded on his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant under his arm. Thus equipped, he set out with me (who by his bounty made a very decent appearance) for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Cæsar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was a-

bout to betake myſelf to my heels, when my uncle ſeized me with one hand, brandiſhed his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Cæſar ſprawling on the ground: but, finding himſelf attacked at the ſame time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Cæſar might recover, he drew his hanger, wheeled about, and by a lucky ſtroke, ſevered Jowler's head from his body. By this time the young fox-hunter and three ſervants armed with pitch-forks and flails, were come to the aſſiſtance of the dogs, whom they found breathleſs upon the field: and my couſin was ſo provoked at the death of his favourites, that he ordered his attendants to advance and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curſes and reproaches his anger could ſuggeſt. Upon which my uncle ſtept forward, with an undaunted air, at the ſight of whoſe bloody weapon his antagoniſts fell back with precipitation; when he accoſted their leader thus: 'Look'e, brother, your 'dogs have boarded me without provo-'cation, what I did was in my own de-'fence. So you had beſt be civil, and 'let us ſhoot a-head, clear of you.' Whether the young ſquire miſinterpreted my uncle's deſire of peace, or was enraged at the fate of his hounds beyond his uſual pitch of reſolution, I know not; but he ſnatched a flail from one of his followers, and came up with a ſhew of aſſaulting the lieutenant; who, putting himſelf in a poſture of defence, proceeded thus: 'Look'e, 'you lubberly ſon of a w—e, if you 'come a-thwart me, 'ware your gin-'gerbread-work. I'll be foul of your 'quarter, d—n me.' This declaration, followed by a flouriſh of his hanger, ſeemed to check the progreſs of the young gentleman's choler; who, looking behind him, perceived his attendants had ſlunk into the houſe, ſhut the gate, and left him to decide the contention by himſelf. Here a parley enſued, which was introduced by my couſin's aſking, 'Who the d—l 'are you? What do you want? Some 'ſcoundrel of a ſeaman, I ſuppoſe, 'who has deſerted and turned thief. 'But don't think you ſhall eſcape, 'ſirrah; I'll have you hang'd, you 'dog, I will; your blood ſhall pay for 'that of my two hounds, you raga-'muffin. I would not have parted 'with them to ſave your whole gene-'ration from the gallows, you ruffian, 'you.'—'None of your jaw, you 'ſwab, none of your jaw;' replied my uncle, 'elſe I ſhall trim your lac'd 'jacket for you. I ſhall rub you down 'with an oaken towel, my boy, I ſhall.' So ſaying, he ſheathed his hanger, and graſped his cudgel. Meanwhile the people of the houſe being alarmed, one of my female couſins opened a window, and aſked what was the matter. 'The matter!' anſwered the lieutenant; 'no great matter, young wo-'man. I have buſineſs with the old 'gentleman, and this ſpark, belike, 'won't allow me to come along-ſide 'of him, that's all.' After a few minutes pauſe, we were admitted and conducted to my grandfather's chamber, through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very ſignificant looks, as I paſſed along. When we came into the judge's preſence, my uncle, after two or three ſea bows, expreſſed himſelf in this manner: 'Your 'ſervant, your ſervant. What chear, 'father? what chear? I ſuppoſe you 'don't know me, may-hap you don't; 'My name is Tom Bowling, and this 'here boy, you look as if you did not 'know him neither, 'tis like you 'mayn't. He's new rigg'd, i'faith; 'his cloth don't ſhake in the wind ſo 'much as it wont to do. 'Tis my 'nephew, d'ye ſee, Roderick Random, 'your own fleſh and blood, old gentle-'man.—Don't lag a-ſtern, you dog!' pulling me forward. My grandfather, who was laid up with the gout, received this relation, after his long abſence, with that coldneſs of civility which was peculiar to him; told him he was glad to ſee him, and deſired him to ſit down. 'Thank ye, thank 'ye, Sir, I had as lief ſtand,' ſaid my uncle: 'for my own part, I deſire 'nothing of you; but if you have any 'conſcience at all, do ſomething for 'this poor boy, who has been uſed at 'a very unchriſtian rate. Unchriſtian 'do I call it? I am ſure the Moors in 'Barbary have more humanity than to 'leave their little ones to want. I 'would fain know why my ſiſter's ſon 'is more neglected than that there 'fair-weather Jack,' pointing to the young ſquire, who with the reſt of my couſins had followed us into the room. 'Is not he as near a-kin to you as the 'other

RODERICK RANDOM

'other? Is not he much handſomer 'and better built than that great 'chucklehead? Come, come, conſider, 'old gentleman, you are going in a 'ſhort time to give an account of your 'evil actions. Remember the wrongs 'you did his father; and make all the 'ſatisfaction in your power, before it 'be too late. The leaſt thing you can 'do, is to ſettle his father's portion 'on him.' The young ladies, who thought themſelves too much concerned to contain themſelves any longer, ſet up their throats altogether againſt my protector. 'Scurvy companion! 'ſaucy tarpaulin! rude, impertinent 'fellow, did he think to preſcribe to 'grand-papa! His ſiſter's brat had 'been too well taken care of. Grand-'papa was too juſt, not to make a dif-'ference between an unnatural rebel-'lious ſon, and his dutiful loving chil-'dren, who took his advice in all 'things!' and ſuch expreſſions, were vented againſt him with great violence; until the judge at length commanded ſilence. He calmly rebuked my uncle for his unmannerly behaviour, which he ſaid he would excuſe on account of his education: he told him, he had been very kind to the boy, whom he had kept at ſchool ſeven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progreſs in his learning, but was addicted to all manner of vice; which he rather believed, becauſe he himſelf was witneſs to a barbarous piece of miſchief he had committed on the jaws of his chaplain. But, however, he would ſee what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to ſome honeſt tradeſman or other, provided he would mend his manners, and behave for the future as became him. The honeſt tar, whoſe pride and indignation boiled within him, anſwered my grandfather, that it was true he had ſent him to ſchool, but it had coſt him nothing, for he had never been at one ſhilling expence, to furniſh him with food, raiment, books, or other neceſſaries; ſo that it was not much to be wondered at, if the boy made ſmall progreſs; and yet, whoever told him ſo, was a lying lubberly raſcal, and deſerved to be keel-hauled: for thof he (the lieutenant) did not underſtand thoſe matters himſelf, he was well informed as how Rory was the beſt ſcholar of his age, in all the country; the truth of which he would maintain, by laying a wager of his whole half-year's pay on the boy's head; (with theſe words he pulled out his purſe, and challenged the company:) 'Neither is he *predicted* to vice, 'as you affirm, but rather left like a 'wreck, d'ye ſee, at the mercy of the 'wind and weather, by your neglect, 'old gentleman. As for what happen-'ed to your chaplain, I am only ſorry 'that he did not knock out the ſcoun-'drel's brains, inſtead of his teeth. By 'the Lord, if ever I come up with 'him, he had better be in Greenland, 'that's all. Thank you for your 'courteous offer of binding the lad ap-'prentice to a tradeſman. I ſuppoſe 'you would make a taylor of him, 'would you? I had rather ſee him 'hang'd, d'ye ſee.—Come along, Rory, 'I perceive how the land lies, my 'boy, let's tack about; i'faith, while 'I have a ſhilling, thou ſhan't want a 'teſter.—B'wye, old gentleman, you're 'bound for the other world, but I be-'lieve damnably ill provided for the 'voyage.' Thus ended our viſit; and we returned to the village, my uncle muttering curſes all the way againſt the old ſhark and the young fry that ſurrounded him.

CHAP. IV.

MY GRANDFATHER MAKES HIS WILL—OUR SECOND VISIT—HE DIES—HIS WILL IS READ IN PRESENCE OF ALL HIS LIVING DESCENDANTS—THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MY FEMALE COUSINS—MY UNCLE'S BEHAVIOUR.

A Few weeks after our firſt viſit, we were informed that the old judge, at the end of a fit of thoughtfulneſs, which laſted three days, had ſent for a notary and made his will; that the diſtemper had mounted from his legs to his ſtomach, and being conſcious of his approaching end, he had deſired to ſee all his deſcendants without exception. In obedience to this ſummons, my uncle ſet out with me a ſecond time, to receive the laſt benediction of my grandfather; often repeating by the road, 'Ey, ey, we have brought up the old 'hulk at laſt. You ſhall ſee; you 'ſhall ſee the effect of my admonition'. When we entered his chamber, which

was crouded with [redacted] relations, we advanced to the bed-ſide, where we found him in his laſt agonies, ſupported by two of his grand-daughters, who ſat on each ſide of him, ſobbing moſt piteouſly, and wiping away the froth and ſlaver as it gathered on his lips, which they frequently kiſſed with a ſhow of great anguiſh and affection. My uncle approached him with theſe words: 'What! he's not a-weigh. How fare 'ye—how fare ye, old gentleman? 'Lord have mercy upon your poor ſin-'ful ſoul.' Upon which the dying man turned his languid eyes towards us, and Mr. Bowling went on: 'Here's 'poor Rory come to ſee you before you 'die, and receive your bleſſing. What, 'man! don't deſpair, you have been 'a great ſinner, 'tis true; what then? 'There's a righteous judge above, 'an't there?—He minds me no more 'than a porpuſs. Yes, yes, he's a 'going; the land-crabs will have him, 'I ſee that; his anchor's a-peak, 'faith.' This homely conſolation ſcandalized the company ſo much, and eſpecially the parſon, who probably thought his province invaded, that we were obliged to retire into the other room, where, in a few minutes, we were convinced of my grandfather's deceaſe, by a diſmall yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment; whither we immediately haſtened, and found his heir, who had retired a little before into a cloſet, under pretence of giving vent to his ſorrow, aſking, with a countenance beſlubbered with tears, if his grand-papa was certainly dead? 'Dead!' ſays my uncle, looking at the body; 'ay, ay, I'll warrant him as 'dead as a herring. Odd's fiſh! now 'my dream is out for all the world. 'I thought I ſtood upon the fore-caſtle, 'and ſaw a parcel of carrion crows 'foul of a dead ſhark that floated a-'long-ſide, and the devil perching on 'our ſprit-ſail yard, in the likeneſs of 'a blue bear; who, d'ye ſee, jumped 'over-board upon the carcaſe, and car-'ried it to the bottom in his claws.' —'Out upon thee, reprobate,' cries the parſon; 'out upon thee, blaſphe-'mous wretch! Doſt thou think his 'honour's ſoul is in the poſſeſſion of 'Satan?' The clamour immediately aroſe, and my poor uncle, being ſhuld-*ered from one corner of the room to the other, was obliged to lug* out in his own defence, and ſwear he would turn out for no man, till ſuch time as he knew who had a title to ſet him a drift. 'None of your tricks upon travellers,' ſaid he; 'mayhap old Buff has left my 'kinſman here, his heir: if he has, it 'will be the better for his miſerable 'ſoul. Odds bob, I'd deſire no better 'news; I'd ſoon make him a clear ſhip 'I warrant you.' To avoid any farther [redacted]urbance, one of my grandfather's [redacted]ecutors, who was preſent, aſſured Mr. [redacted]ling, that his nephew ſhould have [redacted]anner of juſtice; that a day ſhould be appointed, after the funeral, for examining the papers of the deceaſed, in preſence of all his relations; till which time every deſk and cabinet in the houſe ſhould remain cloſe ſealed; and that he was very welcome to be witneſs to this ceremony, which was immediately performed to his ſatisfaction. In the mean time, orders were given to provide mourning for all the relations, in which number I was included; but my uncle would not ſuffer me to accept of it, until I ſhould be aſſured whether or no I had reaſon to honour his memory ſo far. During this interval, the conjectures of people, with regard to the old gentleman's will, were various; as it was well known he had beſides his landed eſtate, which was worth 700l. per annum, ſix or ſeven thouſand pounds at intereſt; ſome imagined, that the whole real eſtate, which he had greatly improved, would go to the young man whom he always entertained as his heir; and that the money would be equally divided between my female couſins (five in number) and me. Others were of opinion, that as the reſt of the children had been already provided for, he would only bequeath two or three hundred pounds to each of his grand-daughters, and leave the bulk of the ſum to me, to atone for his unnatural uſage of my father. At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midſt of the expectants, whoſe looks and geſtures formed a group that would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned ſpectator. But the reader can ſcarce conceive the aſtoniſhment and mortification, that appeared, when an attorney pronounced aloud, the young ſquire ſole heir of all his grandfather's eſtate perſonal and real. My

uncle,

uncle, who had liſtened with great attention, ſucking the head of his cudgel all the while, accompanied theſe words of the attorney with a ſtare, and *wbew*, that alarmed the whole aſſembly. The eldeſt and pert of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's perſon, enquired with a faultering accent, and viſage as yellow as an orange, if there were no legacies; and was anſwered, 'none 'at all.' Upon which ſhe fainted away. The reſt, whoſe expectations perhaps, were not ſo [illegible]e, ſupported their diſappointment with more reſolution, though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at leaſt as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for ſome time againſt the wainſcot, began: 'So 'there's no legacy, friend, ha? here's 'an old ſuccubus; but ſomebody's 'ſoul howls for it, d—n me!' The parſon of the pariſh, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghoſtly director to the old man, no ſooner heard this exclamation, than he cried out, 'Avaunt, unchriſtian reviler! 'avaunt! wilt thou not allow the 'ſoul of his honour to reſt in [illegible]ace?' But this zealous paſtor did not find himſelf ſo warmly ſeconded as formerly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle againſt him, and accuſed him of having acted the part of a buſy body with their grand-papa, whoſe ears he had certainly abuſed by falſe ſtories, to their prejudice, or elſe he would not have neglected them in ſuch an unnatural manner. The young ſquire was much diverted with this ſcene; and whiſpered to my uncle, that if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have ſhewn them glorious fun, by hunting a black badger: ſo he termed the clergyman. The ſurly lieutenant, who was not in an humour to reliſh this amuſement, replied, 'You and your dogs may be 'd—ned. I ſuppoſe you will find 'them with your old dad, in the la'titude of hell.—Come, Rory! about 'ſhip, my lad; we muſt ſteer another 'courſe, I think.' And away we went.

CHAP. V.

THE SCHOOLMASTER USES ME BARBAROUSLY—I FORM A PROJECT OF REVENGE, IN WHICH I AM ASSISTED BY MY UNCLE—I LEAVE THE VILLAGE—AM SETTLED AT AN UNIVERSITY BY HIS GENEROSITY.

ON our way back to the village, my uncle ſpoke not a word during the ſpace of a whole hour, but whiſtled with great vehemence, the tune of, *Why ſhould we quarrel for riches, &c.* his viſage being contracted all the while into a moſt formidable frown. At length his pace increaſed to ſuch a degree, that I was left behind a conſiderable way: then he waited for me; and when I was almoſt up with him, called out in a ſurly tone, 'Bear a hand, damme! 'muſt I bring to every minute for you, 'you lazy dog!' Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along until his good-nature, of which he had a great ſhare, and reflection getting the better of his paſſion, he ſaid, 'Come 'my boy, don't be caſt down; the 'old raſcal is in hell, that's ſome 'ſatisfaction: you ſhall go to ſea with 'me, my lad. *A light heart and a 'thin pair of breeches, goes through 'the world, brave boys*; as the 'ſong goes, eh?' Though this propoſal did not at all ſuit my inclination, I was afraid of diſcovering my averſion to it, leſt I ſhould diſoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was ſo much a ſeaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his deſign; conſequently, gave himſelf no trouble in conſulting my approbation. But this reſolution was ſoon dropt, by the advice of our uſher, who aſſured Mr. Bowling, it would be a thouſand pities to baulk my genius, which would certainly, one day, make my fortune on ſhore, provided it received due cultivation. Upon which this generous tar determined, though he could ill afford it, to give me univerſity education; and accordingly ſettled my board and other expences, at a town not many miles

diſtant,

diſtant, famous fo[redacted] colleges, whither we repaired in a ſhort time. But, before the day of our departure, the ſchoolmaſter, who no longer had the fear of my grandfather before his eyes, laid aſide all decency and reſtraint, and not only abuſed me in the groſſeſt language, his rancour could ſuggeſt, as a wicked, profligate, dull, beggarly miſcreant, whom he had taught out of charity, but alſo inveighed in the moſt bitter manner againſt the memory of the judge, who by the bye had procured that ſettlement for him; hinting, in pretty plain terms, that the old gentleman's ſoul was damn'd to all eternity, for his injuſtice in neglecting to pay for my learning. This brutal behaviour, added to the ſufferings I had formerly undergone, made me think it high time to be revenged of this inſolent pedagogue. Having conſulted my adherents, I found them all ſtaunch in their promiſes to ſtand by me, and our ſcheme was this: In the afternoon preceding the day of my departure for the univerſity, I reſolved to take the advantage of the uſher's going out to make water, which he regularly did at four o'clock, and ſhut the great door, that he might not come to the aſſiſtance of his ſuperior. This being done, the aſſault was to be begun, by my advancing to my maſter and ſpitting in his face. I was to be ſeconded by two of the ſtrongeſt boys in the ſchool, who were devoted to me; their buſineſs was to join me in dragging the tyrant to a bench, over which he was to be laid, and his bare poſteriors heartily flogged with his own birch, which we propoſed to wreſt from him in the ſtruggle; but if we ſhould find him too many for us all three, we were to demand the aſſiſtance of our competitors, who ſhould be ready to reinforce us, or oppoſe any thing that might be undertaken for the maſter's relief. One of my principal aſſiſtants was called Jeremy Gawky, ſon and heir to a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and the name of the other Hugh Strap, the cadet of a family which had given ſhoemakers to the village time out of mind. I had once ſaved Gawky's life by plunging into a river and dragging him on ſhore, when he was on the point of being drowned. I had often reſcued him from the clutches of thoſe whom his unſufferable arrogance had provoked to [redacted]reſentment he was not able to ſuſtain; and many times ſaved his reputation and poſteriors, by performing his exerciſes at ſchool; ſo that it is not to be wondered at, if he had a particular regard for me and my intereſts. The attachment of Strap, ſlowed from a voluntary, diſintereſted inclination, [redacted] had manifeſted itſelf on many oc[redacted]s, in my behalf; he having onc[redacted]endered me the ſame ſervice that I ha[redacted] don[redacted]wky, by ſaving my life at the r[redacted]is own; and often fathered offences that I had committed, for which he ſuffered ſeverely, rather than I ſhould feel the weight of the puniſhment I deſerved. Theſe two champions were the more willing to engage in this enterprize, becauſe they intended to leave the ſchool the next day, as well as I; the firſt being ordered by his father to return into the country, and the other being bound apprentice to a barber, at a market town not far off.

In the mean time, my uncle being informed of my maſter's behaviour to me, was enraged at his inſolence, and vowed revenge ſo heartily, that I could not refrain from telling the ſcheme I had concerted, which he heard with great ſatisfaction, and at every ſentence ſquirted out a mouthful of ſpittle, tinctured with tobacco, of which he conſtantly chewed a large quid. At laſt, pulling up his breeches, he cried, 'No, no, z—ds! that won't do neither; howſomever, 'tis a bold undertaking, my lad, that I muſt ſay, i'faith! but look'e, look'e, how doſt propoſe to get clear off? won't the enemy give chace, my boy? Ay, ay, that he will, I warrant, and alarm the whole coaſt. Ah! God help thee! more ſail than ballaſt, Rory. Let me alone for that, leave the whole to me, I'll ſhew him the fore top-ſail, I will. If ſo be your ſhip-mates are jolly boys, and won't flinch, you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee, egad, I'll play him a ſalt-water trick, I'll bring him to the gangway, and anoint him with the cat and nine tails; he ſhall have a round dozen doubled, my lad, he ſhall, and be left laſhed, to his meditations.' We were very proud of our aſſociate, who immediately went to work,

work, and prepared the inſtrument of his revenge with great ſkill and expedition; after which, he ordered our baggage to be packed up and ſent off, a day before our attempt, and got horſes ready to be mounted, as ſoon as the affair ſhould be over. At length the hour arrived, when our auxiliary, ſeizing the opportunity of the uſher's abſence, bolted in, ſecured the door, and immediately laid hold of the pedant by his collar, who bawled out, 'Murder! thieves!' with the voice of a Stentor. Though I trembled all over like an aſpen-leaf, I knew there was no time to be loſt, and accordingly got up, and ſummoned our aſſociates to my aſſiſtance. Strap without any heſitation obeyed the ſignal, and ſeeing me leap upon the maſter's back, ran immediately to one of his legs, which pulling with all his force, his dreadful adverſary was humbled to the ground: upon which Gawky, who had hitherto remained in his place, under the influence of an univerſal trepidation, haſtened to the ſcene of action, and inſulted the fallen tyrant with a loud huzza, in which the whole ſchool joined. This noiſe alarmed the uſher, who finding himſelf ſhut out, endeavoured, partly by threats and partly by entreaties, to procure admiſſion. My uncle bade him have a little patience, and he would let him in preſently: but if he pretended to move from that place, it ſhould fare worſe with the ſon of a b—h his ſuperior, on whom he intended only to beſtow a little wholeſome chaſtiſement for his barbarous uſage of Rory; 'to which,' ſaid he, 'you are 'no ſtranger.' By this time we had dragged the criminal to a poſt, to which Bowling tied him with a rope he had provided on purpoſe, after having ſecured his hands and ſtript his back. In this ludicrous poſture he ſtood (to the no ſmall entertainment of the boys, who crowded about him, and ſhouted with great exultation at the novelty of the ſight) venting bitter imprecations againſt the lieutenant, and reproaching his ſcholars with treachery and rebellion; when the uſher was admitted, whom my uncle accoſted in this manner: 'Hark'e, Mr. Syntax, I believe 'you are an honeſt man, d'ye ſee, and 'I have a reſpect for you; but for all 'that, we muſt for our own ſecurity, 'd'ye ſee, belay you for a ſhort time.' With theſe word, he pulled out ſome fathoms of cord, which the honeſt man no ſooner ſaw, than he proteſted with great earneſtneſs, he would allow no violence to be offered to him, at the ſame time accuſing me of perfidy and ingratitude. But Bowling repreſenting that it was in vain to reſiſt, and that he did not mean to uſe him with violence and indecency; but only to hinder him from raiſing the hue and cry againſt us, before we ſhould be out of their power; he allowed himſelf to be bound to his own deſk, where he ſat a ſpectator of the puniſhment inflicted on his principal. My uncle having upbraided this arbitrary wretch with his inhumanity to me, told him, that he propoſed to give him a little diſcipline for the good of his ſoul, which he immediately put in practice, with great vigour and dexterity. This ſmart application to the pedant's withered poſteriors, gave him ſuch exquiſite pain, that he roared like a mad bull, danced, curſed, and blaſphemed, like a frantic bedlamite. When the lieutenant thought himſelf ſufficiently revenged, he took his leave of him in theſe words, 'Now, friend, 'you'll remember me the longeſt day 'you have to live. I have given you 'a leſſon that will let you know what 'flogging is, and teach you to have 'more ſympathy for the future.— 'Shout, boys, ſhout.' This ceremony was no ſooner over, than my uncle propoſed they ſhould quit the ſchool, and convoy their old comrade Rory to a public houſe, about a mile from the village, where he would treat them all. His offer being joyfully embraced, he addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Syntax, and begged him to accompany us; but this invitation he refuſed with great diſdain, telling my benefactor he was not the man he took him to be. 'Well, 'well, old ſurly,' replied my uncle, ſhaking his hand, 'thou art an honeſt 'fellow notwithſtanding; and if ever 'I have the command of a ſhip, thou 'ſhalt be our ſchoolmaſter, i'faith.' So ſaying, he diſmiſſed the boys; and, locking the door, left the two preceptors to conſole one another; while we moved forwards on our journey, attended by a numerous retinue, whom he treated according to his promiſe. We parted with many tears, and lay that night at an inn on the road, about

ten

ten miles ſhort of the town where I was to remain, at which we arrived next day, and I found I had no cauſe to complain of the accommodations provided for me; in being boarded at the houſe of an apothecary, who had married a diſtant relation of my mother. In a few days after, my uncle ſet out for his ſhip, having ſettled the neceſſary funds for my maintenance and education.

CHAP. VI.

I MAKE GREAT PROGRESS IN MY STUDIES—AM CARESSED BY EVERY BODY—MY FEMALE COUSINS TAKE NOTICE OF ME—I REJECT THEIR INVITATION—THEY ARE INCENSED AND CONSPIRE AGAINST ME—I AM LEFT DESTITUTE BY A MISFORTUNE THAT BEFALS MY UNCLE—GAWKY'S TREACHERY—MY REVENGE.

AS I was now capable of reflection, I began to conſider my precarious ſituation; that I was utterly abandoned by thoſe whoſe duty it was to protect me; and that my ſole dependance was on the generoſity of one man, who was not only expoſed by his profeſſion to continual dangers, which might one day deprive me of him for ever; but alſo, no doubt, ſubject to thoſe viciſſitudes of diſpoſition, which a change of fortune uſually creates; or, which a better acquaintance with the world might produce: for I always aſcribed his benevolence to the dictates of a heart as yet undebauched by a commerce with mankind. Alarmed at theſe conſiderations, I reſolved to apply myſelf with great care to my ſtudies, and enjoy the opportunity in my power; this I did with ſuch ſucceſs, that in the ſpace of three years, I underſtood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in the mathematicks, and no ſtranger to moral and natural philoſophy: logic I made no account of; but above all things, I valued myſelf on my taſte in the *belle lettre*, and a talent for poetry, which had already produced ſome pieces that met with a *very favourable* reception. Theſe qualifications, *added* to a good face and ſhape, *acquired* the eſteem and acquaintance of the moſt conſiderable people in town, and I had the ſatisfaction to find myſelf in ſome degree of favour with the ladies; an intoxicating piece of good fortune, to one of my amorous complexion! which I obtained, or at leaſt preſerved, by gratifying their propenſity to ſcandal, in lampooning their rivals. Two of my female couſins lived in this place, with their mother, ſince the death of their father, who left his whole fortune equally divided between them; ſo that if they were not the moſt beautiful, they were at leaſt the richeſt toaſts in town; and received daily the addreſſes of all the beaux and cavaliers of the country. Although I had hitherto been looked upon by them with the moſt ſupercilious contempt, my character now attracted their notice ſo much, that I was given to underſtand I might be honoured with their acquaintance, if I pleaſed. The reader will eaſily perceive, that this condeſcenſion either flowed from the hope of making my poetical capacity ſubſervient to their malice, or at leaſt of ſcreening themſelves from the laſh of my reſentment, which they had effectually provoked. I enjoyed this triumph with great ſatisfaction; and not only rejected their offer with diſdain, but in all my performances, whether ſatire or panegyric, induſtriouſly avoided mentioning their names, even while I celebrated thoſe of their intimates: this neglect mortified their pride exceedingly, and incenſed them to ſuch a degree, that they were reſolved to make me repent of my indifference. The firſt ſtroke of their revenge conſiſted in their hiring a poor collegian to write verſes againſt me, the ſubject of which was my own poverty, and the cataſtrophe of my unhappy parents; but beſides the badneſs of the compoſition (of which they themſelves were aſhamed) they did not find their account in endeavouring to reproach me with thoſe misfortunes which they and their relations had brought upon me; and which, conſequently, reflected much more diſhonour on themſelves than on me, who was the innocent victim of their barbarity and avarice. Finding this plan miſcarry, they found means to irritate a young gentleman againſt me, by telling him I had lampooned his miſtreſs; and ſo effectually ſucceeded

in

ity of incendiaries, that this
ver determined to ſeize me
, as I returned to my lodg-
a friend's houſe that I fre-
with this view, he waited in
attended by two of his com-
to whom he had imparted his
arrying me down to the river,
he propoſed to have me hear-
ed, notwithſtanding the ſeve-
e weather, it being then about
lle of December. But this
did not ſucceed: for, being
of their ambuſh, I got home
way; and, by the help of my
s apprentice, diſcharged a vol-
the garret windows, which
t execution upon them; and
occaſioned ſo much mirth at
ence, that they found them-
der the neceſſity of leaving the
til the adventure ſhould be en-
gotten. My couſins (though
ſled in their expectation) did
ever deſiſt from perſecuting
had now enraged them beyond
ity of forgiveneſs, by detect-
r malice, and preventing it's
neither ſhould I have found
ore humane, had I patiently
d to their rancour, and borne
murmuring the rigour of their
able hate; for I have found by
ce, that though ſmall favours
cknowledged, and ſlight injur-
ned, there is no wretch ſo un-
as he whom you have moſt
ly obliged; and no enemy ſo
ble, as thoſe who have done you
eſt wrong. Theſe good-natured
s, therefore, had recourſe to a
which conſpired with a piece
ews I ſoon after received, to give
l the ſatisfaction they deſired:
was to debauch the faith of
panion and confident, who be-
the truſt I repoſed in him, by
g to them the particulars of my
nours, which they publiſhed
h exaggerations, that I ſuffered
uch in the opinion of every
nd was utterly diſcarded by the
eatures whoſe names had been
n queſtion. While I was buſy in
out the author of this treachery,
might not only be revenged on
t alſo vindicate my character to
ends, I one day perceived the
f my landlady much altered
when I went home to dinner; and en-
quiring into the cauſe, ſhe ſkrewed up
her mouth, and fixing her eyes on the
ground, told me her huſband had re-
ceived a letter from Mr. Bowling, with
one incloſed for me; ſhe was very ſorry
for what had happened, both for my
ſake and his own. People ſhould be
more cautious of their conduct. She
was always afraid his brutal behaviour
would bring him into ſome misfortune
or other. As for her part, ſhe ſhould
be very ready to befriend me; but ſhe
had a ſmall family of her own to main-
tain. The world would do nothing
for her if ſhe ſhould come to want;
charity begins at home: ſhe wiſhed I
had been bound to ſome ſubſtantial
handicraft, ſuch as a weaver or a ſhoe-
maker, rather than loiter away my time
in learning fooliſh nonſenſe that would
never bring me in a penny; but ſome
are wiſe, and ſome are otherwiſe. I was
liſtening to this myſterious diſcourſe
with great amazement, when the huſ-
band entered, and, without ſpeaking a
ſyllable, put both the letters into my
hand. I received them trembling, and
read what follows:

'TO MR. ROGER POTION.

'SIR,

'THIS is to let you know that I
'have quitted the Thunder man
'of war; being obliged to ſheer off
'for killing my captain, which I did
'fairly on the beach at Cape Tiberoon,
'in the iſland of Hiſpaniola; having
'received his fire and returned it,
'which went through his body: and
'I would ſerve the beſt man ſo that
'ever ſtept between ſtem and ſtern, if
'ſo be that he ſtruck me, as captain
'Oakhum did. I am (thank God)
'ſafe among the French, who are very
'civil, thof I don't underſtand their
'lingo; and I hope to be reſtored in a
'little time, for all the great friends
'and parliamentary intereſt of the cap-
'tain, for I have ſent over to my land-
'lord in Deal, an account of the whole
'affair, with our bearings and diſtan-
'ces while we were engaged, whereby
'I have deſired him to lay it before his
'Majeſty, who (God bleſs him) will
'not ſuffer an honeſt tar to be wronged.

'My love to your ſpouſe, and am your
'loving friend, and ſervant to com-
'mand, while

'THOMAS BOWLING.'

'TO RODERICK RANDOM.

'DEAR RORY,

'DON'T be grieved at my mis-
'fortune, but mind your book,
'my lad. I have got no money to
'ſend you; but what of that! Mr.
'Potion will take care of you, for the
'love he bears to me, and let you
'want for nothing; and it ſhall go hard
'but I will ſee him one day repaid.
'No more at preſent, but reſts your
'dutiful uncle and ſervant, till death,

'THOMAS BOWLING.'

This letter (which with the other was dated from Port Louis in Hiſpaniola) I had no ſooner read, than the apothecary, ſhaking his head, began: 'I have a very great regard for Mr. 'Bowling, that's certain, and could 'be well content; but times are very 'hard. There's no ſuch thing as mo-'ney to be got; I believe 'tis all va-'niſhed under-ground, for my part. 'Beſides, I have been out of pocket al-'ready, having entertained you ſince 'the beginning of this month with-'out receiving a ſix-pence; and God 'knows if ever I ſhall; for I believe 'it will go hard with your uncle: 'and more than that, I was thinking 'of giving you warning, for I want 'your apartment for a new prentice, 'whom I expect from the country 'every hour. So I deſire you will this 'week provide yourſelf with another 'lodging.' The indignation which this harangue inſpired, gave me ſpirits to ſupport my reverſe of fortune; and to tell him I deſpiſed his mean ſelfiſh diſpoſition ſo much, that I would rather ſtarve than be beholden to him for one ſingle meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the laſt farthing of what I owed, and aſſured him I would not ſleep another night under his roof. This ſaid, I ſallied out in a tranſport of rage and ſorrow, without knowing whither to fly for ſhelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only three ſhillings in my purſe.

After giving way for a few min
the dictates of my rage, I we
hired a ſmall bed-room at the
one ſhilling and ſix-pence per
which I was obliged to pay p
vance, before the landlord wo
ceive me: thither I removed m
gage; and next morning got up
a view of craving the advice an
tance of a perſon who had on
caſions loaded me with careſſe
made frequent offers of frie
while I was under no neceſſity
cepting them. He received me v
wonted affability, and inſiſted
breakfaſting with him, a favour
I did not think fit to refuſe. Bu
I communicated the occaſion
viſit, he appeared ſo diſconcerte
I concluded him wonderfully
with the miſery of my conditi
looked upon him as a man of t
extenſive ſympathy and benev
He did not leave me long unc
miſtake; for recovering himſel
his confuſion, he told me h
grieved at my misfortune, and
to know what had paſſed betw
landlord, Mr. Potion, and me.
upon I recounted the conver
and when I repeated the anſwer
to his ungenerous remonſtranc
regard to my leaving his hou
pretended friend affected a ſtar
exclaimed, 'Is it poſſible you
'behave ſo ill to the man who ha
'ed you ſo kindly all along!
ſurprize at hearing this was not at
fected, whatever his might be;
gave him to underſtand, with
warmth, that I did not imagi
would ſo unreaſonably eſpou
cauſe of a ſcoundrel, who ough
expelled from every ſocial comm
This heat of mine gave him
advantage he deſired over me, a
diſcourſe (after much altercation
cluded in his deſiring never to
again in that place; to which
yielded my conſent, aſſuring hi
had I been as well acquainted w
principles formerly, as I was n
never ſhould have had an oppo
of making that requeſt. And t
parted.

On my return I met my co
Squire Gawky, whom his fath
ſent ſome time ago to town, f
improvement in writing, dancing
cing, and other modiſh qualifica

As I had lived with him ſince his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no ſcruple of informing him of the lowneſs of my circumſtances, and aſking a ſmall ſupply of money to anſwer my preſent expence; upon which he pulled out a handful of half-pence, with a ſhilling or two among them, and ſwore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day, he having loſt the greateſt part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this aſſertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference; for he neither expreſſed any ſympathy for my miſhap, nor deſire of alleviating my diſtreſs; and accordingly I left him without uttering one word: but when I afterwards underſtood that he was the perſon who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my couſins, to whom likewiſe he had carried the tidings of my forlorn ſituation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myſelf to call him to a ſevere account; for which purpoſe I borrowed a ſword, and wrote a challenge, deſiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of puniſhing his perfidy, at the expence of his blood. He accepted the invitation, and I betook myſelf to the field, though not without feeling conſiderable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold ſweats by the way; but the deſire of revenge, the ſhame of retracting, and hope of conqueſt, conſpired to repel theſe unmanly ſymptoms of fear, and I appeared on the plain with a good grace; there I waited an hour beyond the time appointed, and was not ill pleaſed to find he had no mind to meet me; becauſe I ſhould have an opportunity of expoſing his cowardice, diſplaying my own courage, and of beating him ſoundly whereſoever I ſhould find him, without any dread of the conſequence. Elevated with theſe ſuggeſtions, which entirely baniſhed all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Gawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having ſet out for the country in leſs than an hour after he had received my billet: and I was vain enough to have the whole ſtory inſerted in the news, although I was fain to ſell a gold-laced hat to my landlord for leſs than half price, to defray the expence, and contribute to my ſubſiſtence.

CHAP. VII.

I AM ENTERTAINED BY MR. CRAB —A DESCRIPTION OF HIM—I ACQUIRE THE ART OF SURGERY—CONSULT CRAB'S DISPOSITION —BECOME NECESSARY TO HIM —AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS—HE ADVISES ME TO LAUNCH OUT INTO THE WORLD—ASSISTS ME WITH MONEY—I SET OUT FOR LONDON.

THE fumes of my reſentment being diſſipated, as well as the vanity of my ſucceſs, I found myſelf deſerted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different ſpecies, or rather as a ſolitary being, no ways comprehended within the ſcheme or protection of Providence. My deſpair had rendered me almoſt quite ſtupified, when I was one day told, that a gentleman deſired to ſee me at a certain public-houſe; whither immediately I repaired, and was introduced to one Mr. Launcelot Crab, a ſurgeon in town, who was engaged with two more in drinking a liquor called *pop-in*, compoſed by mixing a quartern of brandy with a quart of ſmall beer. Before I relate the occaſion of this meſſage, I believe it will not be diſagreeable to the reader, if I deſcribe the gentleman who ſent for me, and mention ſome circumſtances of his character and conduct, which may illuſtrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry: his noſe, reſembling a powder-horn, was ſwelled to an enormous ſize, and ſtudded all over with carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in ſuch an oblique manner, that while he looked a perſon full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his ſhoe. He had long entertained an implacable reſentment againſt Potion; who, though a young practitioner, was better employed than

he; and once had the aſſurance to perform a cure, whereby he diſappointed and diſgraced the prognoſtick of the ſaid Crab. This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of being made up by the intervention and mediation of friends, had been lately inflamed beyond a poſſibility of conciliation by the reſpective wives of the opponents; who, chancing to meet at a chriſtening, diſagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were with great difficulty, by the goſſips, prevented from converting the occaſion of joy into a ſcene of lamentation.

The difference between theſe rivals was in the height of rancour, when I received the meſſage of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his diſpoſition; and after deſiring me to ſit, enquired into the particulars of my leaving the houſe of Potion: which when I had related, he ſaid, with a malicious grin, 'There's a 'ſneaking dog! I always thought him 'a fellow without a ſoul, d—n me! a 'canting ſcoundrel, who has crept into 'buſineſs by his hypocriſy, and kiſſing 'the a—ſe of every body.'—'Aye, 'aye,' ſays another, 'one might ſee 'with half an eye, that the raſcal had 'no honeſty in him, by his going ſo 'regularly to church.' This ſentence was confirmed by a third, who aſſured his companions, that Potion was never known to be diſguiſed in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by an extempore prayer an hour long. After this preamble, Crab addreſſed himſelf to me in theſe words, 'Well, my lad, 'I have heard a good character of you, 'and I'll do for you. You may ſend 'your things to my houſe when you 'pleaſe. I have given orders for your 'reception. Z—ds! what does the 'booby ſtare at? If you have no mind 'to embrace my courteous offer, you 'may let it alone and be d—n'd.' I anſwered, with a ſubmiſſive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as ſoon as he would inform me on what footing I was to be entertained. 'What footing! d—n my blood,' cried he, 'd'ye expect to have a foot-'man and a couple of horſes kept for '*you*!'—'*No, Sir,*' I replied, '*my* '*expectations are not* quite ſo ſanguine. That I may be as little burdenſome as poſſible, I would willingly ſerve in your ſhop, by which 'means I may ſave you the expence of 'a journeyman, or a porter at leaſt, for 'I underſtand a little pharmacy, having employed ſome of my leiſure 'hours in the practice of that art, 'while I lived with Mr. Potion: neither am I altogether ignorant of ſurgery, which I have ſtudied with great 'pleaſure and application.'—'O ho! 'you did?' ſays Crab.—'Gentlemen, 'here is a compleat artiſt!—Studied 'ſurgery! what, in books, I ſuppoſe. 'I ſhall have you diſputing with me 'one of theſe days, on points of my 'profeſſion. You can already account 'for muſcular motion, I warrant, and 'explain the myſtery of the brain and 'nerves; ha! You are too learned for 'me, d—n me. But let's hear no 'more of this ſtuff; can you bleed 'and give a clyſter, ſpread a plaiſter, 'and prepare a potion?' Upon my anſwering in the affirmative, he ſhook his head, telling me he believed he ſhould have little good of me, for all my fair promiſes; but, however, he would take me in for the ſake of charity. I was accordingly that very night admitted to his houſe, and had an apartment aſſigned to me in the garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithſtanding the mortification my pride ſuffered in this change of circumſtance. I was ſoon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner: for, beſides the gratification of his revenge, by expoſing the ſelfiſhneſs of his antagoniſt, in oppoſition to his own generoſity, which was all affectation, he had occaſion for a young man who underſtood ſomething of the profeſſion, to fill up the place of his eldeſt apprentice, lately dead, not without violent ſuſpicion of foul play from his maſter's brutality. The knowledge of this circumſtance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new ſituation with eaſe; however, as I did not perceive how I could beſtow myſelf to better advantage, I reſolved to ſtudy Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the addreſs, in my power. And it was not long before I found out a ſtrange peculiarity of humour, which governed his be-

haviour

haviour towards all his dependants. I obſerved, when he was pleaſed, he was ſuch a niggard of his ſatisfaction, that if his wife or ſervants betrayed the leaſt ſymptom of participation, he was offended to an inſupportable degree of choler and fury, the effects of which they ſeldom failed to feel. And when his indignation was rouzed, ſubmiſſion and ſoothing always exaſperated it beyond the bounds of reaſon and humanity. I therefore purſued a contrary plan; and one day, when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp, and lazy ragamuffin; I boldly replied, I was neither ignorant nor lazy, ſince I both underſtood, and performed my buſineſs, as well as he could do for his ſoul; neither was it juſt to call me ragamuffin, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was deſcended from a better family than any he could boaſt an alliance with. He gave tokens of great amazement at this aſſurance of mine, and ſhook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly ſtartled at his menacing looks and poſture, I yet had reflection enough left, to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which muſt decide my future lot in his ſervice; I therefore ſnatched up the peſtle of a mortar, and ſwore, if he offered to ſtrike me without a cauſe, I ſhould ſee whether his ſcull or my weapon was hardeſt. He continued ſilent for ſome time, and at laſt broke forth into theſe ejaculations: 'This is fine uſage from a 'ſervant to a maſter, very fine! damna-'tion! but no matter, you ſhall pay 'for this, you dog, you ſhall; I'll 'do your buſineſs; yes, yes, I'll 'teach you to lift your hand againſt 'me.' So ſaying, he retired, and left me under dreadful apprehenſions, which vaniſhed entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unuſual complacency, and treated me with a glaſs of punch after dinner. By this conduct I got the aſcendency over him in a ſhort time, and became ſo neceſſary to him, in managing his buſineſs while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aſpect; and I conſoled myſelf for the diſregard of my former acquaintance, with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a cloſe application to the *duties of my employment*, in which I ſucceeded beyond my own expectation. I was on very good terms with my maſter's wife; whoſe eſteem I acquired and cultivated, by repreſenting Mrs. Potion in the moſt ridiculous lights my ſatirical talents could invent, as well as by rendering her ſome chriſtian offices, when ſhe had been too familiar with the dram bottle, to which ſhe had oftentimes recourſe for conſolation, under the affliction ſhe ſuffered from a barbarous huſband. In this manner I lived, without hearing the leaſt tidings of my uncle, for the ſpace of two years; during which time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to reliſh, nor in a capacity to maintain much acquaintance: for the Nabal my maſter allowed me no wages; and the ſmall perquiſites of my ſtation ſcarce ſupplied me with the common neceſſaries of life. I was no longer a pert, unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applauſe, and elevated with the extravagance of hope; my misfortunes had taught me how little the careſſes of the world, during a man's proſperity, are to be valued by him; and how ſeriouſly and expeditiouſly he ought to ſet about making himſelf independent of them. My preſent appearance, therefore, was the leaſt of my care, which was wholly engroſſed in laying up a ſtock of inſtruction that might ſecure me againſt the caprice of fortune for the future. I became ſuch a ſloven, and contracted ſuch an air of auſterity, that every body pronounced me creſtfallen; and Gawky returned to town without running any riſque from my reſentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and reſtrained by prudential reaſons ſo effectually, that I never ſo much as thought of obtaining ſatisfaction for the injuries he had done me. When I deemed myſelf ſufficiently maſter of my buſineſs, I began to caſt about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding ſome proviſion, that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone: but, as this could not be effected without a ſmall ſum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmoſt perplexity how to raiſe it, well knowing that Crab, for his own ſake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his intereſt was ſo much concerned in my ſtay. But a ſmall acci-

dent,

dent, which happened about this time, determined him in my favour. This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid-ſervant, who declared her ſituation to me, aſſuring me at the ſame time that I was the occaſion of it. Although I had no reaſon to queſtion the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had paſſed between her maſter and her; taking the advantage of which, I repreſented to her the folly of laying the burden at my door, when ſhe might diſpoſe of it to much better purpoſe with Mr. Crab: ſhe liſtened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended ſucceſs of their mutual endeavours. He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foreſaw might be of very troubleſome conſequences; not that he dreaded any domeſtic grumblings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect ſubjection; but becauſe he knew it would furniſh his rival Potion with a handle for inſulting and undermining his reputation, there being no ſcandal equal to that of uncleanneſs, in the opinion of thoſe who inhabit the part of the iſland where he lived. He therefore took a reſolution worthy of himſelf, which was, to perſuade the girl that ſhe was not with child, but only afflicted with a diſorder incident to young women, which he could eaſily remove. With this view, as he pretended, he preſcribed for her ſuch medicines as he thought would infallibly procure abortion: but in this ſcheme he was diſappointed; for the maid, being advertiſed by me of his deſign, and at the ſame time well acquainted with her own condition, abſolutely refuſed to follow his directions; and threatened to publiſh her ſituation to the world, if he would not immediately take ſome method of providing for the important occaſion, which ſhe expected in a few months. It was not long before I gueſſed the reſult of his deliberation, by his addreſſing himſelf to me, one day, in this manner: 'I am ſurprized that a young 'fellow like you diſcovers no inclina-'tion to puſh his fortune in the world. 'Before I was of your age, I was 'broiling on the coaſt of Guinea. 'Damme! what's to hinder you from 'profiting by the war, which will cer-'tainly be declared in a ſhort time 'againſt Spain? you may eaſi 'board of a king's ſhip in q 'ſurgeon's mate, where you 'tainly ſee a great deal of 'and ſtand a good chance o 'prize-money.' I laid hol declaration, which I had lon for, and aſſured him I wou his advice with pleaſure, if my power; but that it was i for me to embrace an oppor that kind, as I had no frie vance a little money, to ſu with what neceſſaries I ſhou and defray the expences of m to London. He told me, tha ceſſaries were required; and a expence of my journey, he w me money ſufficient not onl purpoſe, but alſo to maintain fortably in London, until procure a warrant for my pro board of ſome ſhip. I gave hir ſand thanks for his obligin (although I was very well ap his motive, which was no o a deſign to lay the baſtard to m after my departure;) and acc ſet out in a few weeks for my whole fortune conſiſting o of cloaths; half a dozen o ſhirts; as many plain; two worſted, and a like number ſtockings; a caſe of pocket inſt a ſmall edition of Horace, W Surgery, and ten guineas in which Crab took my bond, 5l. per cent. intereſt; at the ſ gave me a letter to the membe liament for our town, whic would do my buſineſs effectu

CHAP. VIII.

I ARRIVE AT NEWCASTLE WITH MY OLD SCHOOL STRAP——WE DETERM WALK TOGETHER TO —SET OUT ON OUR J —PUT UP AT A SOLITA HOUSE—ARE DISTURBE STRANGE ADVENTURE NIGHT.

THERE is no ſuch co as a waggon in this and my finances were too wea port the expence of hiring a determined therefore to ſet ou

who tranſport goods from one nother on horſeback; and this accordingly put in execution, rſt day of November 1739, pon a pack-ſaddle between ets; one of which contained in a knapſack. But by the arrived at Newcaſtle upon was ſo fatigued with the te- of the carriage, and benumb- the coldneſs of the weather, olved to travel the reſt of my on foot, rather than proceed diſagreeable manner.

oſtler of the inn at which we nderſtanding I was bound for adviſed me to take my paſ- collier, which would be both nd expeditious, and withal ſier than to walk upwards of ndred miles through deep the winter time; a journey believed I had not ſtrength o perform. I was almoſt per- take his advice, when one day into a barber's ſhop to be the young man, while he la- ay face, accoſted me thus: preſume you are a Scotch- I anſwered in the affirmative. continued he, 'from what part tland?' I no ſooner told him, diſcovered great emotion, and ſining his operation to my d upper-lip, beſmeared my ace with great agitation. I ffended at this profuſion, that up, I aſked him what the devil t by uſing me ſo. He begged telling me his joy at meeting countryman had occaſioned nfuſion in him: and craved e. But when I declared my as Random, he exclaimed in re, 'How! Rory Random?' me,' I replied, looking at him niſhment. 'What,' cried he, you know your old ſchool- , Hugh Strap?' At that in- collecting his face, I flew into s, and in the tranſport of my e him back one half of the ſuds ſo laviſhly beſtowed on my nce, ſo that we made a very s appearance, and furniſhed a al of mirth for his maſter and tes, who were witneſſes of ie. When our mutual careſſes er, I ſat down again to be but *the poor fellow's nerves* were ſo diſcompoſed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could ſcarcely hold the razor, with which, nevertheleſs, he found means to cut me in three places, in as many ſtrokes. His maſter, perceiving his diſorder, bade another ſupply his place, and after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to paſs the reſt of the day with me. We retired immediately to my lodgings, where calling for ſome beer, I deſired to be informed of his adventures; which contained nothing more, than that his maſter dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcaſtle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels; that he had the good fortune of being employed by a very civil maſter, with whom he intended to ſtay till the ſpring, at which time he propoſed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement. When I communicated to him my ſituation and deſign, he did not approve of my taking a paſſage by ſea, by reaſon of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coaſt, as well as the precarioufneſs of the wind, which might poſſibly detain me a great while, to the no ſmall detriment of my fortune: whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way; and if we ſhould be fatigued before we could perform the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road, either returned horſes or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expence. I was ſo raviſhed at this propoſal, that I embraced him affectionately, and aſſured him he might command my purſe to the laſt farthing; but he gave me to underſtand, he had ſaved money ſufficient to anſwer his own occaſions; and that he had a friend in London, who would ſoon introduce him into buſineſs, in that capital; and might poſſibly have it in his power to ſerve me alſo.

Having concerted the plan, and ſettled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each, (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapſack;) and our money ſewed between the lining and waiſtband of our breeches, except

cept ſome looſe ſilver for our immediate expence on the road. We travelled all day at a round pace; but being ignorant of the proper ſtages, were benighted at a good diſtance from any inn, ſo that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a ſmall hedge-alehouſe, that ſtood on a bye-road, about half a mile from the highway: there we found a pedlar of our own country, in whoſe company we regaled ourſelves with bacon and eggs, and a glaſs of good ale, before a comfortable fire, converſing all the while very ſociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxom laſs, who entertained us with great good-humour, and in whoſe affection I was vain enough to believe I had made ſome progreſs. About eight o'clock, we were all three, at our own deſire, ſhewn into an apartment furniſhed with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourſelves to reſt, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a conſiderable time extempore, ſearched into every corner of the room, and faſtened the door on the inſide with a ſtrong iron ſcrew, which he carried about with him for that uſe. I ſlept very ſound till midnight, when I was diſturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which ſhook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phænomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no ſmall amazement, I found drenched in ſweat, and quaking through every limb; he told me with a low faltering voice, that we were undone; for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with piſtols in the next room; then bidding me make as little noiſe as poſſible, he directed me to a ſmall chink in the board partition, through which I could ſee a thickſet brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, ſitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of piſtols before him. I liſtened with great attention, and heard him ſay, in a terrible tone, 'D—n that ſon 'of a bitch, Smack the coachman! he 'has ſerved me a fine trick, indeed! 'but d—tion ſeize me if I don't 'make him repent it! I'll teach the 'ſcoundrel to give intelligence to o-'thers, while he is under articles with 'me.' Our landlady endeavoured to 'appeaſe this exaſperated robber, by ſaying he might be miſtaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correſpond with the other gentleman that ſol his coach; and that if an accident diſapointed him to day, he might find opportunities enough to atone his trouble. 'I'll tell thee what, 'dear Bet,' replied he, 'I never 'nor never will, while my nam 'Rifle, have ſuch a glorious boo 'I miſſed to day. Z—ds! there '400l. in caſh to recruit men fo 'king's ſervice, beſides the jew 'watches, ſwords and money, bel 'ing to the paſſengers; had it 'my fortune to have got clear off 'ſo much treaſure, I would have 'chaſed a commiſſion in the ar 'and made you an officer's lady, 'jade, I would.'—'Well, well,' Betty, 'we muſt truſt to Provid 'for that; but did you find not 'worth taking, which eſcaped the c 'gentlemen of the road?'—'Not m 'faith,' ſaid the lover, 'I glean 'few things, ſuch as a pair of 'ſilver mounted, here they are, I 'them loaded from the captain 'had the charge of the money, t 'ther with a gold watch, whicl 'had concealed in his breeches 'likewiſe found ten Portugal piec 'the ſhoes of a quaker, whom the 'rit moved to revile me with 'bitterneſs and devotion: but wh 'value myſelf moſtly for, is this 'purchaſe, a gold ſnuff-box, my 'with a picture on the inſide of 'lid: which I untied out of the 'of a pretty lady's ſmock.' Here the devil would have it, the pe ſnored ſo loud, that the highway ſnatching his piſtols, ſtarted up, cry 'Hell, and d—tion! I am betra 'who's that in the next room?' I Betty told him, he need not be un there were only three poor wearied vellers, who miſſing the road, had up their lodgings in the houſe, were aſleep long ago. Travell ſays he; 'ſpies, you b—ch! bu 'matter, I'll ſend them all to he 'an inſtant.' He accordingly ran wards our door; when his ſweetl interpoſing, aſſured him, there only a couple of poor young Scotch who were too raw and ignorant to him the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion; the third was a Preſbyterian pedl the ſame nation, who had often l ed in the houſe before. This dec

tion ſatisfied the thief, who ſwore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted ſome linen. Then in a jovial manner he put about the glaſs, mingling his diſcourſe to Betty with careſſes and familiarities that ſpoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the converſation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; ſo that it was with great difficulty I perſuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had ſeen and heard. This itinerant merchant no ſooner felt ſomebody ſhaking him by the ſhoulder, than he ſtarted up, calling as loud as he could, 'Thieves! thieves! Lord have mercy 'on us!' And Riſle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his piſtols, and turned towards the door, to kill the firſt man who ſhould enter; for he verily believed himſelf beſet, when his Dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter, perſuaded him, that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his ſleep. Meanwhile my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reaſon for diſturbing him; upon which, getting up ſoftly, he peeped through the hole, and was ſo terrified with what he ſaw, that falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to Heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promiſed never to defraud a cuſtomer for the future of a pin's point, provided he might be reſcued from the preſent danger. Whether or not his diſburdening his conſcience afforded him any eaſe, I know not; but he ſlipt into bed again, and lay very quiet until the robber and his miſtreſs were aſleep, and ſnored in concert; then riſing ſoftly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making faſt to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noiſe as poſſible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bed-ſide, and bade us farewel; telling us, that as we ran no riſque, we might take our reſt with great confidence, and in the morning aſſure the landlord that we knew nothing of his eſcape: and laſtly, ſhaking us by the hands, and wiſhing us all manner of ſucceſs, he let himſelf drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outſide. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehenſion, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's diſappointment; as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more eaſe in his mind; but, on the contrary, ſo poſſeſſed with the dreadful idea of Riſle, that he ſolicited me ſtrongly to follow our countryman's example, and ſo elude the fatal reſentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement. But I repreſented to him the danger of giving Riſle cauſe to think we knew his profeſſion; and ſuggeſted, that if ever he ſhould meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his intereſt to put us out of the way. I told him withal, my confidence in Betty's good-nature, in which he acquieſced; and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unſuſpected in the morning.

It was no ſooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out, 'Ods 'bobs! ſure you Scotchmen muſt have 'hot conſtitutions, to lie all night with 'the window open, in ſuch cold wea-'ther!' I feigned to ſtart out of ſleep, and withdrawing the curtain, called, 'What's the matter?' When ſhe ſhewed me, I affected ſurprize, and ſaid, 'Bleſs me! the window was ſhut when 'we went to bed.'—'I'll be hanged,' ſaid ſhe, 'if Sawny Waddle the pedlar 'has not got up in a dream and done 'it, for I heard him very obſtropulous 'in his ſleep. Sure I put a chamber-'pot under his bed.' With theſe words ſhe advanced to the bed in which he lay, and finding the ſheets cold, exclaimed, 'Good lack a daiſy! the 'rogue is fled!'—'Fled!' cried I, with feigned amazement, 'God forbid! 'ſure he has not robbed us.' Then ſpringing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my looſe money into my hand; which having reckoned, I ſaid, 'Heaven be praiſed, our money is 'all ſafe. Strap, look to the knapſack.'

He did ſo, and found all was right; upon which we aſked, with ſeeming concern, if he had ſtole nothing belonging to the houſe. 'No, no,' replied ſhe, 'he has ſtole nothing but 'his reckoning:' which, it ſeems, this pious pedlar had forgot to diſcharge, in the midſt of his devotion. Betty, after a moment's pauſe, withdrew, and immediately we could hear her waken Riſle, who no ſooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed and dreſſed, venting a thouſand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar if ever he ſhould ſet eyes on him again: 'For,' ſaid he, 'the ſcoundrel has by 'this time raiſed the hue and cry a-'gainſt me.' Having dreſſed himſelf in a hurry, he mounted his horſe, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thouſand fears that were the conſequence of it. While we were at breakfaſt, Betty endeavoured, by all the cunning ſhe was miſtreſs of, to learn whether or no we ſuſpected our fellow-lodger, whom we ſaw take horſe; but as we were on our guard, we anſwered her ſly queſtions with a ſimplicity ſhe could not diſtruſt; when, all of a ſudden, we heard the trampling of a horſe's feet at the door. This noiſe alarmed Strap ſo much, whoſe imagination was wholly engroſſed by the image of Riſle, that with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried, 'O Lord! 'there's the highwayman returned!' Our landlady, ſtaring at theſe words, ſaid, 'What highwayman, young man? 'Do you think any highwaymen har-'bour here?' Though I was very much diſconcerted at this piece of indiſcretion in Strap, I had preſence of mind enough to tell her, we had met a horſeman the day before, whom Strap had fooliſhly ſuppoſed to be a highwayman, becauſe he rode with piſtols; and that he had been terrified at the ſound of a horſe's feet ever ſince. She forced a ſmile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive, not without great concern, that this account was not at all ſatisfactory to her.

CHAP. IX.

WE PROCEED ON OUR JOURNEY—ARE OVERTAKEN BY AN HIGHWAYMAN, WHO FIRES AT STRAP, IS PREVENTED FROM SHOO ME BY A COMPANY OF HO MEN, WHO RIDE IN PURSUI HIM—STRAP IS PUT TO BE AN INN—ADVENTURES AT T INN.

AFTER having paid our and taken leave of our h who embraced me tenderly at pa we proceeded on our journey, b ourſelves that we had come off ſo We had not walked above five when we obſerved a man on back galloping after us, whom a ſhort time recognized to be no than this formidable hero who h ready given us ſo much vexation ſtopped hard by me, and aſkec knew who he was. My aſtoniſ had diſconcerted me ſo much, did not hear his queſtion, which peated with a volley of oath threats; but I remained as mute fore. Strap ſeeing my diſcomp fell upon his knees in the mud, ing, with a lamentable voice, words: 'For Chriſt's ſake, have 'upon us, Mr. Riſle! we kno 'very well.'—'Oho!' cried the 'you do! but you never ſhall t 'dence againſt me in this worl 'dog!' So ſaying, he drew a and fired it at the unfortunate who fell flat upon the ground, out ſpeaking one word. My com fate, and my own ſituation, r me to the place where I ſtood, de of all ſenſe and reflection; ſo did not make the leaſt attempt ei run away, or deprecate the wr this barbarian, who ſnapped a piſtol at me; but before he had t prime again, perceiving a comp horſemen coming up, he rode o left me ſtanding motionleſs as a in which poſture I was found by whoſe appearance had ſaved m This company conſiſted of thre in livery, well armed, with an who, as I afterwards learned, w perſon from whom Riſle had tak pocket-piſtols the day before; an making known his misfortun nobleman he met on the road, a ſuring him his non-reſiſtance wa gether owing to his conſiderati the ladies in the coach, procu aſſiſtance of his lordſhip's ſerv go in queſt of the plunderer.

holiday captain ſcampered up to me with great addreſs, and aſked who fired the piſtol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reaſon, he, before I could anſwer, obſerved a body lying on the ground; at which ſight his colour changed, and he pronounced with a faltering tongue, 'Gentlemen, 'here's murder committed! Let us 'alight.'—'No, no,' ſaid one of his followers, 'let us rather purſue the 'murderer.—Which way went he, 'young man?' By this time I had recollected myſelf ſo far as to tell them that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg of one of them to aſſiſt me in conveying the corpſe of my friend to the next houſe, in order to it's being interred. The captain, foreſeeing that in caſe he ſhould purſue, he muſt ſoon come to action, began to curb his horſe, and give him the ſpur at the ſame time; which treatment making the creature rear up and ſnort, he called out his horſe was frightened, and would not proceed; at the ſame time wheeling him round and round, ſtroaking his neck, whiſtling, and wheedling him with, 'Sirrah, ſirrah; 'gently, gently, &c.'—'Zounds!' cried one of the ſervants, 'ſure my lord's 'Sorrel is not reſty!' With theſe words, he beſtowed a laſh on his buttocks, and Sorrel, diſdaining the rein, ſprung forward with the captain at a pace that would have ſoon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth, (happily for him) given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their purſuit, without minding his ſituation. Meanwhile, one of the three who remained at my deſire, turning the body of Strap, in order to ſee the wound which had killed him, found him ſtill warm and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and ſaw him with inexpreſſible joy recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raiſed him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and in a little time, the third ſervant returned with the captain's horſe and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the ſword, upon his arrival, complained grievouſly *of the bruiſe occa*ſioned by his fall; and on the recommendation of the ſervant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which ſervice he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner I paſſed in obſerving a game at cards between two farmers, an exciſeman, and a young fellow in a ruſty gown and caſſock, who, as I afterwards underſtood, was curate of a neighbouring pariſh. It was eaſy to perceive that the match was not equal, and that the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of ſharpers, who ſtripped them of all their caſh in a very ſhort time. But what ſurprized me very much was, to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen who ſeemed to ſuſpect foul play, in theſe words: 'D—n me, friend, d'ye queſtion my 'honour?' I did not at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country; but I was ſcandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he ſwore, and the bawdy ſongs which he ſung. At laſt, to make amends, in ſome ſort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and promiſing to treat them at dinner, began to play moſt melodiouſly, ſinging in concert all the while. This good-humour of the parſon inſpired the company with ſo much glee, that the farmers ſoon forgot their loſſes, and all preſent went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amuſed in this manner, our muſician ſpying a horſeman riding towards the inn, ſtopped all of a ſudden, crying out, 'Gad 'ſo! gentlemen, I beg your pardon; 'there's our dog of a doctor coming 'into the inn.' He immediately concealed his inſtrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, enquiring very cordially into the ſtate of his health. This roty ſon of the church (who might be about the age of fifty) having alighted, and entruſted the curate with his horſe, ſtalked with great ſolemnity into the kitchen, where, ſitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe; ſcarce deigning an anſwer to the ſubmiſſive queſtions of thoſe who enquired about the welfare of his family. While he indulged himſelf in this ſtate, amidſt a

profound silence, the curate approaching him with great reverence, asked if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit Squire Bumpkin, who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes; and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home. Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose, and moved with prelatical dignity to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no sooner mounted, than the facetious curate, coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner; 'There the old rascal goes, 'and the d—l go with him. You see 'how the world wags, gentlemen. 'By Gad, this rogue of a vicar does 'not deserve to live; and yet he has 'two livings worth 400l. per annum, 'while poor I am fain to do all his 'drudgery, and ride twenty miles 'every Sunday to preach; for what? 'why, truly, for 20l. a year. I scorn 'to boast of my own qualifications, 'but comparisons are odious. I should 'be glad to know how this swag-bellied 'doctor deserves to be more at ease 'than me. He can loll in his elbow-'chair at home, indulge himself in 'the best of victuals and wine, and 'enjoy the conversation of Betty, his 'house-keeper. You understand me, 'gentlemen. Betty is the doctor's 'poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl 'she is; but no matter for that: aye, 'and a dutiful girl to her parents, 'whom she visits regularly every year; 'though, I must own, I could never 'learn in what country they live. My 'service t'ye, gentlemen.' By this time dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate all together with great chearfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out, on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could. We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the excise man, who had been silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin: 'Aye, aye, this is an 'old trick of Shuffle; I could not help '*smiling when he* talked of treating. '*You must know*, this is a very 'curious fellow. He picked up 'scraps of learning while he 'young Lord Trifle at the univ 'But what he most excels in is 'ing. No man knows his 'better than I; for I was *va* '*chambre* to Squire Tattle, a 'mate companion of Shuffle's 'He got himself into a scrape by 'ing some of his lordship's cl 'on which account he was tur 'way; but, as he was acqu 'with some particular circumst 'of my lord's conduct, he did n 'to exasperate him too much, 'made interest for his receiving 'and afterwards recommended 'the curacy which he now e 'However, the fellow cannot 'much admired for his dexte 'making a comfortable liveliho 'spite of such a small allowance 'hear he plays a good stick, 'really diverting company. 'qualifications make him agr 'wherever he goes; and as for p 'at cards, there is not a man 'three counties a match for hi 'truth is, he is a damnable 'and can shift a card with such a 'that it is impossible to discover Here he was interrupted by one farmers, who asked why he h justice enough to acquaint then these particulars before they e in play. The excise man replied, out any hesitation, that it was n his business to intermeddle betwe and man; besides, he did not they were ignorant of Shuffle's c ter, which was notorious to the country. This did not satis other, who taxed him with a and assisting the curate's knaver insisted on having his share of th nings returned; this demand t cise man as positively refused, ing, that whatsoever slights might practise on other occasio was very certain that he had pla the square with them, and wou swer it before any bench in C dom. So saying, he got up, an ing paid his reckoning, sneak The landlord thrusting his nec the passage, to see if he was shook his head, saying, 'Ah 'help us! if every sinner was 'his deserts. Well, we vict 'must not disoblige the exci

'But I know what: if parſon Shuffle 'and he were weighed together, a ſtraw 'thrown into either ſide would make 'the balance kick the beam. But, 'maſters, this is under the roſe,' continued Boniface with a whiſper.

CHAP. X.

THE HIGHWAYMAN IS TAKEN—WE ARE DETAINED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM—PROCEED TO THE NEXT VILLAGE—HE ESCAPES—WE ARRIVE AT ANOTHER INN, WHERE WE GO TO BED—IN THE NIGHT ARE AWAKED BY A DREADFUL ADVENTURE—NEXT NIGHT WE LODGE AT THE HOUSE OF A SCHOOLMASTER——OUR TREATMENT THERE.

STRAP and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road, coming towards us ſhouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could diſcern a man on horſeback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we ſoon knew to be Riſle. This highwayman not being ſo well mounted as the two ſervants who went in purſuit of him, was ſoon overtaken, and after having diſcharged his piſtols, made priſoner without any farther oppoſition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidſt the acclamations of the country people, to a juſtice of peace in a neighbouring village, but ſtopped at our inn to join their companion and take refreſhment. When Riſle was diſmounted, and placed in the yard, within a circle of peaſants, armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to ſee what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with ſuch terror and confuſion. My companion was ſo much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that going up to the thief, he preſented his clinched fiſts to his noſe, and declared, he would either cudgel or box with the priſoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to ſtrip; but was diſſuaded from this adventure by me, who repreſented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Riſle was now in the hands of juſtice, which *would, no doubt, give us all ſatisfaction enough.*

But what made me repent of our impertinent curioſity, was, our being detained by the captors, as evidence againſt him, when we were juſt going to ſet forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply; and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the ſame road that we had propoſed to follow. About the twilight we arrived at the place of our deſtination; but as the juſtice was gone to viſit a gentleman in the country, with whom we underſtood he would probably ſtay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret, three ſtories high, from which it ſeemed impoſſible for him to eſcape: this, nevertheleſs, was the caſe; for the next morning, when they went up ſtairs to bring him before the juſtice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his rout along the tops of the adjoining houſes, and entered another garret window, where he ſkulked until the family were aſleep, at which time he ventured down ſtairs, and let himſelf out by the ſtreet door, which was found open. This event was a great diſappointment to thoſe that apprehended him, who were fluſhed with the hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any farther moleſtation. Reſolving to make up for the ſmall progreſs we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town twenty miles from the place from whence we ſet out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myſelf ſo fatigued, that I began to deſpair of performing our journey on foot, and deſired Strap to enquire if there were any waggon, return-horſes, or other cheap cartiage, in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed, that the waggon from Newcaſtle to London had halted here two nights ago; and that it would be an eaſy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at fartheſt the day after the next. This piece of news gave us ſome ſatisfaction; and, after having made a hearty ſupper on haſhed mutton, we were ſhewn to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honeſt gen-

gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well diſpenſed with his company, we were glad to ſubmit to this diſpoſition, as there was not another bed empty in the houſe; and accordingly went to reſt, after having ſecured our baggage under the bolſter. About two or three o'clock in the morning, I was awaked out of a very profound ſleep, by a dreadful noiſe in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of conſternation, when I heard theſe words pronounced in a terrible voice: 'Blood and 'wounds! run the halbert into the 'guts of him that's next you, and I'll 'blow the other's brains out preſently.' This dreadful ſalutation had no ſooner reached the ears of Strap, than ſtarting out of bed, he ran againſt ſomebody in the dark, and overturned him in an inſtant; at the ſame time bawling out, 'Fire! murder! fire!' a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole houſe, and filled our chamber with a crowd of naked people. When lights were brought, the occaſion of all this diſturbance ſoon appeared; which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor ſcratching his head, with a look teſtifying the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, at the concourſe of apparitions that ſurrounded him. This honeſt gentleman was, it ſeems, a recruiting ſerjeant; who, having liſted two country fellows over-night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made ſuch an impreſſion on his imagination, that he got up in his ſleep, and expreſſed himſelf as above. When our apprehenſion of danger vaniſhed, the company beheld one another with great ſurprize and mirth; but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady with nothing on her but her ſhift and a large pair of buckſkin breeches with the backſide before, which ſhe had ſlipt on in the hurry, and her huſband with her petticoat about his ſhoulders: one had wrapt himſelf in a blanket, another was covered with a ſheet, and the drummer, who had given his only ſhirt to be waſhed, appeared in *cuerpo* with the bolſter rolled about his middle. When this affair was diſcuſſed, every body retired to his own apartment, the ſerjeant ſlipt into bed, and my companion and I ſlept without any farther diſturb: morning; when we got up, breakfaſt, paid our reckoning, forward, in expectation of ov the waggon; in which hope, we were diſappointed for that d we exerted ourſelves more tha I found myſelf quite ſpent with when we entered a ſmall villag twilight. We enquired for a houſe, and were directed to very ſorry appearance. At trance, the landlord, who ſeem a venerable old man, with lo hair, roſe from a table place large fire in a very neat paved and with a chearful countenan ted us in theſe words: '*Salve* '*ingredimini.*' I was not a lit ſed to hear our hoſt ſpeak Latin, I was in hope of recommendin to him by my knowledge in guage; I therefore anſwered, heſitation, '*Diſſolve frigus, lig* '*foco, large reponens.*' I had er pronounced theſe words, t old gentleman running tow ſhook me by the hand, cryin '*mi dilectiſſime! unde venis? a* '*ni fallor!*' In ſhort, finding both read in the claſſicks, he know how to teſtify his regard but ordered his daughter, a jol cheeked damſel, who was his meſtick, to bring us a bottle of his *mum*, repeating from Horace at time, '*Deprome quadrimum ſa* '*Thaliarche, merum diotâ.*' T *drimum* was excellent ale of brewing, of which he told us always an *amphora* four years the uſe of himſelf and frien the courſe of our converſation, was interlarded with ſcraps of we underſtood, that this facetio ſon was a ſchoolmaſter, whoſe being ſmall, he was fain to keep of good liquor for the enter of paſſengers, by which he ma to make the two ends of the yea 'I am this day,' ſaid he, 'the 'eſt old fellow in his majeſty's 'ons. My wife, reſt her ſoul 'Heaven. My daughter is to 'ried next week; but the tw 'pleaſures of my life are theſe: 'ing to the bottle, and a large 'of Horace that lay on the 'I am old, 'tis true; what th 'more reaſon I ſhould enjoy t

of life that remains, as my friend
:us advises: *Tu ne quæfieris,*
nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem
derint. Carpe diem quam mi-
n credula poſtero.' As he was
quiſitive about our affairs, we
o' ſcruple of acquainting him
r ſituation, which, when he had
, he enriched us with advices
behave in the world, telling us
was no ſtranger to the deceits of
id. In the mean time he or-
is daughter to lay a fowl to the
ſupper, for he was reſolved this
o regale his friends, *permittens*
etera. While our entertainment
eparing, our hoſt recounted the
ures of his own life; which, as
ntain nothing remarkable, I for-
rehearſe. When we had fared
iouſly, and drank ſeveral bottles
quadrimum, I expreſſed a deſire
ng to reſt, which was with ſome
y complied with, after he had
ed us that we ſhould overtake
ggon by noon next day; and
ere was room enough in it for
dozen, for there were only four
ers as yet in that convenience.
my comrade and I fell aſleep,
l ſome converſation about the
umour of our landlord, which
trap ſuch an idea of his benevo-
that he poſitively believed we
ay nothing for our lodging and
inment. 'Don't you obſerve,'
, 'that he has conceived a par-
ar affection for us: nay, even
ed us at ſupper with extraordi-
fare, which, to be ſure, we
ld not of ourſelves have called
I was partly of Strap's opinion;
e experience I had of the world
me ſuſpend my belief till the
g; when getting up betimes, we
alled with our hoſt and his daugh-
haſty-pudding and ale; and de-
o know what we had to pay.
y will let you know, gentlemen,'
, 'for I never mind theſe mat-
Money matters are beneath the
ern of one who lives upon the
atian plan, *Creſcentem ſequitur*
pecuniam.' Mean while, Biddy,
; conſulted a ſlate that hung in
mer, told us our reckoning came
7d. 'Eight ſhillings and ſeven
e!' cried Strap; 'tis impoſſible,
muſt be miſtaken, young wo-
'—'Reckon again, child,' ſays
her, very deliberately; 'perhaps
'you have miſcounted.—'No, in-
'deed, father,' ſhe replied, 'I know my
'buſineſs better.' I could contain my
indignation no longer, but ſaid it was
an unconſcionable bill, and demanded
to know the particulars; upon which
the old man got up, muttering, 'Aye;
'aye, let us ſee the particulars; that's
'but reaſonable.' And taking pen,
ink, and paper, wrote the following
items:

	s.	d.
To bread and beer -	0	6
To a fowl and ſauſages	2	6
To four bottles *quadrim*	2	0
To fire and tobacco - -	0	7
To lodging - - -	2	0
To breakfaſt - -	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raiſed a ſort of veneration in me by his demeanor the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deſerved; therefore I contented myſelf with ſaying I was ſure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He anſwered, I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whoſe only aim was to live *contentus parvo*, and keep off *importuna pauperies*. My fellow-traveller could not ſo eaſily put up with this impoſition; but ſwore he ſhould either take one third of the money or go without. While we were engaged in this diſpute, I perceived the daughter go out; and conjecturing the occaſion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no ſooner done, than Biddy returned with two ſtout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught, but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Juſt as we departed, Strap, who was half diſtracted on account of this piece of expence, went up to the ſchoolmaſter, and grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphaſis, '*Semper avarus*
'*eget.*' To which the pedant replied, with a malicious ſmile, '*Animum rege,*
'*qui, niſi paret, imperat.*'

CHAP. XI.

WE DESCRY THE WAGGON—GET INTO IT—ARRIVE AT AN INN—OUR FELLOW-TRAVELLERS DESCRIBED—

SCRIBED—A MISTAKE IS COMMITTED BY STRAP, WHICH PRODUCES STRANGE THINGS.

WE travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engroſſed by the knavery of the world, to which I muſt be daily expoſed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began ſenſibly to diminiſh. At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addreſſed me thus: 'Well, fools and their money 'are ſoon parted. If my advice had 'been taken, that old ſkin-flint ſhould 'have been damn'd before he had got 'more than the third of his demand. 'Tis a ſure ſign you came eaſily by 'your money, when you ſquander it 'away in this manner. Ah, God 'help you, how many briſly beards 'muſt I have mowed before I earned 'four ſhillings and three pence half-'penny, which is all thrown to the 'dogs? How many days have I ſat 'weaving hair, till my toes were 'numbed by the cold, my fingers 'cramp'd, and my noſe as blue as the 'ſign of the periwig that hung over 'the door? What the devil was you 'afraid of? I would have engaged to 'box with any one of thoſe fellows 'that came in, for a guinea. I'm ſure 'I have beat ſtouter men than either of 'them.' And, indeed, my companion would have fought any body when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal averſion to fire-arms, and all inſtruments of death. In order to appeaſe him, I aſſured him no part of this extraordinary expence ſhould fall upon his ſhoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a ſoul to ſpend his money with the beſt ſquire of the land. Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreſhment, we deſcried towards the evening, to our inexpreſſible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by that time we reached it, were both of us ſo weary, that I verily believe it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther. We therefore bargained with the driver, whoſe name was Joey, to give us a caſt to the next ſtage for a ſhilling; at which *place we ſhould meet* the maſter of the waggon, with whom we mig for the reſt of our journey.

Accordingly the convenien ped, and Joey having placed th Strap, being loaded with our l mounted firſt; but juſt as he v ting in, a tremendous voice aſſ ears in theſe words: 'God' 'there ſhall no paſſengers con The poor ſhaver was ſo diſcon this exclamation, which both l imagined proceeded from the n a giant, that he deſcended wi velocity, and a countenance a as paper. Joey perceiving o niſhment, called, with an arc 'Waunds, coptain, whay wo: 'ſuffer the poor waggoneer t 'a penny?—Coom, coom, you 'get oop, get oop; never m 'coptain: I'ſe not afear'd of 'tain.' This was not encour ſufficient to Strap, who coul prevailed upon to venture u upon which I attempted, tho without a quaking heart, wher the ſame voice muttering like thunder: 'Hell and the de 'found me, if I don't make y 'for this!' However I crept by accident got an empty plac ſtraw, which I immediately t ſeſſion of, without being abl cern the faces of my fellow-t in the dark. Strap following knapſack on his back, chance the other ſide, and by a jolt of riage, pitched directly upon mach of the captain, who bell in a moſt dreadful manner: 'and thunder, where's my At theſe words, my frighted ſtarted up, and at one ſpring againſt me with ſuch force, thought he was the ſuppoſed Anak, who intended to pre death. In the mean time a voice cried, 'Bleſs me! wh 'matter, my dear?'—'The replied the captain, 'damn m 'my guts are ſqueezed into a 'by that Scotchman's hump trembling all the while at m aſked him pardon, and laid t of what had happened upon th of the waggon; and the wom ſpoke before went on: 'A 'my dear, it is our own fa 'may thank ourſelves for all

'conveniences we meet with. I thank 'God, I never travelled ſo before. I'm 'ſure, if my lady or Sir John was to 'know where we are, they would not 'ſleep this night for vexation. I wiſh 'to God we had writ for the chariot: 'I know we ſhall never be forgiven.' —'Come, come, my dear,' replied the captain, 'it don't ſignify fretting now, 'we ſhall laugh it over as a frolick: 'I hope you will not ſuffer in your 'health. I ſhall make my lord very 'merry with our adventures in the '*Diligence*.' This diſcourſe gave me ſuch a high notion of the captain and his lady, that I durſt not venture to join in the converſation: but immediately after, another female voice began; 'Some people give themſelves a 'great many needleſs airs; better folks 'than any here have travelled in wag-'gons before now. Some of us have 'rode in coaches and chariots with 'three footmen behind them, without 'making ſo much fuſs about it. What 'then? we are now all upon a foot-'ing; therefore let's be ſociable and 'merry. What do you ſay, Iſaac? 'Is not this a good motion, you doat-'ing rogue? Speak, you old cent. per 'cent. fornicator. What deſperate 'debts are you thinking of? What 'mortgage are you planning? Well, 'Iſaac, poſitively you ſhall never gain 'my favour, till you turn over a new 'leaf, grow honeſt, and live like a 'gentleman. In the mean time, give 'me a kiſs, you old fumbler.' Theſe words, accompanied with a hearty ſmack, enlivened the perſon to whom they were addreſſed, to ſuch a degree, that he cried in a tranſport, though with a faltering voice, 'Ah, you 'wanton baggage; upon my credit, you 'are a waggiſh girl; he, he, he!' This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almoſt ſuffocated the poor uſurer, (ſuch, we afterwards found, was the profeſſion of this our fellow-traveller.) About this time I fell aſleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap till ſuch time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the paſſengers in order as they entered. The firſt who appeared was a briſk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a ſilver-laced hat on her head, inſtead of a cap, a blue *ſtuff riding-ſuit trimmed with ſilver, very much tar-*niſhed, and a whip in her hand. After her, came limping an old man with a worſted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat ſlouched over it, an old ruſty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown ſurtout, that covered a threadbare coat and, waiſtcoat, and, as we afterwards diſcerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was ſhrivelled into a thouſand wrinkles, his gums were deſtitute of teeth, his noſe ſharp and drooping, his chin peeked and prominent, ſo that when he mumped or ſpoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers; he ſupported himſelf on an ivory-headed cane, and his whole figure was a juſt emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I ſurprized, when I beheld the formidable captain in the ſhape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered viſage, very much reſembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped! He wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump; which immoderate length, I ſuppoſe, was the occaſion of a baldneſs that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the ſize and cock of Piſtol's. Having laid aſide his great coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: he was about five feet and three inches high, ſixteen inches of which went to his face and long ſcraggy neck; his thighs were about ſix inches in length, his legs reſembling ſpindles or drum-ſticks, two feet and an half; and his body, which put me in the mind of extenſion without ſubſtance, engroſſed the remainder; ſo that, on the whole, he appeared like a ſpider or graſhopper erect, and was almoſt a *vox, et preterea nihil*. His dreſs conſiſted of a frock of what is called bear-ſkin, the ſkirts of which were about half a foot long, an huſſar waiſtcoat, ſcarlet breeches reaching half-way down his thighs, worſted ſtockings rolled up almoſt to his groin, and ſhoes with wooden heels at leaſt two inches high; he carried a ſword very near as long as himſelf in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who ſeemed to be a woman of his own age, and ſtill retained ſome remains of

an agreeable perſon; but ſo ridiculouſly affected, that had I not been a novice in the world, I might have eaſily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and ſecond-hand airs of a lady's woman. We were all aſſembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) deſired a room with a fire for himſelf and ſpouſe; and told the landlord, they would ſup by themſelves. The innkeeper replied, that he could not afford them a room by themſelves; and as for ſupping, he had prepared victuals for the paſſengers in the waggon, without reſpect of perſons; but if he could prevail on the reſt to let him have his choice in a ſeparate manner, he ſhould be very well pleaſed. This was no ſooner ſaid, than all of us declared againſt the propoſal; and Miſs Jenny (our other female paſſenger) obſerved, that if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to ſup by themſelves, they might wait until we ſhould have done. At this hint, the captain put on a martial frown, and looked very big, without ſpeaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a diſdainful toſs of her noſe, muttered ſomething about 'creature;' which Miſs Jenny over-hearing, ſtept up to her, ſaying, 'None of your names, good 'Mrs. Abigail; creature, quotha! 'I'll aſſure you. No ſuch creature as 'you, neither; no ten pound ſneaker; 'no quality coupler.' Here the captain interpoſed with a 'Damme, Madam, 'what do you mean by that?'—'Damn 'you, Sir, who are you?' replied Miſs Jenny: 'who made you a captain, 'you pitiful, trencher-ſcraping, pimping curler? 'Sdeath! the army is 'come to a fine paſs, when ſuch fellows as you get commiſſions. What, 'I ſuppoſe you think I don't know 'you? Agad, you and your helpmate are well met; a caſt-off miſtreſs, and a bald valet de chambre, 'are well yoked together.'—'Blood 'and wounds!' cried Weazel, 'd'ye 'queſtion the honour of my wife, Madam! Hell and damnation! No 'man in England durſt ſay ſo much. 'I would flay him, carbonado him! 'Fury and deſtruction! I would have 'his liver for my ſupper.' So ſaying, he drew his ſword, and flouriſhed with it, to the great terror of Strap; while Miſs Jenny ſnapping her fingers, told him, ſhe did not value his reſentment a louſe. In the midſt of this quarrel, the maſter of a waggon alighted, who underſtanding the cauſe of the diſturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have every thing made up, which he at laſt accompliſhed, and we ſat down to ſupper all together. At bed-time we were ſhewed to our apartments: the old uſurer, Strap and I, to one room; the captain, his wife, and Miſs Jenny, to another. About midnight, my companion's bowels being diſordered, he got up in order to go backward; but, on his return, miſtaking one door for another, entered Weazel's chamber, and without any heſitation went to bed to his wife, who was faſt aſleep; the captain being at another end of the room, groping for ſome empty veſſel, in lieu of his own chamber pot, which was leaky. As he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went toward his own bed, after having found a convenience; but no ſooner did he feel a rough head, covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind, that he had miſtaken Miſs Jenny's bed inſtead of his own, and that the head he felt was that of ſome gallant, with whom ſhe had made an aſſignation. Full of this conjecture, and ſcandalized at the proſtitution of his apartment, he ſnatched up the veſſel he had juſt before filled, and emptied it at once on the aſtoniſhed barber and his own wife, who waking at that inſtant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the huſband beyond meaſure, but frightened poor Strap almoſt out of his ſenſes; for he verily believed himſelf bewitched; eſpecially when the incenſed captain ſeized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, aſking him how he durſt have the preſumption to attempt the chaſtity of his wife. Poor Strap was ſo amazed and confounded, that he could ſay nothing, but, 'I take God to witneſs ſhe's a 'virgin for me.' Mrs. Weazel, enraged to find herſelf in ſuch a pickle, through the precipitation of her huſband, aroſe in her ſhift, and with the heel of her ſhoe, which ſhe found by the bed-ſide, belaboured the captain's bald pate till he roared murder. 'I'll 'teach you to empty your ſtink-pots 'on me.' cried ſhe, 'you pitiful, hop-o'my-thumb coxcomb. What! 'I war-

'I warrant you're jealous, you man of 'lsth. Was it for this I condeſcend-'ed to take you to my bed, you poor, 'withered, ſapleſs twig?' The noiſe occaſioned by this adventure, had brought the maſter of the waggon and me to the door, where we overheard all that paſſed with great ſatisfaction. In the mean time we were alarmed with the cry of 'Rape! Murder! 'Rape!' which Miſs Jenny pronounced with great vociferation. 'O! you vile, 'abominable old villain,' ſaid ſhe, 'would you rob me of my virtue: 'but I'll be revenged of you, you old 'goat; I will!—Help! for Heaven's 'ſake, help!—I ſhall be raviſhed, 'ruined! Help!' Some ſervants of the inn, hearing this cry, came running up ſtairs with lights, and ſuch weapons as chance afforded; when we beheld a very diverting ſcene. In one corner ſtood the poor captain ſhivering in his ſhirt, which was all torn to rags; with a woeful viſage, ſcratched all over by his wife; who had by this time wrapped the counterpane about her, and ſat ſobbing on the ſide of her bed. In the other end lay the old uſurer ſprawling on Miſs Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his ſhirt, and his tawny meagre limbs expoſed to the air: while ſhe held him faſt by the two ears, and loaded him with execrations. When we aſked what was the matter, ſhe affected to weep, told us ſhe was afraid that wicked rogue had ruined her in her ſleep, and bade us take notice of what we ſaw, for ſhe intended to make uſe of our evidence againſt him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be releaſed; a favour which he had no ſooner obtained, than he proteſted ſhe was no woman, but a devil incarnate; that ſhe had firſt ſeduced his fleſh to rebel, and then betrayed him. 'Yes, cockatrice,' continued he, 'you 'know you laid this ſnare for me: 'but you ſhan't ſucceed; for I will 'hang myſelf before you ſhall get a 'farthing of me.' So ſaying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way. We then advanced to the captain, who told us, 'Gentlemen, 'here has been a damn'd miſtake; but 'I'll be reveng'd on him who was the 'occaſion of it. That Scotchman who 'carries the knapſack ſhall not breathe 'this vital air another day, if my name 'be Weazel.—My dear, I aſk you ten 'thouſand pardons, you are ſenſible I 'could mean no harm to you.'—'I 'know not what you meant,' replied ſhe, ſighing, 'but I know I have got 'enough to ſend me to my grave.' At length they were reconciled. The wife was complimented with a ſhare of Miſs Jenny's bed, (her own being overflowed) and the maſter of the waggon invited Weazel to ſleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally afraid, he having ſtole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at logger-heads.

CHAP. XII.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL CHALLENGES STRAP, WHO DECLINES THE COMBAT—AN AFFAIR BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND ME—THE USURER IS FAIN TO GIVE MISS JENNY FIVE GUINEAS FOR A RELEASE—WE ARE IN DANGER OF LOSING A MEAL—THE BEHAVIOUR OF WEAZEL, JENNY, AND JOEY, ON THAT OCCASION—AN ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN WEAZEL AND HIS LADY—THE CAPTAIN'S COURAGE TRIED—ISAAC'S MIRTH AT THE CAPTAIN'S EXPENCE.

NEXT morning, I agreed to give the maſter of the waggon ten ſhillings for my paſſage to London, provided Strap ſhould be allowed to take my place when I ſhould be diſpoſed to walk. At the ſame time I deſired him to appeaſe the incenſed captain, who had entered the kitchen, with a drawn ſword in his hand, and threatened, with many oaths, to ſacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpoſe for the maſter to explain the miſtake, and aſſure him of the poor lad's innocence, who ſtood trembling behind me all the while: the more ſubmiſſion that appeared in Strap, the more implacable ſeemed the reſentment of Weazel, who ſwore he muſt either fight him, or he would inſtantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this inſolence, and told him, it could not be ſuppoſed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the ſword at his own

weapon; but I was perſuaded he would wreſtle or box with him. To which propoſal Strap immediately gave aſſent, by ſaying he would box with him for a guinea. Weazel replied, with a look of diſdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himſelf on a footing, in any reſpect, with ſuch a fellow as Strap. 'Odds bodikins!' cries Joey, 'ſure, coptain, yaw would 'not commit moorder! Here's a poor 'lad that is willing to make atoone-'ment for his offence; and an that 'woan't ſatisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw 'fairly. An yaw woan't box, I dare 'ſay he will coodgel with yaw.—'Woant yaw, my lad?' Strap after ſome heſitation, anſwered, 'Ye—yes, 'I'll cudgel with him.' But this expedient being alſo rejected by the captain, I began to ſmell his character; and tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it ſaid, the perſon who receives a challenge ſhould have the choice of the weapons; this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promiſe on the head of my companion, that he would even fight captain Weazel at ſharps; but it ſhould be with ſuch ſharps as Strap was beſt acquainted with, namely, razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change; while Strap, pulling me by the ſleeve, whiſpered with great eagerneſs; 'No, no, no; 'for the love of God, don't make any 'ſuch bargain.' At length Weazel, recovering himſelf, turned towards me, and, with a ferocious countenance, aſked, 'Who the devil are you? Will 'you fight me?' With theſe words, putting himſelf in a poſture, I was grievouſly alarmed at ſeeing the point of a ſword within half a foot of my breaſt; and ſpringing to one ſide, ſnatched up a ſpit that ſtood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adverſary at bay, who made a great many half-longes, ſkipping backward at every puſh, till at laſt I pinned him up in a corner, to the no ſmall diverſion of the company. While he was in this ſituation, his wife entered; and ſeeing her huſband in theſe dangerous circumſtances, uttered a dreadful ſcream: in this emergency, Weazel demanded a ceſſation, which was immediately granted; and at laſt was contented with the ſubmiſſion of Strap, who falling on his knees before him, proteſted the innocence of his intention, and aſked pardon for the miſtake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodſhed, we went to breakfaſt, but miſſed two of our company, namely, Miſs Jenny and the uſurer. As for the firſt, Mrs. Weazel informed us, that ſhe had kept her awake all night with her groans; and that when ſhe roſe in the morning, Miſs Jenny was ſo much indiſpoſed, that ſhe could not proceed on her journey. At that inſtant, a meſſage came from her to the maſter of the waggon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him, in a lamentable tone, that ſhe was afraid of a miſcarriage, owing to the fright ſhe received laſt night, from the brutality of Iſaac; and as the event was uncertain, deſired the uſurer might be detained to anſwer for the conſequence. Accordingly, this ancient Tarquin was found in the waggon, whither he had retired to avoid the ſhame of laſt night's diſgrace, and brought by force into her preſence. He no ſooner appeared, than ſhe began to weep and ſigh moſt piteouſly, and told us, if ſhe died, ſhe would leave her blood upon the head of that raviſher. Poor Iſaac turned up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezebel, and aſſured us with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her was the reſult of her own invitation. The waggoner underſtanding the caſe, adviſed Iſaac to make it up by giving her a ſum of money: to which advice he replied with great vehemence, 'A ſum of money! a halter for the 'cockatrice!'—'O! 'tis very well,' ſaid Miſs Jenny: 'I ſee it is in 'vain to attempt that flinty heart 'of his, by fair means.—Joey, be 'ſo good as to go to the juſtice, 'and tell him there is a ſick perſon 'here, who wants to ſee him on an 'affair of conſequence.' At the name of juſtice, Iſaac trembled, and bidding Joey ſtay, aſked with a quavering voice, what ſhe would have? She told him, that as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpoſe, ſhe would be ſatisfied with a ſmall matter. And though the damage ſhe might ſuſtain in her health might be irreparable, ſhe would give

him

him a releaſe for an hundred guineas. 'An hundred guineas!' cried he, in an extaſy; 'an hundred furies! 'Where ſhould a poor old wretch like 'me have an hundred guineas? If I 'had ſo much money, d'ye think I 'ſhould be found travelling in a wag-'gon, at this ſeaſon of the year?'—'Come, come,' replied Jenny, 'none 'of your miſerly artifice here. You 'think I don't know Iſaac Rapine, 'the money-broker in the Minories. 'Ah, you old rogue! many a pawn 'have you had of me and my acquain-'tance, which was never redeemed.' Iſaac finding it was in vain to diſguiſe himſelf, offered twenty ſhillings for a diſcharge, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed under fifty pounds: at laſt, however, ſhe was brought down to five, which he paid, with great reluctancy, rather than be proſecuted for a rape. After which accommodation the ſick perſon made ſhift to get into the waggon, and we ſet forwards in great tranquillity, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horſe, the driver himſelf chuſing to walk. This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a ſoldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer by the noſe, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheeſe-monger, who had the preſumption to be his rival: for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he ſaid, and obſerved, 'The laſt 'affair happened that very day on 'which I received a love-letter from 'Squire Gobble; and don't you remem-'ber, my dear, I was prodigiouſly ſick 'that very night with eating ortolans, 'when my Lord Diddle took notice 'of my complexion's being altered, 'and my lady was ſo alarmed that 'ſhe had well nigh fainted.'—'Yes, 'my dear,' replied the captain, 'you 'know, my lord ſaid to me, with a 'ſneer, "Billy, Mrs. Weazel is cer-"tainly breeding." And I anſwered 'cavalierly, "My lord, I wiſh I could "return the compliment." Upon which 'the whole company broke out into an 'immoderate fit of laughter; and my 'lord, who loves a repartee dearly, 'came round and buſſed me.' We travelled in this manner five days without interruption, or meeting any thing worth notice: Miſs Jenny, who ſoon recovered her ſpirits, entertaining us every day with diverting ſongs, of which ſhe could ſing a great number; and raillying her old gallant, who notwithſtanding would never be reconciled to her. On the ſixth day, while we were about to ſit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us that three gentlemen, juſt arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were beſpoke by the paſſengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied, 'The paſſen-'gers in the waggon might be damn'd; 'their betters muſt be ſerved before 'them; they ſuppoſed it would be no 'hardſhip on ſuch travellers to dine 'upon bread and cheeſe for one day.' This was a terrible diſappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when Miſs Jenny obſerved that Captain Weazel, being by profeſſion a ſoldier, ought in this caſe to protect and prevent us from being inſulted. But the captain excuſed himſelf, ſaying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; ſwearing at the ſame time, that could he appear with honour, they ſhould eat his ſword ſooner than his proviſion. Upon this declaration, Miſs Jenny, ſnatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where ſhe threatened to put the cook to death if he did not ſend the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noiſe ſhe made, brought the three ſtrangers down, one of whom no ſooner perceived her, then he cried, 'Ha, Jenny 'Ramper! what the devil brought you 'hither?'—'My dear Jack Rattle!' replied ſhe, running into his arms, 'is 'it you? then Weazel may go to hell 'for a dinner, I ſhall dine with you.' They conſented to this propoſal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey underſtanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and ſwore he would be the death of any man who ſhould pretend to ſeize the victuals prepared for the waggon. This menace had like to have produced fatal conſequences; the three ſtrangers drawing their ſwords, and being joined by their ſervants, and we ranging ourſelves on the

the ſide of Joey; when the landlord interpoſing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the ſtrangers; and we ſat down at table without any farther moleſtation. In the afternoon, I choſe to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a converſation with this driver, I ſoon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch: he informed me, that Miſs Jenny was a common girl upon the town, who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the ſtage-coach from London to Newcaſtle, where he had been arreſted for debt, and was now in priſon; upon which ſhe was fain to return to her former way of life by this conveyance. He told me likewiſe, that one of the gentlemen's ſervants, whom we left at the inn, having accidentally ſeen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with ſome particulars of his character. That he had ſerved my Lord Frizzle in quality of valet de chambre many years; while he lived ſeparately from his lady: but upon their reconciliation, ſhe expreſsly inſiſted upon Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman he kept; when his lordſhip, to get rid of them both with a good grace, propoſed that he ſhould marry his miſtreſs, and he would procure a commiſſion for him in the army. This expedient was agreed to, and Weazel is now, by his lordſhip's intereſt, enſign in ———'s regiment. I found he and I had the ſame ſentiments with regard to Weazel's courage, which he reſolved to put to the trial, by alarming the paſſengers with the cry of, 'An 'highwayman!' as ſoon as an horſeman ſhould appear. This ſcheme we put in practice towards the duſk, when we deſcried a man on horſeback approaching us. Joey had no ſooner intimated to the people in the waggon, that he was afraid we ſhould be all robbed, then a general conſternation aroſe: Strap jumped out of the waggon, and hid himſelf behind a hedge. The uſurer put forth ejaculations, and made a ruſtling among the ſtraw, which made us conjecture he had hid ſomething under it. Mrs. Weazel wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries; and the captain, to our great amazement, began to ſnore; but this artifice did not ſucceed; for Miſs Jenny, ſh
him by the ſhoulder, bawled
'Sdeath, captain! is this a tir
'ſnore, when we are going to b
'bed? Get up for ſhame, and b
'like a ſoldier and a man of ho
Weazel pretended to be in a grea
ſion for being diſturbed, and ſw
would have his nap out if all the
waymen in England ſurrounded
'D—n my blood! what are you
'of?' continued he; at the ſam
trembling with ſuch agitation th
whole carriage ſhook. This ſi
piece of behaviour incenſed Miſs R
ſo much, that ſhe cried, 'D—
'pitiful ſoul, you are as arrant
'troon as ever was drummed ou
'regiment. Stop the waggon,
'let me get out, and by G—d
'have rhetorick enough, the thie
'not only take your purſe, bu
'ſkin alſo.' So ſaying, ſhe lea
with great agility. By this tin
horſeman came up with us, an
pened to be a gentleman's ſerva
known to Joey, who commun
the ſcheme, and deſired him to
it on a little farther, by going
the waggon, and queſtioning
within. The ſtranger conſentin
the ſake of diverſion, approach
and in a terrible tone, demanded,
'have we got here?' Iſaac r
with a lamentable voice, 'H
'poor miſerable ſinner, who ha
'ſmall family to maintain, an
'thing in the world wherewith
'theſe fifteen ſhillings, which if y
'me of, we muſt all ſtarve tog
—'Who's that ſobbing in the
'corner?' ſaid the ſuppoſed hig
man. 'A poor unfortunate w
anſwered Mrs. Weazel, 'upon
'I beg you for Chriſt's ſake
'compaſſion.'—'Are you m
'wife?' ſaid he. 'Wife, to m
'row,' cried ſhe. 'Who, or w
'your huſband?' continued he,
'huſband,' replied Mrs. Weaz
'an officer in the army, and w
'ſick at the laſt inn where we di
'You muſt be miſtaken, Madam
he, 'for I myſelf ſaw him get i
'waggon this afternoon. Bu
'what ſmell is that? Sure yo
'dog has befouled himſelf;
'catch hold of the naſty cu
'teach him better manners.'
laid hold of one of Weazel's leg

pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himſelf. The poor trembling captain being detected in this inglorious ſituation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of ſleep, cried, 'What's the 'matter? What's the matter?'—'The 'matter is not much,' anſwered the horſeman, 'I only called in to enquire 'after your health; and ſo adieu, moſt 'noble captain.' So ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to his horſe, and was out of ſight in a moment. It was ſome time before Weazel could recollect himſelf; but at length re-aſſuming the big look, he ſaid, 'Damn the fellow! why did 'he ride away, before I had time to 'aſk him how his lord and lady do? 'Don't you remember Tom, my dear?' addreſſing himſelf to his wife. 'Yes,' replied ſhe, 'I think I do remember 'ſomething of the fellow; but you 'know I ſeldom converſe with people 'of his ſtation.'—'Hey-day!' cried Joey, 'do yaw knaw the young mon, 'coptain?'—'Know him,' ſaid Weazel, 'many a time has he filled a glaſs of 'Burgundy for me, at my Lord Trip-'pet's table.'—'And what may his 'neame be, coptain?' ſaid Joey. 'His 'name! his name, replied Weazel, 'is Tom Rinſer.'—'Waunds!' cried Joey, 'a has changed his own neame 'then! for I'ſe lay any wager he was 'chriſtened John Trotter.' This obſervation raiſed a laugh againſt the captain, who ſeemed very much diſconcerted; when Iſaac broke ſilence, and ſaid, 'It was no matter who or 'what he was, ſince he has not proved 'the robber we ſuſpected. And we 'ought to bleſs God for our narrow 'eſcape.'—'Bleſs God,' ſaid Weazel, 'bleſs the devil! for what? had he 'been a highwayman, I ſhould have 'eat his blood, body and guts, before 'he had robbed me, or any one in 'this *Diligence*.'—'Ha, ha, ha!' cried Miſs Jenny, 'I believe you will eat 'all you kill, indeed, captain.' The uſurer was ſo well pleaſed at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being ſevere; and took notice that Captain Weazel ſeemed to be a good chriſtian, for he had armed himſelf with patience and reſignation, inſtead of carnal weapons; and worked out his ſalvation with fear and trembling. This piece of ſatire occaſioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expence, who muttered many oaths, and threatene Iſaac's throat. The uſurer ta of this menace, ſaid, 'Gentl 'ladies, I take you all to 'that my life is in danger 'bloody minded officer. I'll 'bound over to the peace.' cond ſneer procured anoth againſt him, and he remain fallen during the remaining our journey.

CHAP. XIII.

STRAP AND I ARE TERRI AN APPARITION—STRA JECTURE—THE MYSTE PLAINED BY JOEY—WE AT LONDON—OUR DRI APPEARANCE DESCRIB ARE INSULTED IN THE —AN ADVENTURE IN HOUSE—WE ARE IMPOSE BY A WAGGISH FOOTM TO RIGHTS BY A TOBA —TAKE LODGINGS—DI A DINNER—AN ACCID OUR ORDINARY.

WE arrived at our inn and went to bed; bu diſtemper continuing, he wa to riſe in the middle of the ni taking the candle in his han he had left burning for the he went down to the houſe whence in a ſhort time he re a great hurry, with his hair on end, and a look betokeni and aſtoniſhment. Without a word, he ſet down the li jumped into bed behind me, lay and trembled with great When I aſked him what was ter? he replied with a broke 'God have mercy on us! I 'the devil.' Though my was not quite ſo ſtrong as hi not a little alarmed at this tion, and much more ſo, whe the ſound of bells approac chamber, and felt my bed-fel cloſe to me, uttering theſe 'Chriſt have mercy upon u 'he comes.' At that inſtant ſtrous over-grown raven ent chamber, with bells at his made directly towards our b

this creature is reckoned, in our country, a common vehicle for the devil and witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted; and, in a violent fright, ſhrunk under the bed-cloaths. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and after giving us ſeveral ſevere dabs with it's beak through the blankets, hopped away and vaniſhed. Strap and I recommended ourſelves to the protection of Heaven with great devotion, and when we no longer heard the noiſe, ventured to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared that had well nigh deprived us both of our ſenſes. We perceived an old man enter the room, with a long white beard that reached to his middle; there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance, that did not ſavour of this world; and his dreſs conſiſted of a brown ſtuff coat buttoned behind and at the wriſts, with an odd faſhioned cap of the ſame ſtuff upon his head. I was ſo amazed, that I had not power to move my eyes from ſuch a ghaſtly object, but lay motionleſs, and ſaw him come ſtraight up to me: when he reached the bed he wrung his hands, and cried, with a voice that did not ſeem to belong to a human creature, 'Where is Ralph?' I made no reply; upon which he repeated in an accent ſtill more preternatural; 'Where is 'Ralpho?' He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than I heard the ſound of the bells at a diſtance; which the apparition having liſtened to, tript away, and left me almoſt petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myſelf ſo far as to ſpeak, and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which, however, did not laſt long. When he came to himſelf, I aſked his opinion of what had happened; and he aſſured me that the firſt muſt certainly be the ſoul of ſome perſon damned, which appeared by the chains about it's legs; (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigneſs of a horſe, and the ſound of ſmall morrice bells to the clanking of maſſy chains.) As for the old man, he took it to be the ſpirit of ſomebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the aſſaſſin in the ſhape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the ſaid murderer. Although I had not faith in this interpretation, I w much troubled to enjoy any ſleep in all my future adventures neve ed a night ſo ill. In the morning, imparted the whole affair to Joey after an immoderate fit of lau explained the matter, by tellin the old man was the landlord's who had been an ideot ſome and diverted himſelf with a tame which, it ſeems, had hopped from his apartment in the nigh induced him to follow it to our ber, where he had enquired a under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happene ring the remaining part of our jo which continued ſix or ſeven longer. At length we entered th city, and lodged all night at t where the waggon put up. Next ing, all the paſſengers parted di ways; while my companion ſallied out to enquire for the m of parliament, to whom I had of recommendation from Mr. As we had diſcharged our lod the inn, Strap took up our ba and marched behind me in the with the knapſack on his back, as ſo that we made a very whimſi pearance. I had dreſſed myſelf greateſt advantage; that is, put clean ruffled ſhirt, and my beſt ſtockings: my hair (which was deepeſt red) hung down upo ſhoulders, as lank and ſtraigh pound of candles; and the ſkirts coat reached to the middle of m my waiſtcoat and breeches were ſame piece, and cut in the ſam and my hat very much reſembled ber's baſon in the ſhallowneſs crown and narrowneſs of the Strap was habited in a much le ward manner; but a ſhort cro wig that very much reſembled in the play, and the knapſack back, added to what is called phiz, occaſioned by a long chi hook noſe and high cheek bone dered him on the whole a very ject of mirth and pleaſantry. walked along, Strap, at my de quired of a carman whom w whereabouts Mr. Cringer live was anſwered by a ſtare, accom with the word 'Anan!' Upon I came up, in order to explain th

had the misfortune to be un-
e likewiſe, the carman damn-
or a louſy Scotch guard, and
his horſes with a 'Gee-ho!'
:tled me to the quick, and
ne indignation of Strap ſo far,
r the fellow was gone a good
told me he would fight him
rthing. While we were deli-
upon what was to be done, an
-coachman driving ſoftly along,
:eiving us ſtanding by the ken-
ne up cloſe to us, and calling,
oach, maſter!' by a dextrous
ment of the reins, made his
humble in the wet, and bedaub
over with mud. After which
he drove on, applauding him-
th a hearty laugh, in which ſe-
people joined, to my great mor-
on; but one more compaſſionate
ne reſt, ſeeing us ſtrangers, ad-
ne to go into an ale-houſe, and
yſelf. I thanked him for his
which I immediately complied
and going into the houſe he
l out, called for a pot of beer,
t down by a fire in the publick
where we cleaned ourſelves as
we could. In the mean time,
who ſat in a box ſmoaking his
nderſtanding by our dialect that
e from Scotland, came up to me,
ith a grave countenance, aſked
ng I had been caught. As I did
ow the meaning of this queſtion,
: no anſwer; and he went on,
it could not be a great while,
tail was not yet cut: at the ſame
king hold of my hair, and tip-
ne wink to the reſt of the compa-
hich ſeemed highly entertained
is wit. I was incenſed at this
but afraid of reſenting it, be-
I happened to be in a ſtrange
and perceived the perſon who
to me was a brawny fellow, for
I thought myſelf by no means
h. However, Strap having ei-
ore courage or leſs caution, could
t up with the inſults that I ſuf-
but told him, in a peremp-
ne, he was an uncivil fellow
king ſo free with his betters.
he wit going toward him, aſked
e had got in his knapſack. 'Is
atmeal or brimſtone, Sawney?'
, ſeizing him by the chin, which
k, to the inexpreſſible diverſion
reſent. My companion feeling
himſelf aſſaulted in ſuch an opprobrious manner, diſengaged himſelf in a trice, and lent his antagoniſt ſuch a box on the ear, as made him ſtagger to the other ſide of the room; and in a moment a ring was formed for the combatants. Seeing Strap beginning to ſtrip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which baniſhed all other thoughts, I undreſſed myſelf to the ſkin in an inſtant, and declared, that as the affront that occaſioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myſelf; upon which one or two cried out, 'That's a brave Scotch boy! you ſhall 'have fair play, by G—d!' This aſſurance gave me freſh ſpirits, and going up to my adverſary, who by his pale countenance did not ſeem much inclined to the battle, I ſtruck him ſo hard on the ſtomach, that he reeled over a bench, and fell to the ground. Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my ſucceſs, according to the manner of my own country; but was reſtrained by the ſpectators, one of whom endeavoured to raiſe up my opponent, but in vain; for he proteſted he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illneſs. I was very well pleaſed with his excuſe, and immediately dreſſed myſelf, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who ſhook me by the hand, and wiſhed me joy of the victory. After having drank our pot, and dried our cloaths, we enquired of the landlord if he knew Mr. Cringer the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative; for we imagined he muſt be altogether as conſpicuous here as in the borough he repreſented; but he told us we might poſſibly hear of him as we paſſed along. We betook ourſelves therefore to the ſtreet, where ſeeing a footman ſtanding at a door, we made up to him, and aſked if he knew where our patron lived. This member of the party-coloured fraternity ſurveying us both very minutely, ſaid he knew Mr. Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the firſt ſtreet on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would obſerve a lane, through which we muſt paſs, and at the other end we ſhould find an alley that leads to another ſtreet, where we ſhould ſee the ſign of the Thiſtle and

Three Pedlars, and there he lodged. We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me that he knew this perſon to be an honeſt friendly man by his countenance, before he opened his mouth; in which opinion I acquieſced, aſcribing his good manners to the company he daily ſaw in the houſe where he ſerved. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again; but inſtead of ſeeing a lane before us, found ourſelves at the ſide of the river, a circumſtance that perplexed us not a little; and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce, that we had certainly miſſed our way. By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and not knowing how to proceed, I went into a ſmall ſnuff-ſhop hard by, encouraged by the ſign of the Highlander, where I found, to my inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, the ſhopkeeper was my countryman. He was no ſooner informed of our peregrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us we had been impoſed upon; telling us Mr. Cringer lived in the other end of the town, and that it would be to no purpoſe for us to go thither today, for by that time he was gone to the Houſe. I then aſked if he could recommend us to a lodging. He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance, who kept a chandler's ſhop not far from St. Martin's Lane; there we hired a bed-room up two pair of ſtairs at the rate of two ſhillings per week, ſo very ſmall, that when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and uſe the bedſtead by way of chairs. About dinner-time our landlord aſked us how we propoſed to live: to which interrogation we anſwered that we would be directed by him. 'Well, then,' ſays he, 'there are two ways of eating in 'this town for people of your condi'tion, the one more creditable and 'expenſive than the other; the firſt is, 'to dine at an eating-houſe frequented 'by well-dreſſed people only; and the 'other is called diving, practiſed by 'thoſe who are either obliged or in'clined to live frugally.' I gave him to underſtand, that provided the laſt was not infamous, it would ſuit much better with our circumſtances than the other. 'Infamous!' cried he, 'God 'forbid! there are many creditable 'people, rich people, aye and fine peo'ple, that dive every day. I have ſeen 'many a pretty gentleman with a 'laced waiſtcoat, dine in that manner 'very comfortable for threepence half'penny, and go afterwards to the 'coffee-houſe, where he made a figure 'with the beſt lord in the land; but 'your own eyes ſhall bear witneſs, I 'will go along with you to-day, and 'introduce you.' He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where ſtopping, he bade us obſerve him, and do as he did, and walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and diſappeared in an inſtant. I followed his example, and deſcending very ſucceſsfully, found myſelf in the middle of a cook's ſhop, almoſt ſuffocated with the ſteams of boiled beef, and ſurrounded by a company of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board wages, who ſat eating ſhin of beef, tripe, cow-heel, or ſauſages, at ſeparate boards, covered with cloths, which turned my ſtomach. While I ſtood in amaze, undetermined whether to ſit down or walk upwards again, Strap in his deſcent miſſing one of the ſteps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as ſhe carried a porringer of ſoup to one of the gueſts. In her fall ſhe daſhed the whole meſs againſt the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way, and ſcalded him ſo miſerably, that he ſtarted up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair ſtand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himſelf, the cook got up, and after a hearty curſe on the poor author of this miſchance, who lay under the table ſcratching his rump with a woeful countenance, emptied a ſalt-ſeller in her hand, and ſtripping down the patient's ſtocking, which brought the ſkin along with it, applied the contents to the ſore. This poultice was ſcarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclamation, broke forth into ſuch a hideous yell, as made the whole company tremble; then ſeizing a pewter pint-pot that ſtood by him, ſqueezed

the

the ſides of it together, as if it had been made of pliant leather, grinding his teeth at the ſame time with the moſt horrible grin. Gueſſing the cauſe of this violent tranſport, I bade the woman waſh off the ſalt, and bathe the part with oil, which ſhe did, and procured him immediate eaſe. But here another difficulty occurred, which was no other than the landlady's inſiſting on his paying for the pot he had rendered uſeleſs. He ſwore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bade her be thankful for his moderation, or elſe he would proſecute her for damages. Strap foreſeeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promiſed to ſatisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeaſed him, and compoſed all animoſities. After this accommodation, our landlord and we ſat down at a board, and dined upon ſhin of beef moſt deliciouſly; our reckoning amounting to twopence halfpenny each, bread and ſmall-beer included.

CHAP. XIV.

WE VISIT STRAP'S FRIEND—A DESCRIPTION OF HIM—HIS ADVICE—WE GO TO MR. CRINGER'S HOUSE—ARE DENIED ADMITTANCE—AN ACCIDENT BEFALS STRAP—HIS BEHAVIOUR THEREUPON—AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OCCURS, IN THE COURSE OF WHICH I LOSE ALL MY MONEY.

IN the afternoon, my companion propoſed to call at his friend's houſe, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood, whither we accordingly went, and were ſo lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a ſchool in town, where he taught the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but what he chiefly profeſſed, was the pronunciation of the Engliſh tongue, after a method more ſpeedy and uncommon than any practiſed heretofore; and indeed if his ſcholars ſpoke like their maſter, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle; for, although I could eaſily underſtand every word of what I had heard hitherto ſince I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me, as if he had ſpoken in Arabick or Iriſh. He was a middle-ſized man, and ſtooped very much, though not above the age of forty; his face was frightfully pitted with the ſmall-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. He was dreſſed in a night-gown of plaid, faſtened about his middle with a ſerjeant's old ſaſh, and a tie perriwig with a fore-top three inches high, in the faſhion of King Charles the Second's reign. After he had received Strap (who was related to him) very courteouſly, he enquired of him who I was: and being informed, took me by the hand, telling me he was at ſchool with my father. When he underſtood my ſituation, he aſſured me that he would do me all the ſervice in his power, both by his advice and otherwiſe; and while he ſpoke theſe words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me ſeveral times, and muttering, 'O Ch—ſt! O Ch—ſt! fat a 'ſaight is here!' I ſoon gueſſed the reaſon of his ejaculation, and ſaid, 'I 'ſuppoſe, Sir, you are not pleaſed 'with my dreſs.'—'Dreſs,' anſwered he, 'you may caal it fat you pleaſe in 'your country, but I vaw to Gad, 'tis 'a maſquerade here. No Chriſtian will 'admit ſuch a figure into his hawſe. 'Upon my conſcience! I wonder the 'dogs did not hunt you. Did you 'pass through St. James's Market? 'God bleſs my eye-ſaight! you look 'like a couſin-german of Ouran Ou-'tang.' I began to be a little ſerious at this diſcourſe, and aſked him, if he thought I ſhould obtain entrance tomorrow at the houſe of Mr. Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended, for an introduction into buſineſs. 'Mr. 'Cringer, Mr. Cringer,' replied he, ſcratching his cheek, 'may be a very 'honeſt gentleman; I know nothing 'to the contrary: but is your ſole de-'pendance upon him? Who recom-'mended you to him?' I pulled out Mr. Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes; at which he ſtared at me, and repeated, 'Ch—ſt!' I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would aſſiſt me with his advice; which he promiſed to give very frankly; and as a ſpecimen, directed us to a perriwig warehouſe, in the neighbourhood, in

order to be accommodated; laying ſtrong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr. Cringer till I had parted with theſe carroty locks, which (he ſaid) were ſufficient to beget an antipathy againſt me, in all mankind. And as we were going to purſue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be ſure to deliver my letter into Mr. Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who (it ſeems) had aſſured him, he would in a day or two provide for him, with ſome good maſter; 'And now,' ſays he, 'you 'ſhall ſee how I will fit you with a 'wig. There's ne'er a barber in London (and that's a bold word) can 'palm a rotten caul, or a penny-weight 'of dead hair upon me.' And indeed this zealous adherent did wrangle ſo long with the merchant, that he was deſired twenty times to leave the ſhop, and ſee if he could get one cheaper elſewhere. At length I made choice of a good handſome bob, for which I paid ten ſhillings; and returned to our lodging, where Strap, in a moment, rid me of that hair which had given the ſchoolmaſter ſo much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr. Cringer gave audience by candle light to all his dependants; he himſelf being obliged to attend the levee of my Lord Terrier at break of day, becauſe his lordſhip made one at the miniſter's between eight and nine o'clock. When we came to Mr. Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an inſtance of his politeneſs, ran to the knocker, which he employed ſo loud and ſo long, that he alarmed the whole ſtreet; and a window opening in the ſecond ſtory of the next houſe, a chamber-pot was diſcharged upon him ſo ſucceſsfully, that the poor barber was wet to the ſkin, while I, being luckily at ſome diſtance, eſcaped the unſavoury deluge. In the mean time, a footman opening the door, and ſeeing nobody in the ſtreet but us, aſked with a ſtern countenance, if it was I who made ſuch a damned noiſe, and what I wanted. I told him I had buſineſs with his maſter, whom I deſired to ſee. Upon which he clapped the door in my face, telling me I muſt learn better manners before I could have acceſs to *his maſter.* Vexed at this diſappointment, I turned my reſentment againſt Strap, whom I ſharply reprimanded for his preſumption; but he not in the leaſt regarding what I ſaid, wrung the urine out of his perriwig, and lifting up a large ſtone, flung it with ſuch force againſt the ſtreet-door of the houſe from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could. Indeed there was no time for deliberation; I therefore purſued him with all the ſpeed I could exert, until we found ourſelves, about the dawn, in a ſtreet we did not know. Here as we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent ſort of a man paſſing by me, ſtopped of a ſudden, and took up ſomething, which having examined, he turned, and preſented it to me with theſe words, 'Sir, your have dropt half a crown.' I was not a little ſurprized at this inſtance of honeſty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bid me recollect, and ſee if all my money was ſafe: upon which I pulled out my purſe (for I had bought one ſince I came to town) and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas, ſeven ſhillings and two-pence, aſſured him I had loſt nothing. 'Well, then,' ſays he, 'ſo 'much the better; this is *God ſend*; 'and as you two were preſent when I 'picked it up, you are entitled to equal 'ſhares with me.' I was aſtoniſhed at theſe words, and looked upon this perſon to be a prodigy of integrity, but abſolutely refuſed to take any part of the ſum. 'Come, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'you are too modeſt. I ſee you are 'ſtrangers; but you ſhall give me 'leave to treat you with a wet this cold 'raw morning.' I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whiſpered to me, that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied. 'Where 'ſhall we go?' ſaid the ſtranger; 'I 'am quite ignorant of this part of 'the town.' I informed him that we were in the ſame ſituation. Upon which he propoſed to go into the firſt publick-houſe we ſhould find open; and as we walked together, he began in this manner—'I find by your 'tongues you are from Scotland, gen-'tlemen. My grandmother by the 'father's ſide was of your country, and 'I am ſo prepoſſeſſed in it's favour, 'that I never meet a Scotchman but

'my

'my heart warms. The Scots are a 'very brave people. There is ſcarce 'a great family in the kingdom that 'cannot boaſt of ſome exploits per-'formed by it's anceſtors many hun-'dred years ago. There's your 'Douglaſſes, Gordons, Campbels, 'Hamiltons! We have no ſuch an-'cient families here in England. Then 'you are all well educated. I have 'known a pedlar talk in Greek and 'Hebrew, as well as if they had been 'his mother-tongue. And for honeſty, 'I once had a ſervant, his name was 'Gregory Macgregor, I would have 'truſted him with untold gold.' This eulogium on my native country gained my affection ſo ſtrongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to ſerve the author; and Strap's eyes ſwam in tears. At length, as we paſſed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a publick-houſe; which we entered; and found a man ſitting by the fire, ſmoaking a pipe, with a pint of purl before him. Our new acquaintance aſked us if ever we had drank egg flip: to which queſtion we anſwering in the negative, he aſſured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the ſame time. We found this compoſition very palatable, and drank heartily; the converſation (which was introduced by the gentleman) turning upon the ſnares that young unexperienced people are expoſed to in this metropolis. He deſcribed a thouſand cheats that are daily practiſed upon the ignorant and unwary; and warned us of them with ſo much good-nature and concern, that we bleſſed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the cann about for ſome time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a ſick perſon; and propoſed we ſhould have recourſe to ſome diverſion to keep him awake. 'Suppoſe,' ſaid he, 'we 'ſhould take a hand at whiſt for paſ-'time. But let me ſee, that won't 'do, there's only three of us; and I 'cannot play at any other game. The 'truth is, I ſeldom or never play, but 'out of complaiſance, or at ſuch a 'time as this, when I am in danger of 'falling aſleep.' Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no averſion to paſs an hour or two *at cards with a friend; and knowing that Strap* underſtood as much of the matter as I, made no ſcruple of ſaying, 'I wiſh 'we could find a fourth hand.' While we were in this perplexity, the perſon whom we found in the houſe at our entrance, over-hearing our diſcourſe, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accoſted us thus: 'Gen-'tlemen, my pipe is out, you ſee,' ſhaking the aſhes into the fire, 'and 'rather than you ſhould be baulked, I 'don't care if I take a hand with you 'for a triffe; but remember I won't 'play for any thing of conſequence.' We accepted his proffer with pleaſure; having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him againſt our friend and Strap, for three-pence a game. We were ſo ſucceſsful, that in a ſhort time I was half a crown gainer; when the gentleman whom we had met in the ſtreet obſerving we had no luck to-day, propoſed to leave off, or change partners. By this time I was enflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two ſtrangers played but indifferently; therefore I voted for giving him his revenge; and cutting again, Strap and I (to our mutual ſatisfaction) happened to be partners. My good fortune attended me ſtill, and in leſs than an hour we had got thirty ſhillings of their money; for as they loſt, they grew the keener, and doubled ſtakes every time. At laſt the inconſtant goddeſs began to veer about, and we were very ſoon ſtripped of all our gain, and about forty ſhillings of our own money. This loſs mortified me extremely, and had a viſible effect on the muſcles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace; but our antagoniſts perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loſs, and conſole ourſelves with a new acquiſition. Then my companion wiſely ſuggeſted it was time to be gone; upon which the perſon who had joined us in the houſe began to curſe the cards; and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our ſucceſs being owing to our good play. This inſinuation nettled me ſo much that I challenged him to a game of picquet for a crown; and he was with difficulty perſuaded to accept the invitation. This conteſt ended in leſs than an hour, to my inexpreſſible affliction, who loſt every ſhilling of my own money, Strap abſolutely

refuſing

refuſing to ſupply me with a ſixpence. The gentleman, at whoſe requeſt we had come in, perceiving by my diſconſolate looks the ſituation of my heart, which well nigh burſted with grief and reſentment, when the other ſtranger got up, and went away with my money, began in this manner: 'I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, 'and would willingly repair it, was 'it in my power. But what in the 'name of goodneſs could provoke you 'to tempt your fate ſo long? It is al-'ways a maxim with gameſters, to pur-'ſue ſucceſs as far as it will go, and 'to ſtop whenever fortune ſhifts about. 'You are a young man, and your paſ-'ſions too impetuous; you muſt learn 'to govern them better. However, 'there is no experience like that which 'is bought; you will be the better for 'this the longeſt day you have to live. 'As for the fellow who has got your 'money, I don't half like him. Did 'not you obſerve me tip you the wink, 'to leave off in time?' I anſwered 'No.'—'No,' continued he, 'you was 'too eager to mind any thing but the 'game. But, hark'e,' ſaid he in a whiſper, 'are you ſatisfied of that 'young man's honeſty? his looks are 'a little ſuſpicious; but I may be miſ-'taken; he made a great many gri-'maces while he ſtood behind you: 'this is a very wicked town.' I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtleſs owing to his anxiety at my loſs. 'O 'ho! if that be the caſe, I aſk his par-'don.—Landlord, ſee what's to pay?' The reckoning amounted to eighteen pence, which having diſcharged, the gentleman ſhook us both by the hand, and ſaying he ſhould be very glad to ſee us again, departed.

CHAP. XV.

STRAP MORALIZES—PRESENTS HIS PURSE TO ME—WE INFORM OUR LANDLORD OF MY MISFORTUNE; HE UNRAVELS THE MYSTERY—I PRESENT MYSELF TO CRINGER—HE RECOMMENDS AND TURNS ME OVER TO MR. STAYTAPE—I BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH A FELLOW DEPENDANT, WHO EXPLAINS THE CHARACTERS OF *CRINGER AND* STAYTAPE—AND INFORMS ME OF THE M TO BE PURSUED AT THE OFFICE AND SURGEON' —STRAP IS EMPLOYED.

IN our way to our lodging profound ſilence on both ſid with a hideous groan obſerv we had brought our pigs t market. To this obſervation no reply, and he went on: '('us well out of this place, we 'been in London eight and for 'and I believe we have met w 'and forty thouſand misfortun 'have been jeered, reproached 'ed, piſſed upon, and at laſt ſtri 'money; and, I ſuppoſe, by a 'ſhall be ſtript of our ſkins. In 'to the money-part of it, that 'ing to our own folly; Solon '*Bray a fool in a mortar, an* '*never be wiſe.* Ah! God 'an ounce of prudence is 'pound of gold.' This was for him to tamper with my dil already mad with my loſs, and with reſentment againſt him fo refuſed me a little money to to retrieve it. I therefore tu wards him with a ſtern coun and aſked, who he called fo ing altogether unaccuſtomed looks from me, he ſtood ſtill a in my face for ſome time; th ſome confuſion, uttered, 'Foo 'ed nobody fool but myſel 'ſure I am the greateſt fool of 'for being ſo much concerned 'people's misfortunes: but *N* '*nibus horis ſapit*; that's al 'all.' Upon which a ſilence that brought us to our lodging I threw myſelf upon the bed in ny of deſpair, reſolved to peri than apply to my companion other body for relief; but Stra knew my temper, and who bled within him at my diſtre ſome pauſe came to the bed-ſ putting a leathern purſe into n burſt into tears, crying, 'I kn 'you think: but I ſcorn your th 'There's all I have in the wo 'it, and I'll perhaps get more 'before that be done. If not, 'for you, ſteal for you, go 'the wide world with you, a 'with you: for, though I be 'cobler's ſon, I am no ſcout.'

ſo touched with the generous paſſion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping alſo, and we mingled our tears together for ſome time. Upon examining the purſe, I found in it two half-guineas and half a crown, which I would have returned to him, ſaying, he knew better than I how to manage it; but he abſolutely refuſed my propoſal, and told me, it was more reaſonable and decent that he ſhould depend upon me who was a gentleman, than that I ſhould be controuled by him.

After this friendly conteſt was over, and our minds more at eaſe, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced. He no ſooner heard the ſtory, than he aſſured us we had been grievouſly impoſed upon by a couple of ſharpers, who were aſſociates; and that this polite, honeſt, friendly, humane perſon, who had treated us ſo civilly, was no other than a raſcally money-dropper, who made it his buſineſs to decoy ſtrangers in that manner to one of his own haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to aſſiſt in pillaging the prey he had run down. Here the good man recounted a great many ſtories of people who had been ſeduced, cheated, pilfered, beat—nay, even murdered, by ſuch villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedneſs of mankind; and Strap, lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from ſuch ſcenes of iniquity; for ſurely the devil had ſet up his throne in London. Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr. Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars, at which he ſhook his head, and told us we had not gone the right way to work; that there was nothing to be done with a m—b—r of p—m—nt without a bribe; that the ſervant was commonly infected with the maſter's diſeaſe, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters. He therefore adviſed me to give the footman a ſhilling the next time I ſhould deſire admittance to my patron, or elſe I ſhould ſcarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly, next morning, when the door was opened, I *ſlipt a ſhilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter* for his maſter. I found the good effects of my liberality; for the fellow let me in immediately, and taking the letter out of my hand, deſired me to wait in a kind of paſſage, for an anſwer. In this place I continued ſtanding for three quarters of an hour, during which time I ſaw a great many young fellows, whom I formerly knew in Scotland, paſs and repaſs, with an air of familiarity, in their way to and from the audience-chamber; while I was fain to ſtand ſhivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowneſs of my condition. At length Mr. Cringer came out to ſee a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than Squire Gawky, dreſſed in a very gay ſuit of cloaths. At parting, Mr. Cringer ſhook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleaſure of his company at dinner. Then turning about towards me, aſked what were my commands; when he underſtood I was the perſon who had brought the letter from Mr. Crab, he affected to recollect my name; which, however, he pretended he could not do, till he had conſulted the letter again; to ſave him that trouble, I told him my name was Random. Upon which he went on, 'Ay, 'ay, Random, Random, Random—'I think I remember the name:' and very well he might; for this very individual Mr. Cringer had many a time rode before my grandfather's cloak-bag, in quality of a footman. 'Well,' ſays he, 'you propoſe to go on board 'a man of war, as ſurgeon's mate.' I replied by a low bow. 'I believe it will 'be a difficult matter,' continued he, 'to procure a warrant, there being already ſuch a ſwarm of Scotch ſurgeons at the Navy Office, in expectation of the next vacancy, that the 'commiſſioners are afraid of being 'torn to pieces, and have actually 'applied for a guard to protect them. 'However, ſome ſhips will ſoon be put 'into commiſſion, and then we ſhall 'ſee what's to be done.' So ſaying, he left me exceedingly mortified at the different reception Mr. Gawky and I had met with from this upſtart, proud, mean member; who, I imagined, would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligations he owed to my family.

At my return, I was ſurprized with the

the agreeable news of Strap's being employed on the recommendation of his friend the ſchoolmaſter, by a perriwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five ſhillings per week, beſides bed and board. I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levee of Mr. Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profeſſion, who alſo depended on the member's intereſt; but was treated with much more reſpect than I, both by the ſervants and the maſter, and often admitted into a parlour, where there was a fire for the convenience of the better ſort of thoſe who waited for him. Thither I was never permitted to penetrate, on account of my appearance, which was not at all faſhionable; but was obliged to ſtand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the firſt opportunity of Mr. Cringer's going to the door to ſpeak with him. One day, while I enjoyed this occaſion, a perſon was introduced whom Mr. Cringer no ſooner ſaw, than running towards him, he ſaluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards ſhaking him by the hand with great heartineſs and familiarity, called him his good friend, and aſked very kindly after Mrs. Staytape, and the young ladies; then, after a whiſper which continued ſome minutes, wherein I overheard the word honour repeated ſeveral times with great emphaſis, Mr. Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a perſon whoſe advice and aſſiſtance I might depend upon; and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me, I need not give myſelf the trouble to call at his houſe any more, for Mr. Staytape would do my buſineſs. At that inſtant, my fellow dependant coming out after me, overheard the diſcourſe of Mr. Cringer, and making up to me in the ſtreet, accoſted me very civilly: this addreſs I looked upon as no ſmall honour, conſidering the figure he made; for he was dreſſed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green ſilk waiſtcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, white ſilk ſtockings, ſilver buckles, a gold-laced hat, a Spencer wig, and a ſilver-hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane in his hand. 'I perceive,' ſays he, 'you are but lately come from Scot-

'land; pray what may you
'with Mr. Cringer be? I ſu
'no ſecret, and I may poſ
'you ſome advice that will
'able; for I have been ſur
'cond mate on board of a ſe
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ple to diſcloſe my ſituation; w
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fain to pawn ſome of his cloa
raiſed a ſmall ſum, wherew
bed the ſ—t—y, who ſoon
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gone on board, where he
nine months; at the end of
ſhip was put out of commi
he ſaid the company were
off in Broad Street the very
That his relations being re
him, had charged him to p
voirs regularly to Mr. Cri
had informed them by lette
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he came to his levee every m
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be a very pitiful ſcoundrel
cluſion, he aſked me if I had
at Surgeon's Hall: to whic
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know it was neceſſary. '
cried he, 'O Lord, O Lor
'muſt inſtruct you; come
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'tion about that matter.'
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in ſurgery: that the ſurg
having examined me, you

my qualifications ſealed up in form of a letter directed to the commiſſioners, which qualification I muſt deliver to the ſecretary of the board, who would open it in my preſence, and read the contents. After which I muſt employ my intereſt to be provided for as ſoon as poſſible. That the expence of his qualification for ſecond mate of a third-rate, amounted to thirteen ſhillings, excluſive of the warrant, which coſt him half a guinea and half a crown, beſides the preſent to the ſecretary, which conſiſted of a three-pound-twelve piece. This calculation was like a thunderbolt to me, whoſe whole fortune did not amount to twelve ſhillings. I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my diſtreſs, after having thanked him for his information and advice. He condoled me on this occaſion; but bade me be of good cheer, for he had conceived a friendſhip for me, and would make all things eaſy. He was run out at preſent, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a conſiderable ſum; of which he would lend me what would be ſufficient to anſwer my exigencies. This frank declaration pleaſed me ſo much, that I pulled out my purſe, and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleaſed for pocket expence, until he ſhould receive his own money. With a good deal of preſſing he was prevailed upon to take five ſhillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city; but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I ſhould go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myſelf, without a ſervile dependance on that raſcal Cringer, 'Much 'leſs on the louſy taylor to whom I 'heard him turn you over.'—'How,' cried I, 'is Mr. Staytape a taylor?' —'No leſs, I'll aſſure you,' anſwered he, 'and I confeſs more likely to ſerve 'you than the member: for, provided 'you can entertain him with politicks 'and conundrums, you may have cre-'dit with him for as many and as rich 'cloaths as you pleaſe.' I told him I was utterly ignorant of both, and ſo incenſed at Cringer's uſage, that I would never ſet foot within his door again. After a good deal more converſation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet next day at the ſame place, in order to ſet out for the city. I went immediately to Strap, and related every thing which had happened; but he did not at all approve of my being ſo forward to lend money to a ſtranger, eſpecially as we had already been ſo much impoſed upon by appearances. 'How-'ever,' ſaid he, 'if you are ſure he is 'a Scotchman, I believe you are ſafe.'

CHAP. XVI.

MY NEW ACQUAINTANCE BREAKS AN APPOINTMMNT—I PROCEED BY MYSELF TO THE NAVY-OFFICE—ADDRESS MYSELF TO A PERSON THERE, WHO ASSISTS ME WITH HIS ADVICE—WRITE TO THE BOARD—THEY GRANT ME A LETTER TO THE SURGEONS AT THE HALL—AM INFORMED OF THE BEAU'S NAME AND CHARACTER—FIND HIM—HE MAKES ME HIS CONFIDENT IN AN AMOUR—DESIRES ME TO PAWN MY LINEN FOR HIS OCCASIONS—I RECOVER WHAT I LENT HIM—SOME CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS OF STRAP ON THAT OCCASION—HIS VANITY.

IN the morning I roſe and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain; and was ſo exaſperated againſt him for breaking his appointment, that I ſet out for the city by myſelf, in hope of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promiſe. At length I found myſelf at the Navy Office, which I entered, and ſaw crowds of young fellows walking below, many of whom made no better appearance than myſelf. I conſulted the phyſiognomy of each, and at laſt made up to one whoſe countenance I liked; and aſked, if he could inſtruct me in the form of the letter which was to be ſent to the board, to obtain an order for examination: he anſwered me in broad Scotch, that he would ſhew me the copy of what he had writ for himſelf by the direction of another who knew the form; and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my peruſal; and told me, that if I was expeditious, I might ſend it in to the board before

dinner, for they did no buſineſs in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffee-houſe hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately delivered to the meſſenger; who told me, I might expect an order to-morrow about the ſame time. Having tranſacted this piece of buſineſs, my mind was a good deal compoſed; and as I met with ſo much civility from this ſtranger, I deſired farther acquaintance with him, fully reſolved, however, not to be deceived by him ſo much to my prejudice as I had been by the beau. He agreed to dine with me at the cook's ſhop which I frequented; and on our way thither, carried me to Change, where I was in ſome hopes of finding Mr. Jackſon, (for that was the name of the perſon who had broke his appointment.) I ſought him there to no purpoſe, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me; upon which he gave me to underſtand that he was no ſtranger to the name of Beau Jackſon, (ſo he was called at the Navy Office) although he did not know him perſonally; that he had the character of a good-natured careleſs fellow, who made no ſcruple of borrowing from any body that would lend; that moſt people who knew him, believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was ſuch, he would probably never have it in his power to manifeſt the honeſty of his intention. This account made me ſweat for my five ſhillings, which I nevertheleſs did not altogether deſpair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor. This young man likewiſe added another circumſtance of Squire Jackſon's hiſtory; which was, that being deſtitute of all means to equip himſelf for ſea, when he received his laſt warrant, he had been recommended to a perſon who lent him a little money, after he had ſigned a will and power, entitling that perſon to lift his wages when they ſhould become due, as alſo to inherit his effects in caſe of his death. That he was ſtill under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advanced him ſmall ſums from time to time upon this ſecurity, at the rate of 50l. per cent. But at preſent his credit was very low, becauſe his funds would do little more than pay what he had already received, this moderate intereſt included. After the ſtranger (whoſe name was Thomſon) had entertained me with this account of Jackſon, he informed me that he himſelf had paſſed for third mate of a third rate, about four months ago; ſince which time he had conſtantly attended at the Navy Office, in hope of a warrant, having been aſſured from the beginning, both by a Scotch member and one of the commiſſioners to whom the member recommended him, that he ſhould be put into the firſt vacancy; notwithſtanding which promiſe, he had the mortification to ſee ſix or ſeven appointed in the ſame ſtation almoſt every week; that now being utterly impoveriſhed, his ſole hope conſiſted in the promiſe of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a ſmall matter, for a preſent to the ſ—t—y; without which he was perſuaded he might wait a thouſand years to no purpoſe. I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which I believe proceeded from the ſimilitude of our fortunes. We ſpent the whole day together; and as he lived at Wapping, I deſired him to take a ſhare of my bed. Next day we returned to the Navy Office, where, after being called before the board, and queſtioned about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half a crown to the clerk, I received, and delivered into the hands of the clerk at Surgeons Hall, together with a ſhilling for his trouble in regiſtering my name. By this time my whole ſtock was diminiſhed to two ſhillings, and I ſaw not the leaſt proſpect of relief, even for preſent ſubſiſtence, much leſs to enable me to pay the fees at Surgeons Hall for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight. In this ſtate of perplexity I conſulted Strap, who aſſured me he would pawn every thing he had in the world, even to his razors, before I ſhould want; but this expedient I abſolutely rejected, telling him I would a thouſand times rather liſt for a ſoldier, of which I had ſome thoughts, than be any longer a burden to him. At the word Soldier he grew pale as death, and begged on his knees I would think no more of that ſcheme. 'God 'preſerve us all in our right wits!' cried he, 'would you turn ſoldier, and 'perhaps be ſent abroad againſt the 'Spaniards, where you muſt ſtand and

'be

'be ſhot at like a woodcock? Heaven 'keep cold lead out of my carcaſe! and 'let me die in a bed like a chriſtian, as 'all my forefathers have done. What 'ſignifies all the riches and honours of 'this life, if one enjoys not content; 'and in the next there is no reſpect 'of perſons. Better be a poor honeſt 'barber with a good conſcience, and 'time to repent of my ſins upon my 'death-bed, than be cut off, God bleſs 'us! by a muſket-ſhot, as it were in 'the very flower of one's age, in the 'purſuit of riches and fame. What 'ſignify riches, my dear friend! do 'not they make unto themſelves wings, 'as the wiſe man ſaith; and does not 'Horace obſerve, *Nondomus aut fundus,* '*non æris acervus aut auri ægroto* '*domino deduxit corpore febrem, non* '*animo curas.* I could moreover men-'tion many other ſayings in contempt 'of riches, both from the Bible and 'other good books; but as I know you 'are not very fond of thoſe things, I 'ſhall only aſſure you, that if you 'take on to be a ſoldier, I will do the 'ſame; and then if we ſhould both be 'ſlain, you will not only have your 'own blood to anſwer for, but mine 'alſo: and peradventure the lives 'of all thoſe whom we ſhall kill 'in battle. Therefore, I pray you, 'conſider whether you will ſit down 'contented with ſmall things, and 'ſhare the fruits of my induſtry in 'peace, till Providence ſhall ſend 'better tidings: or by your deſpair 'plunge both our ſouls and bodies in-'to everlaſting perdition; which God 'of his infinite mercy forbid!' I could not help ſmiling at this haran-gue, which was delivered with great earneſtneſs, the tears ſtanding in his eyes all the time: and promiſed to do nothing of that ſort without his conſent and concurrence. He was much com-forted with this declaration; and told me in a few days he ſhould receive a week's wages, which ſhould be at my ſervice, but adviſed me in the mean time to go in queſt of Jackſon, and recover, if poſſible, what he had bor-rowed of me. I accordingly trudged about from one end of the town to the other for ſeveral days without being able to learn any thing concerning him: and one day, being extremely hungry and allured *by the ſteams that regaled my noſtrils from a boiling cel-*lar, I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with twopenny-worth of beef: when, to my no ſmall ſurprize, I found Mr. Jackſon ſitting at dinner with a footman. He no ſooner perceived me, than he got up, and ſhook me by the hand, ſaying, he was glad to ſee me, for he in-tended to have called at my lodg-ings in the afternoon. I was ſo well pleaſed with this rencounter, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my reſent-ment, and ſat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recover-ing my own money before we ſhould part, but alſo of reaping the benefit of his promiſe to lend me wherewithal to paſs examination; and this hope my ſanguine complexion ſuggeſted, though the account Thomſon gave me of him ought to have moderated my expecta-tion. When we had feaſted ſumptu-ouſly, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an alehouſe hard by; where, after ſhaking me by the hand again, he began thus: 'I 'ſuppoſe you think me a ſad dog, 'Mr. Random, and I do confeſs that 'appearances are againſt me. But I 'dare ſay you will forgive me when I 'tell you, my not coming at the time 'appointed was owing to a peremp-'tory meſſage I received from a cer-'tain lady, whom—hark'e, (but this 'is a great ſecret) I am to marry very 'ſoon. You think this ſtrange, per-'haps, but it is not leſs true for all 'that—a five thouſand pounder, I'll 'aſſure you, beſides expectations. For 'my own part, devil take me if I 'know what any woman can ſee en-'gaging about me; but a whim, you 'know—and then one would not 'baulk one's good fortune. You ſaw 'that footman who dined with us, 'he's one of the honeſteſt fellows that 'ever wore a livery. You muſt know, 'it was by his means I was introdu-'ced to her, for he made me firſt ac-'quainted with her woman, who is his 'miſtreſs; aye, many a crown has he 'and his ſweetheart had of my money; 'but what of that! things are now 'brought to a bearing. I have, (come 'a little this way) I have propoſed 'marriage, and the day is fixed. She's 'a charming creature! writes like an 'angel. O Lord! ſhe can repeat all 'the Engliſh tragedies as well as e'er

'a player in Drury Lane! and indeed 'is ſo fond of plays, that to be near 'the ſtage, ſhe has taken lodgings in a 'court hard by the theatre. But you 'ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee; here's the 'laſt letter ſhe ſent me.' With theſe words he put it into my hand, and I read (to the beſt of my remembrance) as follows:

'DEER KREETER,'

'AS you are the animable hopjack 'of my contemplayſhins, your 'aydear is inſernally ſkimming before 'my keymerycal fanſee, when Murfy 'ſends his puppies to the heys of ſlip-'ping mortals; and when Febus ſhines 'from his merrydying throne: where-'upon, I ſhall canſeeif old whorie time 'has loſt his pinners, as alſo Cupid his 'harrows, until thou enjoy ſweet pro-'poſe in the loafſeek harms of thy 'faithfool to commend,

'CLAYRENDER.

'Wingar-yeard, Droory-lane,
'January 12th,'

While I was reading, he ſeemed to be in an extaſy, rubbing his hands, and burſting out into fits of laughter; at laſt he caught hold of my hand, and ſqueezing it, cried, 'There is ſtyle for you! 'what do you think of this billet-'doux?' I anſwered, it might be ſublime for aught I knew, for it was altogether above my comprehenſion. —'O ho,' ſaid he, 'I believe it is; 'both tender and ſublime, ſhe's a di-'vine creature! and ſo doats upon me! 'Let me ſee, what ſhall I do with this 'money, when I have once got it into 'my hands? In the firſt place, I ſhall 'do for you—I'm a man of few words '—but ſay no more—that's deter-'mined. Whether would you adviſe 'me to purchaſe ſome poſt, by which 'I may riſe in the ſtate; or lay out my 'wife's fortune in land, and retire 'to the country at once?' I gave my opinion without heſitation, that he could not do better than buy an eſtate and improve; eſpecially ſince he had already ſeen ſo much of the world. Then I launched out into the praiſes of a country life, as deſcribed by the *poets whoſe works I* had read. He *ſeemed to reliſh my advice*; but withal told me, that although he had ſeen a great deal of the world both by land and ſea, having cruized three months in the Channel, yet he ſhould not be ſatisfied until he had viſited France, which he propoſed to do before he ſhould ſettle; and to carry his wife along with him. I had nothing to object to his propoſal; and aſked how ſoon he hoped to be happy. 'As to 'that,' he replied, 'nothing obſtructs 'my happineſs, but the want of a little 'ready caſh; for you muſt know, my 'friend in the city has gone out of 'town for a week or two; and I un-'fortunately miſſed my pay at Broad 'Street, by being detained too long 'by the dear charmer; but there will 'be a recal at Chatham next week, 'whither the ſhip's books are ſent, and 'I have commiſſioned a friend in that 'place to receive the money.'—'If 'that be all,' ſaid I, 'there's no great 'harm in deferring your marriage a 'few days.'—'Yes, faith! but there 'is,' ſaid he; 'you don't know how 'many rivals I have, who would take 'all advantages againſt me. I would 'not baulk the impatience of her paſ-'ſion for the world; the leaſt appear-'ance of coldneſs and indifference 'would ruin all: and ſuch offers don't 'occur every day.' I acquieſced in this obſervation, and enquired how he intended to proceed. At this queſtion he rubbed his chin, and ſaid, 'Why, 'truly I muſt be obliged to ſome friend 'or other; do you know nobody 'that would lend me a ſum for a day 'or two?' I aſſured him, I was ſuch an utter ſtranger in London, that I did not believe I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it. 'No!' ſaid he, 'that's hard; that's hard; I 'wiſh I had any thing to pawn—upon 'my ſoul you have got excellent linen,' (feeling the ſleeve of my ſhirt;) 'how 'many ſhirts of this kind have you got?' I anſwered, 'Six ruffled and ſix plain.' At which he teſtified great ſurprize, and ſwore that no gentleman ought to have more than four. 'How many d'ye 'think I have got?' continued he; 'but this and another, as I hope to be 'ſaved! I dare ſay we ſhall be able to 'raiſe a good ſum out of your ſuper-'fluity: let me ſee, let me ſee! each 'of theſe ſhirts are worth ſixteen ſhil-'lings at a moderate computation; now 'ſuppoſe we pawn them for half price;

'eight

RODERICK RANDOM

'eight times eight is sixty-four, that's 'three pounds four: z—ds! that will 'do; give me your hand.'—'Softly, 'softly, Mr. Jackson,' said I, 'don't 'dispose of my linen without my con-'sent: first pay me the crown you owe 'me, and then we shall talk of other 'matters.' He protested he had not above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out of the first of the money raised from the shirts. This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him; and as for the shirts, I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows. At this expression he laughed aloud, and then complained it was damned hard, that I should refuse him a trifle, that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also. 'You talk of pawning my 'shirts,' said I; 'suppose you should 'sell this hanger, Mr. Jackson; I be-'lieve it would fetch a good round 'sum?'—'No, hang it,' said he, 'I can't appear decently without my 'hanger, or egad it should go.' However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and shewing me the sign of the Three Blue Balls, desired me to carry it thither, and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise; but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should perhaps ever have, I ventured into a pawn-broker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams. 'Two guineas!' said the pawnbroker, looking at the hanger, 'this 'piece of goods has been here several 'times before for thirty shillings; 'however, since I believe the gentle-'man to whom it belongs will redeem 'it, he shall have what he wants;' and accordingly he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and calling for change, counted out to him seven and thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself. After looking at the money some time, he said, 'D—n it! it 'don't signify—this won't do my bu-'siness; so you may as well take half 'a guinea or a whole one, as the five 'shillings you have kept.' I thanked him kindly, but I refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration, he stared in my face, and told me, I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner. 'Blood!' cried he, 'I have a 'very bad opinion of a young fellow 'who won't borrow of his friend 'when he is in want; 'tis the sign of 'a sneaking spirit. Come, come, Ran-'dom, give me back the five shillings, 'and take this half-guinea, and if 'ever you are able to pay me, I be-'lieve you will; if not d—n me if 'ever I ask it.' When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded; and after making my acknowledgments to Mr. Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning: and at night imparted my day's adventures to Strap, who rejoiced at my good luck, saying, 'I told you if he was a Scotchman you 'was safe enough; and who knows 'but this marriage may make us all. 'You have heard, I suppose, as how 'a countryman of ours, a journey-'man baker, ran away with a great 'lady of this town, and now keeps 'his coach. Ecod! I say nothing; 'but yesterday morning as I was a 'shaving a gentleman at his own 'house, there was a young lady in 'the room, a fine buxom wench, i' 'faith! and she threw so many sheep's 'eyes at a certain person, whom I 'shall not name, that my heart went 'knock, knock, knock, like a full-'ing-mill, and my hand sh—sh—shook 'so much that I sliced a piece of skin 'off the gentleman's nose: whereby he 'swore a deadly oath, and was going 'to horse-whip me, when she prevented 'him and made my peace. *Omen haud 'malum.* Is not a journeyman barber 'as good as a journeyman baker? 'The only difference is, the baker uses 'flour for the belly, and the barber 'uses it for the head: and as the head 'is a more noble member than the 'belly, so is a barber more noble than 'a baker; for what's the belly with-'out the head? Besides, I am told he 'could neither read nor write; now 'you know I can do both, and more-'over speak Latin; but I will say no 'more,

'more, for I deſpiſe vanity; nothing 'is more vain than vanity.' With theſe words he pulled out of his pocket a wax-candle's end, which he applied to his forehead; and upon examination I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was indeed in his whole dreſs become a very ſmart ſhaver. I congratulated him on his proſpect with a ſatirical ſmile, which he underſtood very well; and ſhaking his head, obſerved I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in ſpite of my incredulity.

CHAP. XVII.

I GO TO SURGEON'S HALL, WHERE I MEET WITH MR. JACKSON—AM EXAMINED—A FIERCE DISPUTE ARISES BETWEEN TWO OF THE EXAMINERS—JACKSON DISGUISES HIMSELF TO ATTRACT RESPECT—IS DETECTED—IN HAZARD OF BEING SENT TO BRIDEWELL—HE TREATS US AT A TAVERN—CARRIES US TO A NIGHT-HOUSE—A TROUBLESOME ADVENTURE THERE—WE ARE COMMITTED TO THE ROUND-HOUSE—CARRIED BEFORE A JUSTICE—HIS BEHAVIOUR.

WITH the aſſiſtance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almoſt all the money he earned, I preſerved my half-guinea entire, till the day of examination, when I went with a quaking heart to Surgeons Hall, in order to undergo that ceremony. Among a crowd of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr. Jackſon, to whom I immediately went up, and enquiring into the ſtate of his amour, underſtood it was ſtill undetermined, by reaſon of his friend's abſence, and the delay of the recal at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a concluſion. I then aſked what his buſineſs was in this place: he replied, he was reſolved to have two ſtrings to his bow, that in caſe the one failed he might uſe the other; and with this view, he was to paſs that night for a higher qualification. At that inſtant, a young fellow came out from the place of exa with a pale countenance, his l ing, and his looks as wild as ſeen a ghoſt. He no ſooner than we all flocked about the utmoſt eagerneſs, to know ception he had met with; w ſome pauſe, he deſcribed, r all the queſtions they had a the anſwers he made. In th we obliged no leſs than twe capitulate, which now the da paſt they did with pleaſure, fell to my lot. At length t called my name, with a made me tremble as much as been the ſound of the laſt however, there was no re was conducted into a large h I ſaw about a dozen of grim ting at a long table; one of w me come forward in ſuch an tone, that I was actually fo or two bereft of my ſenſes. queſtion he put to me was, 'was you born?' To whi ſwered, 'In Scotland.'—'In ſaid he, 'I know that very 'have ſcarce any other coun 'examine here; you Scotch 'overſpread us of late, as t 'did Egypt: I aſk you in 'of Scotland was you born?' the place of my nativity, had never before heard of. proceeded to interrogate n my age, the town where my time, with the term o prenticeſhip; and when I him that I ſerved three years fell into a violent paſſion; ſw a ſhame and a ſcandal to ſend boys into the world as ſurge it was a great preſumption in an affront upon the Engliſh, to ſufficient ſkill in my buſi ing ſerved ſo ſhort a time, w apprentice in England was bo years at leaſt; that my frie have done better if they me a weaver or ſhoemaker, pride would have me a gentl ſuppoſed, at any rate, and the could not afford the neceſſa tion. This exordium did not a tribute to the recovery of m but on the contrary reduced m a ſituation that I was ſcarc ſtand; which being perceiv

plump gentleman who ſat oppoſite to me, with a ſkull before him, he ſaid Mr. Snarler was too ſevere upon the young man; and turning towards me, told me, I need not to be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myſelf, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well ſatisfied with my anſwers. The next perſon who queſtioned me was a wag, who began by aſking if I had ever ſeen amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he ſhook his head, and ſaid, 'What! upon a 'dead ſubject, I ſuppoſe? If,' continued he, 'during an engagement at 'ſea, a man ſhould be brought to you 'with his head ſhot off, how would 'you behave?' After ſome heſitation, I owned ſuch a caſe had never come under my obſervation; neither did I remember to have ſeen any method of cure propoſed for ſuch an accident, in any of the ſyſtems of ſurgery I had peruſed. Whether it was owing to the ſimplicity of my anſwer, or the archneſs of the queſtion, I know not, but every member of the board deigned to ſmile, except Mr. Snarler, who ſeemed to have very little of the *animal riſibile* in his conſtitution. The facetious member, encouraged by the ſucceſs of his laſt joke, went on thus: 'Suppoſe 'you was called to a patient of a ple'thoric habit, who had been bruiſed 'by a fall, what would you do?' I anſwered, I would bleed him immediately. 'What,' ſaid he, 'before you 'had tied up his arm?' But this ſtroke of wit not anſwering his expectation, he deſired me to advance to the gentleman who ſat next him; and who, with a pert air, aſked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the inteſtines. I repeated the method of cure as it is preſcribed by the beſt chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then ſaid with a ſupercilious ſmile, 'So you think by ſuch treatment the 'patient might recover?' I told him I ſaw nothing to make me think otherwiſe. 'That may be,' reſumed he, 'I won't anſwer for your foreſight; 'but did you ever know a caſe of this 'kind ſucceed?' I acknowledged I did not, and was about to tell him I had never ſeen a wounded inteſtine; but he ſtopt me, by ſaying with ſome precipitation, 'Nor never will. I affirm that all wounds of the inteſtines, 'whether great or ſmall, are mortal.' —'Pardon me, brother,' ſays the fat gentleman, 'there is very good autho'rity—' Here he was interrupted by the other, with, 'Sir, excuſe me, I 'deſpiſe all authority. *Nullius in ver'ba.* I ſtand upon my own bottom.' —'But, Sir, Sir,' replied his antagoniſt, 'the reaſon of the thing ſhews—' 'A fig for reaſon,' cried this ſufficient member; 'I laugh at reaſon, give 'me ocular demonſtration.' The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and obſerved that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts, would advance ſuch an extravagant aſſertion. This inuendo enraged the other ſo much, that he ſtarted up, and in a furious tone exclaimed, 'What, Sir! do you queſtion my 'knowledge in anatomy?' By this time all the examiners had eſpouſed the opinion of one or other of the diſputants, and raiſed their voice all together, when the chairman commanded ſilence, and ordered me to withdraw. In leſs than a quarter of an hour, I was called in again, received my qualifications ſealed up, and was ordered to pay five ſhillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and ſtood ſome time, until one of them bade me be gone; to this I replied, 'I will, when 'I have got my change:' upon which another threw me five ſhillings and ſixpence, ſaying, I ſhould not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three ſhillings and ſixpence to the beadles, and a ſhilling to an old woman who ſwept the hall. This diſburſement ſunk my finances to thirteen pence halfpenny, with which I was ſneaking off, when Jackſon perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town as ſoon as his examination ſhould be over. I could not refuſe this to a perſon that was ſo much my friend—but I was aſtoniſhed at the change of his dreſs, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already deſcribed, to a very groteſque faſhion. His head was covered with an old ſmoaked tye-wig that did not boaſt one crooked hair, and a ſlouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-ſweeper or a duſt-man; his neck was

adorned

adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twiſted, and fixed in the button-hole of a ſhabby great-coat that wrapped up his whole body; his white ſilk-ſtockings were converted into black worſted hoſe; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles, and a beard of his own painting. When I expreſſed my ſurprize at this metamorphoſis, he laughed, and told me, it was done by the advice and aſſiſtance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce ſomething very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting reſpect. I applauded his ſagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddneſs of his appearance excited a curioſity more than uſual in the board, or his behaviour was not ſuitable to his figure, I know not, he was diſcovered to be an impoſtor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be ſent to Bridewell. So that inſtead of ſeeing him come out with a chearful countenance, and a ſurgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a priſoner; and was very much alarmed, and anxious to know the occaſion; when he called with a lamentable voice and piteous aſpect to me, and ſome others who knew him, 'For God's ſake, gentlemen, bear 'witneſs that I am the ſame indi-'vidual John Jackſon, who ſerved as 'ſurgeon's ſecond mate on board the 'Elizabeth, or elſe I ſhall go to Bride-'well.' It would have been impoſſible for the moſt auſtere hermit that ever lived, to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and addreſs; we therefore indulged ourſelves a good while at his expence, and afterwards pleaded his cauſe ſo effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the priſoner was diſmiſſed, and in a few moments reſumed his former gaiety; ſwearing, ſince the board had refuſed his money, he would ſpend it every ſhilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the ſame time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and as I had a great way to walk through the ſtreets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accomp my lodgings, according tc miſe. He conducted us to l houſe, who kept a tavern way, where we continued punch, until the liquor moo our heads, and made us all frolickſome. I in particul much elevated, that nothi ſerve me but a wench; at mand Jackſon expreſſed n and aſſured me I ſhould ha ſire before we parted. A: when he had paid the reck ſallied out, roaring and ſin were conducted by our leade of nocturnal entertainment immediately attached myſel one, with whom I propoſe the remaining part of the ſhe not reliſhing my appe fuſed to grant my requeſ ſhould have made her an ledgment, which not ſuitin circumſtances, we broke of reſpondence, to my no ſmall tion and reſentment, becauſ the mercenary creature ha juſtice to my merit. In the Mr. Jackſon's dreſs had at inclinations and aſſiduities three nymphs, who loaded careſſes, in return for the ar with which he treated ther length, notwithſtanding th ſallies of thoſe charmers, f to exert his power over us al conductor called. 'To pay the bill was brought, which to twelve ſhillings, he pu in his pocket, but might himſelf the trouble, for his gone. This accident diſcon a good deal at firſt, but aft collection, he ſeized the two who ſat by him, one in and ſwore if they did not i reſtore his money, he woul conſtable with them. The at the bar ſeeing what paſſed, ſomething to the drawer, out; and then with great aſked what was the mat ſon told her he was ro ſwore, if ſhe refuſed him f he would have her and committed to Bridewell. cried ſhe; 'robbed in my ho 'tlemen and ladies, I tak 'witneſs, this perſon has

eputation.' At that inſtant ſee- conſtable and watch enter, ſhe led: 'What! you muſt not on- deavour by your falſe aſperſions n my character; but even com- an aſſault upon my family?— Conſtable, I charge you with uncivil perſon, who has been r of a riot here; I ſhall take nd bring an action againſt him efamation.' While I was re- on this melancholy event, which de me quite ſober, the lady favours I had ſolicited, being at ſome repartee that paſſed be- us, cried, 'They are all con- d!' and deſired the conſtable to all into cuſtody; an arreſt which rformed inſtantly, to the utter ment and deſpair of us all, ex- ckſon, who having been often ſcrapes, was very little con- and charged the conſtable, in , with the landlady and her bevy. Upon which we were all together priſoners to the ouſe; where Jackſon, after a f comfort to us, informed the le of his being robbed, to which he would ſwear next morning the juſtice. 'Ay, ay,' ſays vd, 'we ſhall ſee whoſe oath noſt ſignify.' In a little time table, calling Jackſon into ano- om, ſpoke to him thus: 'I ve that you and your company rangers, and am very ſorry for being involved in ſuch an ugly ſs. I have known this woman t while: ſhe has kept a noto- houſe in the neighbourhood many years; and although often lained of as a nuiſance, ſtill s through her intereſt with the ces, to whom ſhe and all of mployment pay contribution erly for protection. As ſhe ed me with you firſt, her com- will have the preference, and n procure evidence to ſwear ver ſhe ſhall pleaſe to deſire of So that unleſs you can make before morning, you and your anions may think yourſelves ly quit for a month's hard la- in Bridewell. Nay, if ſhe l ſwear a robbery or aſſault ſt you, you will be committed wgate, and tried next ſeſſions Old Bailey for your life.' ſt piece of information had ſuch an effect upon Jackſon, that he agreed to make it up, provided his mo- ney might be reſtored. The conſta- ble told him, that inſtead of retrieving what he had loſt, he was pretty certain it would coſt him ſome more before they would come to any compoſition. But however he had compaſſion on him, and would, if he pleaſed, ſound them about a mutual releaſe. The unfortu- nate beau thanked him for his friend- ſhip, and returning to us, acquainted us with the ſubſtance of this dialogue; while the conſtable deſiring to ſpeak in private with our adverſary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cauſe ſo effectually, that ſhe conde- ſcended to make him umpire. He ac- cordingly propoſed an arbitration, to which we gave our aſſent; and he fined each party in three ſhillings, to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animoſities, to the inex- preſſible joy of my two late acquain- tances and me, who had been in the ſtate of the damned ever ſince Jackſon mentioned Bridewell and Newgate. By the time we had finiſhed our bowl, to which, by the bye, I had contributed my laſt ſhilling, it was morning; and I propoſed to move homeward, when the conſtable gave me to underſtand, he could diſcharge no priſoners but by order of the juſtice, before whom we muſt appear. This renewed my cha- grin, and I curſed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackſon's invitation. About nine o'clock we were eſcorted to the houſe of a certain juſtice not many miles diſtant from Covent Gar- den; who no ſooner ſaw the conſtable enter with a train of priſoners at his heels, than he ſaluted him as follows: 'So, Mr. Conſtable, you are a diligent 'man; what den of rogues have you 'been ſcouring?' Then looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued: 'Ay, ay, thieves I ſee; 'old offenders!—O your humble ſer- 'vant, Mrs. Harridan! I ſuppoſe theſe 'fellows have been taken robbing 'your houſe—yes, yes, here's an old ac- 'quaintance of mine.—You have uſed 'expedition,' ſaid he to me, 'in return- 'ing from tranſportation; but we ſhall 'ſave you the trouble for the future; 'the ſurgeons will fetch you from 'your next tranſportation at their ex- 'pence.' I aſſured his worſhip he was miſtaken in me, for he had never ſeen me in his life before. To this de-

elaration he replied, 'How! you im-
'pudent raſcal, dare you ſay ſo to my
'face? Do you think I am to be im-
'poſed upon by that northern accent
'which you have aſſumed? But it
'ſhan't avail you, you ſhall find me
'too far north for you.—Here, clerk,
'write this fellow's mittimus: his
'name is Patrick Gaghagan.' Here Mr. Jackſon interpoſed, and told him I was a Scotchman lately come to town, deſcended of a good family, and that my name was Random. The juſtice looked upon this aſſertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himſelf much; and, ſtrutting up to Jackſon, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his ſides, and ſaid, 'Who are you, Sir? do you give 'me the lye?—Take notice, gentlemen, 'here's a fellow who affronts me upon 'the bench—but I'll lay you faſt, ſir-'rah, I will; for, notwithſtanding 'your laced jacket, I believe you are 'a notorious felon.' My friend was ſo much abaſhed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour, and remained ſpeechleſs. This confuſion his worſhip took for a ſymptom of guilt; and, to compleat his diſcovery, continued his threats: 'Now I am 'convinced you are a thief, your face 'diſcovers it, you tremble all over, your 'conſcience won't lie ſtill; you'll be 'hanged, ſirrah!' raiſing his voice; 'you'll be hanged! And happy had it 'been for the world, as well as your own 'miſerable ſoul, if you had been de-'tected and cut off in the beginning 'of your career.—Come hither, clerk, 'and take this man's confeſſion.' I was in an agony of conſternation, when the conſtable going into another room with his worſhip, acquainted him with the truth of the ſtory: which having learned, he returned with a ſmiling countenance, and addreſſing himſelf to us all, ſaid, it was always his way to terrify young people when they came before him, that his threats might make a ſtrong impreſſion on their minds, and deter them from engaging in ſcenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge. Thus having cloaked his own want of diſcernment, under the diſguiſe of paternal care, we were diſmiſſed; and I *found myſelf as much* lightened as if a *mountain had been* lifted off my breaſt.

CHAP. XVIII.

I CARRY MY QUALIFICAT
THE NAVY OFFICE—I
TURE OF IT—THE BEH
OF THE S—T—Y. ——
CONCERN FOR MY ABS
A BATTLE BETWEEN H
A BLACKSMITH—THE TR
SOME CONSEQUENCE OF
HARANGUE TO ME—HIS
THE SCHOOLMASTER
MENDS ME TO A FRE
THECARY WHO ENTERT
AS A JOURNEYMAN.

I Would willingly have gone
ſleep, but was told by m
nion, that we muſt deliver o
of qualification at the Navy C
fore one o'clock; accordingly
tiſier, and gave them to the
who opened and read them, a
mightily pleaſed to find myſ
fied for ſecond mate of a th
When he had ſtuck them all
on a file, one of our company
there were any vacancies;
interrogation he anſwered, 'N
I ventured to enquire if any ſh
to be put in commiſſion ſo
which queſtion he ſurveyed n
look of ineffable contempt, a
ing us out of his office, lo
door without ſpeaking us anoth
We went down ſtairs, and
together on our expectations
underſtood that each of them
recommended to one or oth
commiſſioners, and each of t
miſed the firſt vacancy that ſh
but that none of them reli
upon that intereſt, without a
the ſ—t—y, with whom ſom
c———s went ſnacks. Fo
reaſon each of them had pr
ſmall purſe; and I was aſke
propoſed to give. This was a
queſtion to me, who (far fro
in a capacity to gratify a
ſ—t—y) had not wherewitha
chaſe a dinner. I therefore a
I had not yet determined wha
and ſneaked off towards my o
ings, curſing my fate all the
inveighing with much bitterne
the barbarity of my grandfat
the ſordid avarice of my relati
left me a prey to contempt

gence. Full of theſe diſagreeable reflections, I arrived at the houſe where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account; for this honeſt man believed I had met with ſome diſmal accident, and that he ſhould never ſee me again. Strap, who had come to viſit me in the morning, underſtanding I had been abroad all night, was almoſt diſtracted; and after having obtained leave of his maſter, had gone in queſt of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him I had met an acquaintance at Surgeons Hall, with whom I ſpent the evening and night, but being very much infeſted by bugs I had not ſlept much, and therefore intended to take a little repoſe; ſo ſaying, I went to bed, and deſired to be awakened if Strap ſhould happen to come while I ſhould be aſleep. I was accordingly rouzed by my friend himſelf; who entered my chamber about three o'clock in the afternoon; and preſented a figure to my eyes, that I could ſcarce believe real. In ſhort, this affectionate ſhaver, ſetting out towards Surgeons Hall, had enquired for me there to no purpoſe; from thence he found his way to the Navy Office, where he could hear no tidings of me, becauſe I was unknown to every body then preſent; he afterwards went upon Change in hopes of ſeeing me upon the Scotch Walk, but without ſucceſs. At laſt, being almoſt in deſpair of finding me, he reſolved to aſk every body he met in the ſtreet, if perchance any one could give him information about me: and actually put his reſolution in practice, in ſpite of the ſcoffs, curſes and reproaches, with which he was anſwered, until a blackſmith's prentice, ſeeing him ſtop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his queſtion, for which he received a hearty curſe, called to him, and aſked if the perſon he enquired after was not a Scotchman. Strap replied with great eagerneſs, 'Yes, and had on a brown coat with 'long ſkirts.'—'The ſame,' ſaid the blackſmith; 'I ſaw him paſs by an 'hour ago.'—'Did you ſo?' cried Strap, rubbing his hands; 'Odds! I 'am very glad of that. Which way 'went he?'—'Towards Tyburn, in a 'cart,' ſaid he: 'if you make good 'ſpeed you may *get thither time enough* 'to ſee him hanged.' This piece of wit incenſed my friend to ſuch a degree, that he called the blackſmith ſcoundrel, and proteſted he would fight him for half a farthing. 'No, no,' ſaid the other, ſtripping, 'I'll have 'none of your money; you Scotch-'men ſeldom carry any about you; 'but I'll fight you for love.' There was a ring immediately formed by the mob: and Strap finding he could not get off honourably without fighting, at the ſame time burning with reſentment againſt his adverſary, quitted his cloaths to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the ſide of Strap, who in a few minutes exhauſted his breath and ſpirits on his patient antagoniſt; who ſuſtained the aſſault with great coolneſs, till finding the barber quite ſpent, he returned the blows he had lent him with ſuch intereſt, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard ſtones, gave out, and allowed the blackſmith to be the better man. The victory being thus decided, it was propoſed to adjourn to a cellar hard by, and drink friends. But when my friend began to gather up his cloaths, he perceived that ſome honeſt perſon or other had made free with his ſhirt, neckcloth, hat and wig, which were carried off; and probably his coat and waiſtcoat would have met with the ſame fate, had they been worth ſtealing. It was in vain for him to make a noiſe, which only yielded mirth to the ſpectators; he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accompliſhed with much difficulty, and appeared before me all beſmeared with blood and dirt. Notwithſtanding this misfortune, ſuch was his tranſport at finding me ſafe and ſound, that he had almoſt ſtifled and ſunk me to death with his embraces. After he had cleaned himſelf, and put on one of my ſhirts and a woollen night-cap, I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign, which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat with great energy an obſervation which was often in his mouth; namely, 'that 'ſurely London is the devil's drawing-'room.' As neither of us had dined, he deſired me to get up; and the milk-woman coming round at that inſtant, he went down ſtairs and brought up a quart, with a penny brick, on which we made a comfortable meal. He then

ſhared his money with me, which amounted to eighteen-pence, and left me, with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his friend the ſchool-maſter.

He was no ſooner gone, than I began to conſider my ſituation with great uneaſineſs, and revolved all the ſchemes my imagination could ſuggeſt, in order to chuſe and purſue ſome one that would procure me bread; for it is impoſſible to expreſs the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miſerable dependance in which I lived at the expence of a poor barber's boy. My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of ſucceeding at the Navy Office, I came to a reſolution of enliſting into the foot-guards next day, be the event what it would. This extravagant deſign, by flattering my diſpoſition, gave great ſatisfaction; and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return interrupted my reverie. The ſchoolmaſter had made him a preſent of the tye-wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whoſe brims would have overſhadowed a Coloſſus. Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the duſk, he did not chuſe to entertain the mob by day; therefore went to work immediately, and reduced them both to a moderate ſize. While he was employed in this office, he addreſſed me thus: 'To be ſure, Mr. Random, you are 'born a gentleman, and have a great 'deal of learning; and indeed look like 'a gentleman—for as to perſon, you 'may hold up your head with the beſt 'of them. On the other hand, I am a 'poor, but honeſt cobler's ſon: my mo-'ther was as induſtrious a woman as 'ever broke bread, till ſuch time as ſhe 'took to drinking, which you very well 'know; but every body has failings, '*humanum eſt errare*. Now for myſelf, 'I am a poor journeyman barber, 'tolerably well made, and underſtand 'ſome Latin, and have a ſmattering 'of Greek; but what of that? per-'haps I might alſo ſay that I know a 'little of the world, but that is to no 'purpoſe; though you be gentle and 'I ſimple, it does not follow but that 'I who am ſimple may do a good office 'to you who are gentle. Now this is 'the caſe: my kinſman, the ſchool-'maſter—perhaps, you did not know 'how nearly he is related to me, I'll 'ſatisfy you in that preſently—his 'mother and my grandmother's ſiſ-'ter's nephew—no, that's not it—my 'grandfather's brother's daughter—'rabbit it! I have forgot the degree; 'but this I know, he and I are couſins 'ſeven times removed.' My impatience to know the good offices he had done me, got the better of my temper, and interrupted him at this place, with, 'D—n your relation and pedigree! 'if the ſchoolmaſter or you can be of 'any advantage to me, why don't you 'tell me without all this preamble!' When I pronounced theſe words with ſome vehemence, Strap looked at me for ſome time with a grave countenance, and then went on: 'Surely, our pedi-'gree is not to be d—n'd, becauſe it is 'not ſo noble as yours. I am very ſorry 'to ſee ſuch an alteration in your tem-'per of late; you was always fiery, 'but now you are grown as crabbed 'as old Periwinkle the drunken tinker, 'on whom you and I (God forgive 'us!) played ſo many unlucky tricks, 'while we were at ſchool. But I will 'no longer detain you in ſuſpenſe, be-'cauſe, doubtleſs, nothing is more 'uneaſy than doubt; *dubio procul du-'bio nil dubius*. My friend, or rela-'tion, or which you will, or both, 'the ſchoolmaſter, being informed of 'the regard I have for you—for you 'may be ſure, I did not fail to let him 'know your good qualities—by the 'bye, he has undertaken to teach you 'the pronunciation of the Engliſh 'tongue, without which, he ſays, you 'will be unfit for buſineſs in this 'country. I ſay, my relation has 'ſpoke in your behalf to a French apo-'thecary who wants a journeyman; 'and on his recommendation, you may 'have fifteen pounds per year, bed 'and board, whenever you pleaſe.' I was too much intereſted in this piece of news, to entertain it with indifference; but jumping up, inſiſted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the houſe of his friend, that I might not loſe this opportunity through the leaſt delay or neglect on my part. We were informed that the ſchoolmaſter was in company at a public-houſe in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in queſtion. When he was called to the door at our deſire,

fire, and obſerved my impatience, he broke out into his uſual term of admiration: 'O Ch—ft! I ſuppoſe, when 'you heard of this offer, you did not 'take leiſure enough to come down 'ſtairs, but leapt out of the window; 'did you overturn no porter or oyſter-'woman in your way! It is a mercy 'of God you did not knock your 'brains out againſt ſome poſt in your 'career. O' my conſcience! I be-'lieve, had I been in the inmoſt receſſes 'of my habitation, the very *penetra-'lia*, even in bed with my wife; your 'eagerneſs would have ſurmounted 'bolts, bars, decency, and every thing. 'The den of Cacus, or *Sanctum Sanc-'torum*, could not have hid me from 'you. But come along, the gentle-'man of whom I ſpoke is in the houſe; 'I will preſent you to him forthwith.' When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people ſmoaking, one of whom the ſchoolmaſter accoſted thus: 'Mr. Lavement, here's the young man 'of whom I ſpoke to you.' The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a forehead about an inch high, a noſe turned up at the end, large cheek bones that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of looſe ſkin hanging down on each ſide in wrinkles like the alforjas of a baboon; and a mouth ſo accuſtomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a ſyllable without diſcovering the remains of his teeth, which conſiſted of four yellow fangs, not improperly, by anatomiſts, called *canine*. This perſon, I ſay, after having eyed me ſome time, ſaid, 'Oho, 'tis ver well, 'Monſ. Concordance.—Young man, 'you are ver welcome, take one coup 'of bierre; and come to mine houſe to-'morrow morning; Monſ. Concord-'ance wil ſhew you de way.' Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could hear him ſay, '*Ma foy! 'c'eſt un beau garçon, c'eſt un galliard.*' As I had by my own application while I ſerved Crab, acquired the French tongue well enough to read authors written in that language, and underſtand any thing that occurred in converſation, I determined to pretend ignorance to my new maſter, that he and his family, whom I ſuppoſed to be of the ſame country, not being on the reſerve before me, might poſſibly diſcover ſomething in diſcourſe, which would either yield me amuſement or advantage. Next morning Mr. Concordance carried me to the apothecary's houſe, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately. But before I entered upon buſineſs, the ſchoolmaſter recommended me to his taylor, who gave me credit for a ſuit of cloaths to be paid out of the firſt moiety of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day; he afterwards accommodated me with a new hat on the ſame terms; ſo that in a few days I hoped to make a very faſhionable appearance. In the mean time, Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back-room up two pair of ſtairs, furniſhed with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamber-pot without a handle, a bottle by way of candleſtick, and a triangular piece of glaſs inſtead of a mirror; the reſt of it's ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the ſervant of an Iriſh captain who lodged in the firſt floor.

CHAP. XIX.

THE CHARACTERS OF MR. LAVEMENT, HIS WIFE, AND DAUGHTER—SOME ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY—THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER RIVALS—I AM GUILTY OF A MISTAKE THAT GIVES ME PRESENT SATISFACTION, BUT IS ATTENDED WITH TROUBLESOME CONSEQUENCES.

NEXT day, while I was at work in the ſhop, a bouncing damſel well dreſſed came in, on pretence of finding a phial for ſome uſe or other; and taking an opportunity, when ſhe thought I did not mind her, of obſerving me narrowly, went away with a ſilent look of diſdain. I eaſily gueſſed her ſentiments, and my pride took the reſolution of entertaining the ſame indifference and neglect towards her. At dinner, the maids, with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to underſtand that this was my maſter's only daughter, who would have a very handſome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made

made their addreſſes to her; that ſhe had been twice on the brink of marriage, but diſappointed by the ſtingineſs of her father, who refuſed to part with a ſhilling to promote the match; for which reaſon the young lady did not behave to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected: in particular, ſhe harboured the moſt perfect hatred for his countrymen; in which diſpoſition ſhe reſembled her mother, who was an Engliſh woman; and by the hints they dropped, I learned the grey mare was the better horſe; that ſhe was a matron of high ſpirit, which was often manifeſted at the expence of her dependants; that ſhe loved diverſions, and looked upon Miſs as her rival in all parties, which was indeed the true cauſe of her diſappointments; for had the mother been hearty in her intereſt, the father would not have ventured to refuſe her demands. Over and above this intelligence, I of myſelf ſoon made more diſcoveries; Mr. Lavement's ſignificant grins at his wife, while ſhe looked another way, convinced me that he was not at all content with his lot; and his behaviour in preſence of the captain, made me believe his chief torment was jealouſy. As for my own part, I was conſidered in no other light than that of a menial ſervant, and had been already ſix days in the houſe without being honoured with one word from either mother or daughter; the latter, as I underſtood from the maids, having at table one day expreſſed ſome ſurprize that her papa ſhould entertain ſuch an aukward mean-looking journeyman. I was nettled at this piece of information; and next Sunday, it being my turn to take my diverſion, dreſſed myſelf in my new cloaths to the greateſt advantage; and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure. After having ſpent moſt part of the day in company with Strap and ſome of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by Miſs; who, not knowing me, dropt a low curtſey as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and ſhut the door. By that time I had turned about, ſhe had perceived her miſtake, and changed colour, but did not withdraw. The paſſage being narrow, I could not get away without joſtling her; ſo I was forced to remain where I was, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and my face glowing with bluſhes. At length her vanity coming to her aſſiſtance, ſhe went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word 'Creature!' From this day forward ſhe came into the ſhop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice ſo many ridiculous airs, that I could eaſily perceive her opinion of me was changed, and that ſhe did not think me altogether an unworthy conqueſt. But my heart was ſo ſteeled againſt her charms by pride and reſentment, which were two chief ingredients in my diſpoſition, that I remained inſenſible to all her arts; and notwithſtanding ſome advances ſhe made, could not be prevailed upon to yield her the leaſt attention. This neglect ſoon baniſhed all the favourable impreſſions ſhe felt for me, and the rage of a ſlighted woman took place in her heart. This ſhe manifeſted not only in all the ſuggeſtions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but alſo in procuring for me ſuch ſervile employments as ſhe hoped would ſufficiently humble my ſpirit. One day in particular ſhe ordered me to bruſh my maſter's coat; but I refuſing, a ſmart dialogue enſued, which ended in her burſting into tears of rage; when her mother interpoſing, and examining into the merits of the cauſe, determined it in my favour: and this good office I owed not to any eſteem or conſideration ſhe had for me, but ſolely to the deſire of mortifying her daughter, who on this occaſion obſerved, that let people be never ſo much in the right, there were ſome folks who would never do them juſtice; but to be ſure they had their reaſons for it, which ſome people were ignorant of, although they deſpiſed their little arts. This inſinuation of ſome people, and ſome folks, put me upon obſerving the behaviour of my miſtreſs more narrowly for the future; and it was not long before I had reaſon to believe that ſhe looked upon her daughter as a rival in the affections of Captain Odonnell, who lodged in the houſe. In the mean time, my induſtry and knowledge gained me the good will of my maſter, who would often ſay, in French, '*Mardy! c'eſt un 'bon garçon.*' He had a great deal of buſineſs; but as he was moſtly employed among his fellow refugees, his profits were ſmall. However, his expence for medicines was not great, for he

he was the moſt expert man at a ſuccedaneum of any apothecary in London; ſo that I have been ſometimes amazed to ſee him, without the leaſt heſitation, make up a phyſician's preſcription, though he had not in his ſhop one medicine mentioned in it. Oyſter ſhells he could convert into crabs eyes; common oil, into oil of ſweet almonds; ſyrup of ſugar, into balſamic ſyrup; Thames water, into aqua cinnamoni; turpentine, into capivi; and a hundred more coſtly preparations were produced in an inſtant, from the cheapeſt and coarſeſt drugs of the *materia medica:* and when any common thing was ordered for a patient, he always took care to diſguiſe it in colour or taſte, or both, in ſuch a manner as that it could not poſſibly be known. For which purpoſe cochineal and oil of cloves were of great ſervice. Among many noſtrums which he poſſeſſed, there was one for the venereal diſeaſe, that brought him a good deal of money; and this he concealed ſo artfully from me, that I could never learn it's compoſition: but during the eight months I ſtaid in his ſervice, he was ſo unfortunate in the uſe of it, that three parts in four of thoſe who took it, were fain to confirm the cure by a ſalivation under the direction of another doctor. This bad ſucceſs, in all appearance, attached him the more to his ſpecific; and before I left him, I may venture to ſay, he would have ſooner renounced the Trinity (notwithſtanding his being a good Hugonot) than his confidence in the never-failing power of this remedy. Mr. Lavement had attempted more than once to introduce a vegetable diet into his family, by launching out into the praiſe of roots and greens, and decrying the uſe of fleſh, both as a phyſician and philoſopher; but all his rhetorick could not make one proſelyte to his opinion, and even the wife of his boſom declared againſt the propoſal. Whether it was owing to the little regard ſhe paid to her huſband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her conſtitution, I know not; but this lady's paſſions became every day more and more violent, till at laſt ſhe looked upon decency as an unneceſſary reſtraint; and one afternoon, when her huſband was abroad, and her daughter gone to viſit, ordered me *to call a hackney-coach, in which ſhe and the* captain drove towards Covent Garden. Miſs came home in the evening, and ſupping at her uſual hour, went to bed. About eleven o'clock my maſter entered, and aſked if his wife was gone to ſleep: upon which I told him, my miſtreſs went out in the afternoon, and was not yet returned. This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who ſtarting back, cried, '*Mort* '*de ma, vie!* vat you tell me? My 'wife not at home!' At that inſtant a patient's ſervant arrived with a preſcription for a draught, which my maſter taking, went into the ſhop to make it up with his own hand. While he rubbed the ingredients in a glaſs mortar, he enquired of me, whether or no his wife went out alone; and no ſooner heard that ſhe was in company with the captain, than with one blow he ſplit the mortar into a thouſand pieces, and grinning like the head of a baſs viol, exclaimed, 'Ah, traitreſſe!' It would have been impoſſible for me to have preſerved my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily relieved by a rap at the door, which I opened; and perceived my miſtreſs coming out of the coach; ſhe flounced immediately into the ſhop, and addreſſed her huſband thus: 'I ſuppoſe you thought 'I was loſt, my dear; Captain Odonnell 'has been ſo good as to treat me with 'a play.'—'Play—play!' replied he; 'Oho! yes by gar, I believe ver prettie 'play.'—'Bleſs me!' ſaid ſhe, 'what's 'the matter?'—'Vat de matter!' cried he, forgetting all his former complaiſance, 'by gar, you be one damn dog's 'wife—ventre bleu! me vill ſhow you 'vat it is to put one horn upon mine 'head. Pardieu! le Capitaine Odonnell 'be one——' Here the captain, who had been all the while at the door diſcharging the coach, entered, and ſaid with a terrible voice, 'D—mmel 'what am I?' Mr. Lavement changing his tone, immediately ſaluted him with; '*Oh, ſerviteur monſieur le capi-* '*taine; vous etes un gallant homme—* '*ma femme eſt forte obligé.*' Then turning about towards me, pronounced with a low voice, '*Et diablement obli-* '*geante, ſans doute.*'—'Hark'e, Mr. 'Lavement,' ſaid the captain, 'I am 'a man of honour, and I believe you 'are too much of a gentleman to be 'offended at the civility I ſhew your 'wife.' This declaration had ſuch an

effect

effect on the apothecary, that he resumed all the politeſſe of a Frenchman; and with the utmoſt proſtration of compliment, aſſured the captain that he was perfectly well ſatisfied with the honour he had done his wife. Matters being thus compoſed, every body went to reſt. Next day I perceived, through a glaſs door that opened from the ſhop into the parlour, the captain talking earneſtly to Miſs, who heard him with a look that expreſſed anger mingled with ſcorn; which however he at laſt found means to mollify, and ſealed his reconciliation with a kiſs. This circumſtance ſoon convinced me of the occaſion of the quarrel; but notwithſtanding all my vigilance, I could never diſcover any other commerce between them. In the mean while, I had reaſon to believe I had inſpired one of the maids with tender ſentiments for me; and one night when I thought every other perſon in the houſe aſleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conqueſt; her bedfellow having the day before gone to Richmond to viſit her parents. Accordingly I got up, and naked as I was, explored my way in the dark, to the garret where ſhe lay. I was raviſhed to find the door open, and moved ſoftly to her bed-ſide, tranſported with the hope of compleating my wiſhes. But what horrors of jealouſy and diſappointment did I feel, when I found her aſleep, faſt locked in the arms of a man, whom I eaſily gueſſed to be no other than the captain's ſervant! I was upon the point of doing ſome raſh thing, when the noiſe of a rat ſcratching behind the wainſcot put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in ſafety. Whether this alarm had diſordered my mind, or that I was led aſtray by the power of deſtiny, I know not; but inſtead of turning to the left-hand, when I deſcended to the ſecond ſtory, I purſued the contrary courſe, and miſtook the young lady's bed-chamber for my own. I did not perceive my miſtake before I had run againſt the bed-poſts; and then it was not in my power to retreat undiſcovered, for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and with a ſoft voice, bade me make leſs noiſe, leſt the Scotch booby in the next room ſhould overhear us. This hint was ſufficient to inform me of the nature of the aſſignation; and as my paſſions, at any time high, were then in a ſtate of exaltation, I reſolved to profit by my good fortune. Without any more ceremony, therefore, I made bold to ſlip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could deſire. Our converſation was very ſparing on my part, but ſhe upbraided the perſon whom I repreſented with his jealouſy of me, whom ſhe handled ſo roughly, that my reſentment had well nigh occaſioned a diſcovery more than once; but I was conſoled for her hatred of me by the revenge I enjoyed in underſtanding from her own mouth that it was now high time to ſalve her reputation by matrimony: for ſhe had reaſon to fear ſhe could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourſe. While I was meditating an anſwer to this propoſal, I heard a noiſe in my room, like ſomething heavy falling down upon the floor: upon which I ſtarted up, and creeping to the door of my chamber, obſerved by moon-light the ſhadow of a man groping his way out; ſo I retired to one ſide to let him paſs, and ſaw him go down ſtairs as expeditiouſly as he could. It was an eaſy matter to divine that this was the captain, who having overſlept himſelf, had got up at laſt to keep his aſſignation: and finding my door open, had entered my apartment inſtead of that of his miſtreſs, where I ſupplied his place. But finding his miſtake, by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noiſe might alarm the family, and for that reaſon made off, delaying the gratification of his deſires till another opportunity. By this time I was ſatisfied; and inſtead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own caſtle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and in the congratulation of my own happineſs fell aſleep. But the truth of this adventure could not be long concealed from my young miſtreſs, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his laſt night's diſappointment, and begging pardon for the noiſe he had made. Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happened, may be eaſily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other; for ſhe was conſcious of not only having betrayed to me the ſecrets of her commerce with him,

o, of having incenſed me
ms ſhe had taken with my
d a hope of reconciliation.
hand, his jealouſy ſuggeſt-
ſorrow was all artifice;
ad ſupplied his place with
vity and conſent. That
ſituation of their thoughts,
in the ſequel; for that
came into the ſhop, where
e, and fixing her eyes,
n tears, upon me, ſighed
ly. But I was proof a-
iſtreſs, by recollecting the
h which ſhe had honour-
night before; and believ-
good reception I enjoyed
d for another, therefore
otice of her affliction; and
mortification to find her
arned four-fold. How-
thenceforward ſhe thought
uſe me with more com-
an uſual, knowing that
power at any time to pub-
me. By theſe means my
much more agreeable,
er could prevail upon my-
t my nocturnal viſit; and
ay improved in my know-
town, I ſhook off my auk-
degrees, and acquired the
a polite journeyman-apo-

HAP. XX.

AULTED AND DANGE-
WOUNDED——SUSPECT
LL, AND AM CONFIRMED
PINION——CONCERT A
OF REVENGE, AND PUT
ECUTION——ODONNELL
S OWN SERVANT, AND
ARS—I MAKE MY AD-
TO A LADY——AND
CULOUSLY DELIVERED
IR SNARE.

ght, about twelve o'clock,
eturned from viſiting a pa-
liſea, I received a blow on
m an unſeen hand, that
: ſenſeleſs on the ground;
t for dead with three ſtabs
in my body. The groans
ben I recovered the uſe of
alarmed the people of a ſo-
ouſe, that ſtood near the
I lay, and they were hu-
mane enough to take me in, and ſend for a ſurgeon, who dreſſed my wounds, and aſſured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated through the ſkin and muſcles of one ſide of my belly in ſuch a manner, that doubtleſs the aſſaſſin imagined he had run me through the entrails. The ſecond ſlanted along one of my ribs: and the laſt, which was intended for the finiſhing ſtroke, having been directed to the heart, the ſword ſnapt upon my breaſt-bone, and the point remained ſticking in the ſkin. When I reflected upon this event, I could not perſuade myſelf that I had been aſſaulted by a common footpad; becauſe it is not uſual for ſuch people to murder thoſe they rob, eſpecially when they meet with no reſiſtance; and I found my money and every thing elſe about me, but my carcaſe, ſafe. I concluded therefore, that I muſt either have been miſtaken for another, or obliged to the private reſentment of ſome ſecret enemy, for what had happened; and as I could remember nobody who had the leaſt cauſe of complaint againſt me, except Captain Odonnell and my maſter's daughter, my ſuſpicion ſettled upon them, though I took care to conceal it, that I might the ſooner arrive at confirmation. With this view, I went home in a chair about ten o'clock in the morning; and as the chairman ſupported me into the houſe, met the captain in the paſſage, who no ſooner ſaw me, than he ſtarted back, and gave evident ſigns of guilty confuſion, which he would have accounted for from the ſurprize occaſioned by ſeeing me in ſuch a condition. My maſter having heard my ſtory, condoled me with a good deal of ſympathy: and, when he underſtood my wounds were not dangerous, ordered me to be carried up ſtairs to bed, though not without ſome oppoſition from his wife, who was of opinion it would be better for me to go to an hoſpital, where I ſhould be more carefully attended. My meditation was employed in concerting with myſelf ſome method of revenge againſt Squire Odonnell and his inamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune; when Miſs, who was not at home at my arrival, entered my chamber; and ſaying ſhe was ſorry for the accident that had befallen me, aſked if I ſuſpected any body to be the aſſaſ-

ſin. Upon which I fixed my eyes ſtedfaſtly upon her, and anſwered, 'Yes.' She diſcovered no ſymptom of confuſion; but replied haſtily, 'If that be 'the caſe, why don't you take out a 'warrant to have him apprehended? it 'will coſt but a trifle; if you have 'no money, I'll lend you.' This frankneſs not only cured me of my ſuſpicion with reſpect to her, but even ſtaggered my belief with regard to the captain; of whoſe guilt I reſolved to have farther proof, before I ſhould enterprize any thing in the way of revenge. I thanked her kindly for her generous offer, which however I had no occaſion to accept, being determined to do nothing raſhly: for though I could plainly perceive the perſon who attacked me to be a ſoldier, whoſe face I thought was familiar to me, I could not ſwear with a ſafe conſcience to any particular man; and granting I could, my proſecution of him would not much avail. This uncertainty I pretended, leſt the captain, hearing from her that I knew the perſon who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a condition to requite him. In two days I was up, and able to do a little buſineſs, ſo that Mr. Lavement made ſhift to carry on his practice without hiring another journeyman in my room. The firſt thing I attempted towards a certain diſcovery of my ſecret enemy, was to get into Odonnell's apartment, while he was abroad in an undreſs, and examine his ſword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found ſticking in my body, and found it anſwered the fractured part exactly. There was no room left for doubt; and all that remained, was to fix upon a ſcheme of revenge, which almoſt ſolely engroſſed my thoughts, during the ſpace of eight nights and days. Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the ſame manner as he had practiſed upon me, and kill him out-right. But this aſſault my honour oppoſed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated. At other times, I entertained thoughts of demanding ſatisfaction in an honourable way; but was diverted from this undertaking by conſidering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to ſuch eaſy terms. At laſt I dete to purſue a middle courſe; anc ally put my deſign in executio this manner. Having ſecured ſiſtance of Strap and two of quaintance whom he could upon, we provided ourſelves w guiſes, and I cauſed the followi ter to be delivered to him by our aſſociates in livery, one evening.

'SIR,

'IF I may be allowed to judg 'appearance, it will not b 'greeable to you to hear that n 'band is gone to Bagſhot to vi 'tient, and will not return 'morrow night; ſo that if yo 'any thing to propoſe me, (a 'behaviour on many occaſion 'ſeemed to inſinuate) you will 'to embrace the preſent oppo 'of ſeeing 'You

This letter was ſigned with th of an apothecary's wife who l Chelſea, of whom I had heard nell was an admirer. Every thi ceeded to our wiſh. The a hero haſtened towards the place ſignation; and was encountered in the very place where he had a me. We ruſhed upon him once, ſecured his ſword, ſtript cloaths, even to the ſkin, wh ſcourged with nettles till he wa tered from head to foot, notwit ing all the eloquence of his tea ſupplications. When I was ſ with the ſtripes I had beſtow carried off his cloaths, which in a hedge near the place, and l ſtark-naked, to find his way h the beſt manner he could, while care to be there before him. I wards underſtood, that in his the lodgings of a friend, who li the ſkirts of the 'town, he was up by the watch, who carried the round houſe, from whence for cloaths to his lodgings, an morning arrived at the door in a wrapt up in a blanket he had b ed; for his body was ſo ſo ſwelled, that he could not bea confined in his wearing-appare was treated with the utmoſt ten

ſs and her daughter, who
:h other in their care and
him; but Lavement him-
ot forbear expreſſing his
ral malicious grins, while
ıe to prepare an unguent

As to myſelf, nobody
ny gratification, when I
y an opportunity of ſeeing
ırotracted on the body of
, by the ulcers of which
ıe cauſe; and indeed I not
the ſatisfaction of having
ve, but another alſo which
reſeen. The ſtory of his
d and ſtript in ſuch a place,
inſerted in the news, gave
to thoſe who found his
: day, whither to bring
accordingly he retrieved
ıe had loſt, except a few
ıg which was that which
him in the name of the
wife. This and the others,
ms were all on the ſub-
(for this Hibernian hero
hoſe people who are called
ers) fell into the hands of
ale author, famous for the
has publiſhed; who, after
eliſhed them with ſome
f her own invention, gave
own in print. I was very
:d on reflecting, that I
y be the occaſion of a whole
happineſs on account of
ad written; but was eaſed
ehenſion, when I under-
e Chelſea apothecary had
ı law-ſuit againſt the prin-
nation; and looked upon
; a piece of forgery com-
: author, who had diſap-
t whatever might be his
he matter, our two ladies
tertain a different idea of
ſoon as the pamphlet ap-
ɔuld perceive their care of
conſiderably diminiſh, un-
ended in total neglect. It
ıle for him to be ignorant
ge, any more than of the
it; but as he was conſci-
lf of having deſerved worſe
pt at their hands, he was
off ſo cheaply, and con-
lf with muttering curſes
gainſt the apothecary; *who,*
ed, *having got an inkling*
ment with his wife, had
taken revenge of him in the manner deſcribed. By that time he had got a new ſcarf ſkin, his character was become ſo notorious, that he thought it high time for him to decamp; and his retreat he performed in one night without beat of drum, after having robbed his own ſervant of every thing that belonged to him, except the cloaths he had on his back. A few days after he diſappeared, Mr. Lavement, for his own ſecurity, took into cuſtody a large old trunk which he had left; and as it was very heavy, made no queſtion that the contents were ſufficient to indemnify him for what Odonnell owed in lodging. But a month being elapſed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer, and my maſter being impatient to know what the trunk contained, he ordered me to break it open in his preſence; which taſk I performed with the peſtle of our great mortar; and diſcovered, to his inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and mortification, a heap of ſtones.

About this time, my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman in quality of valet de chambre; and at the ſame time aſſured me, that whatever advantage he might propoſe to himſelf from this proſpect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from me; ſo much was he attached to my fortune. In ſpite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honeſt fellow, ingratitude is ſo natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance; and now that I had contracted other friendſhips which appeared more creditable, was even aſhamed to ſee a journeyman barber enquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion. I therefore, on pretence of conſulting his welfare, inſiſted upon his accepting the propoſal, which he at laſt determined to embrace with great reluctance, and in a few days took his leave of me, ſhedding a flood of tears, which I could not behold without emotion. I now began to look upon myſelf as a gentleman in reality; learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a faſhionable diſtemper; frequented plays during the holidays; became the oracle of an alehouſe, where every diſpute was *referred* to my deciſion; and at length *contracted* an acquaintance with a *young lady*, who found means to make

a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation, to give me a promise of marriage. As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes by matrimony; when one morning, I went to her lodgings, and her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where to my utter confusion I found her in bed with a man. Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately; and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much, as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAP. XXI.

SQUIRE GAWKY COMES TO LODGE WITH MY MASTER—IS INVOLVED IN A TROUBLESOME AFFAIR, OUT OF WHICH HE IS EXTRICATED BY ME—HE MARRIES MY MASTER'S DAUGHTER—THEY CONSPIRE AGAINST ME—I AM FOUND GUILTY OF THEFT—DISCHARGED—DESERTED BY MY FRIENDS—I HIRE A ROOM IN ST. GILES'S, WHERE, BY ACCIDENT, I FIND THE LADY TO WHOM I MADE MY ADDRESSES, IN A MISERABLE CONDITION—I RELIEVE HER.

WHILE I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr. Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance, Squire Gawky, who by this time had got a lieutenancy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and atone for his breach of appointment then, by his punctuality now; but whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension; though I had occasion not long after to be convinced, that howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described. For, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and as I approached, perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs; and one of them, whom by his tongue I knew to be a Scotchman, lamented most piteously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alledging, that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence. My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong, that I could not bear to see any body belonging to it in distress; and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned. He was no sooner disengaged, than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think proper: and indeed I came off but scurvily; for, before I could avail myself of my speed, I received a blow on the eye from one of the other two, that had well nigh deprived me of the use of that organ; however, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain Gawky's being robbed and abused by a company of footpads; and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient glyster and paregorick draught, in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits, occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately. When I enquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood by the servant that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in my belief upon hearing his voice, to which before that event I had been so long a stranger. My eye being considerably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprize without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch for whom I had suffered. Accordingly, next day, after he had told, in presence of my master, his wife and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lyes concerning the prowess he had shewn in making his escape, ventur

explain the myſtery, and
evidence of my confuſed
ded him with cowardice
de. Gawky was ſo aſto-
s diſcourſe, that he could
one word; and the reſt of
y ſtared at one another;
my miſtreſs reprimanded
inſolent behaviour, and
o turn me away for my pre-
Upon which, Gawky hav-
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it adviſed me to be more
ny conjectures for the fu-
: I ventured to publiſh them
judice of any man. Miſs
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nd daughter, differed from
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ed himſelf to me in the ſhop
ner: 'Ah, mon pauvre Ro-
you ave more of de veracité
de prudence, bot mine vife
r be diablement ſage, and
: capitaine un fanfaron, par-
This eulogium on his wife
ter, though ſpoken ironical-
, was nevertheleſs literally
ponſing the cauſe of Gaw-
e obliged a valuable lodger,
ther acquired a huſband at
when one was abſolutely
for the young lady finding
of her correſpondence with
ecoming plainer and plainer
inſinuated herſelf ſo artfully
fection of this new lodger,
than a fortnight, on pre-
ping to a play, they drove
to the Flee', where they
ed; from thence removed
, where the marriage was
ed; and in the morning
, where they aſked her fa-
other's bleſſing. The pru-
s, notwithſtanding the pre-
ich which the match was
did not think fit to refuſe
nation: for the apothecary
pleaſed to find his daugh-
o a young man of a good
proſpect who had not mentioned to him one ſyllable on the article of her dowry; and his wife was rejoiced at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a ſpy upon her pleaſures. Nor was I without ſelf-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected upon the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, in making him a cuckold by anticipation. But I little dreamed what a ſtorm of miſchief was brewing againſt me, whilſt I thus indulged myſelf. Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my diſcovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented againſt him, had ſtung him to the ſoul, and cheriſhed the ſeeds of enmity ſo ſtrongly in his breaſt, that he, it ſeems, imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as deſirous as himſelf to compaſs the ruin of one that had not only ſlighted her careſſes, but was able on any occaſion to diſcover particulars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conſpiracy againſt me, which, had it taken effect as they expected, would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My maſter having ſeveral times miſſed large quantities of medicines of which I could give no account, at laſt loſt all patience, and in plain terms taxed me with having embezzled them for my own uſe. As I could only oppoſe my ſingle aſſeveration to his ſuſpicion, he told me one day, 'By gar, 'your vord not be give me de ſatisfac-'tion; me find neceſſaire to chercher 'for my medicine: pardonnez moi, 'il faut chercher.' Then raiſing his voice, to conceal the fright he was in, leſt I ſhould make any oppoſition, he went on: 'Oui, foutre, I charge you 'rendez le clef of your coffre—moi— 'ſi, moi qui vous parle.' I was fired with ſo much reſentment and diſdain at this accuſation, that I burſt into tears, which he took for a ſign of guilt; and pulling out my key, told him he might ſatisfy himſelf immediately, though he would not find it ſo eaſy to ſatisfy me for the injury my reputation had ſuffered from his unjuſt ſuſpicion. He took the key, and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family; ſaying, 'He bien! nous verrons, 'nous verrons.' But what was my horror and amazement, when, opening my cheſt, he pulled out an handful of the very things that were miſſing, and

pro-

pronounced, 'Ah, ha! vous etes bien 'venus—Mardie, Monſ. Roderique, 'you be fort innocent.' I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but ſtood motionleſs and ſilent, while every body preſent made their reſpective remarks on what appeared againſt me. The ſervants ſaid they were ſorry for my misfortune, and went away, repeating, 'Who 'would have thought it!' My miſtreſs took occaſion, from this detection, to rail againſt the practice of employing ſtrangers in general; and Mrs. Gawky, after having obſerved that ſhe never had a good opinion of my fidelity, propoſed to have me carried before the juſtice and committed to Newgate immediately. Her huſband was actually upon the ſtairs in his way for a conſtable, when Mr. Lavement, knowing the coſt and trouble of a proſecution to which he muſt bind himſelf, and at the ſame time dreading leſt ſome particulars of my confeſſion might affect his practice, called out, 'Reſtez, mon fils! 'reſtez! it be veritablement one grand 'crime which dis pauvre diable have 'committed; bot peutetre de good 'God give him de penitence, and me 'vill not have upon mine head de 'blood of one ſinner.' The captain and his lady uſed all the chriſtian arguments their zeal could ſuggeſt, to prevail on the apothecary to purſue me to deſtruction; and repreſented the injuſtice he did to the community, of which he was a member, in letting a villain eſcape, who would not fail of doing more miſchief in the world, when he ſhould reflect on his coming off ſo eaſily now: but their eloquence made no impreſſion on my maſter, who turning to me, ſaid, 'Go, miſerable, go 'from mine houſe, quick, quick— 'and make reparation for your mau-'vaiſe actions.' By this time my indignation had rouzed me from the ſtupefaction in which I had hitherto remained; and I began in this manner: 'Sir, appearances, I own, condemn 'me; but you are impoſed upon as 'much as I am abuſed. I have 'fallen a ſacrifice to the rancour of 'that ſcoundrel,' pointing to Gawky, 'who has found means to convey 'your goods hither, that the detection 'of them might blaſt my reputation, 'and accompliſh my deſtruction. His 'hatred to me is owing to a conſciouſ-'neſs of his having wronged 'my own country; for which 'he in a cowardly manner refu 'the ſatisfaction of a gentlem 'knows, moreover, that I 'ſtranger to his daſtardly behav 'this town, which I have rec 'before; and he is unwillin 'ſuch a teſtimony of his ingr 'and puſillanimity ſhould liv 'the earth; for this reaſon he is 'of the moſt infernal malice to 'about my ruin.—And I am 'Madam,' turning to Mrs. G 'you have too eaſily entere 'the ſentiments of your huſba 'have often found you my enem 'am well acquainted with the o 'of your being ſo, which I d 'preſent think proper to declar 'I would not adviſe you, fo 'own ſake, to drive me to extr This addreſs enraged her ſo muc with a face as red as ſcarlet, a eyes of a fury, ſhe ſtrutted up and putting her hands on her ſpit in my face; ſaying, I was dalous villain, but ſhe defied m lice; and that unleſs her papa proſecute me like a thief as I w would not ſtay another night un roof. At the ſame time, Gawk ſuming a big look, told me, he ed what lyes I could invent him; but that if I pretended to his wife, he would put me to by G—d. To this threat I a ed, 'I wiſh to God I could me 'thee in a deſart, that I migh 'an opportunity of puniſhing t 'thy perfidy towards me, and 'world of ſuch a raſcal. Wha 'ders me this moment,' ſaid I, an old bottle that ſtood by, 'doing myſelf that juſtice?' no ſooner armed myſelf in this m than Gawky and his father-in-l tired in ſuch a hurry, that the on turned the other, and they roll gether down ſtairs; while my ſwooned away with fear; an daughter aſked if I intended to her. I gave her to underſtand nothing was farther from my int that I would leave her to the ſti her own conſcience; but was reſolved to ſlit her huſband' whenever fortune ſhould offer venient opportunity. Then down ſtairs, I met Lavement

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up, trembling with the peſtle in his hand, and Gawky behind, armed with his ſword, puſhing him forward. I demanded a parley; and having aſſured them of my pacifick diſpoſition, Gawky exclaimed, 'Ah, villain! you have 'killed my dear wife.' And the apothecary cried, 'Ah, coquin! vere is 'my child?'—'The lady,' ſaid I, 'is above ſtairs, unhurt by me; and 'will, a few months hence, I believe, 'reward your concern.' Here ſhe called to them, and deſired they would let the wretch go, and trouble themſelves no farther about him. To which requeſt her father conſented, obſerving, nevertheleſs, that my converſation was *fort myſterieuſe*. Finding it impoſſible to vindicate my innocence, I left the houſe immediately, and went to the ſchoolmaſter, with an intention of clearing myſelf to him, and aſking his advice with regard to my future conduct; but, to my inexpreſſible vexation, was told he was gone to the country, where he would ſtay two or three days. I returned with a deſign of conſulting ſome acquaintance I had acquired in my maſter's neighbourhood; but my ſtory had taken air, through the officiouſneſs of the ſervants, and not one of my friends would vouchſafe me a hearing. Thus I found myſelf, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever: for though I had been formerly as poor, my reputation was without blemiſh, and my health unimpaired till now; but at preſent my good name was loſt, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body infected by a diſtemper contracted in the courſe of an armour; and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield me pity and aſſiſtance, abſent I knew not where.

The firſt reſolution I could take in this melancholy conjuncture, was to remove my cloaths to the houſe of the perſon with whom I had formerly lodged; where I remained two days, in hopes of getting another place, by the intereſt of Mr. Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character; but in this ſuppoſition I reckoned without my hoſt, for Lavement took care to be beforehand with me, and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the ſchoolmaſter, I found him ſo prepoſſeſſed againſt me, that he would ſcarce hear me to an end; but when I had finiſhed my juſtification, ſhook his head, and beginning with his uſual exclamation, 'O C—ſt!' ſaid, 'that won't go 'down with me. I am very ſorry I 'ſhould have the misfortune of being 'concerned in the affair; but, however, 'ſhall be more cautious for the future. 'I will truſt no man from henceforward; no, not my father who begat 'me, nor the brother that lay with me 'in my mother's womb. Should 'Daniel riſe from the dead, I would 'think him an impoſtor; and, were the 'genius of, truth to appear, would 'queſtion it's veracity.' I told him that one day, it was poſſible he might be convinced of the injury I had ſuffered, and repent of his premature determination. To which remark he anſwered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy: 'But 'till that ſhall happen,' continued he, 'I muſt beg to have no manner of 'connection with you; my reputation is 'at ſtake. O my good God! I ſhall be 'looked upon as your accomplice and 'abettor: people will ſay, Jonathan 'Wild was but a type of me; boys will 'hoot at me as I paſs along; and the 'cinder-wenches belch forth reproaches 'wafted in a gale impregnated with 'gin. I ſhall be notorious; the very 'but of ſlander, and cloaca of infamy.' I was not in an humour to reliſh the climax of expreſſions upon which this gentleman valued himſelf in all his diſcourſes; but without any ceremony took my leave, curſed with every ſentiment of horror, which my ſituation could ſuggeſt. I conſidered, however, in the intervals of my deſpondence, that I muſt in ſome ſhape ſuit my expence to my calamitous circumſtances; and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St. Giles's at the rate of nine-pence per week. In this place I reſolved to perform my own cure, having firſt pawned three ſhirts to purchaſe medicines and ſupport for the occaſion.

One day when I ſat in this ſolitary retreat, muſing upon the unhappineſs of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that iſſued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman ſtretched on a miſerable truckle-bed, without any viſible ſigns of life. Having applied a ſmelling-bottle to her noſe, the blood began to

revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes; but, good Heaven! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion; and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately; and straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help increasing: at length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced with a feeble voice, 'Dear Mr. Ran-'dom, I do not deserve this concern 'at your hands. I am a vile creature, 'who had a base design upon your 'person—suffer me to expiate that and 'all my other crimes by a miserable 'death, which will not fail to over-'take me in a few hours.' I encouraged her as much as I could, told her I forgave all her intentions with regard to me; and that although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her. In the mean time, begged to know the immediate cause of that fit from which she had just recovered, and said I would endeavour by my skill to prevent any more such attacks. She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand, and pressed it to her lips, saying, 'You are too generous! I 'wish I could live to express my gra-'titude—but, alas! I perish for want.' Then shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon. Such extremity of distress must have waked the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion: what effect then must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion! I ran down stairs, and sent my landlady to a chymist's shop for some cinnamon-water, while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber, used all the means in my power to bring her to herself: this aim with much difficulty I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits; then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me, that she had not tasted food for eight and forty hours before. As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand that she w of the town by profession; course of her adventures, herself dangerously infect distemper to which all of particularly subject; that gaining ground every day, loathsome to herself, and others; when she resolved some obscure corner, where be cured with as little noise as possible; that she had chosen this place of retrea herself into the hands of tising doctor, who having fl all the money she had, or cure, left her three days ago condition than that in whic her; that, except the clo back, she had pawned or thing that belonged to her, that rapacious quack, and clamour of her landlady, persisted in her threats to t into the street. After havin upon these particulars, I pr she should lodge in the same me, an expedient that woul money; and assured her I dertake her cure, as well a during which she should par the conveniences that I co to myself. She embraced my unfeigned acknowledgment, gan to put it in practice im I found, in her, not only a companion, whose conversat alleviated my chagrin; but a ful nurse, who served me w most fidelity and affection. while I testified my surpr woman of her beauty, good education, (for she had a la of each) could be reduced infamous and miserable way that of a prostitute; she ans a sigh, 'These very advan 'the cause of my undoing.' markable reply inflamed m to such a degree, that I t would favour me with the of her story; and she compli words.

CHAP. XXII

THE HISTORY OF MISS W

'MY father was an em 'chant in the city, 'ing, in the course of trad

iderable loſſes, retired in his
vith his wife to a ſmall eſtate
ountry, which he had pur-
ith the remains of his for-
: that time I, being but eight
ge, was left in town for the
ace of education, boarded
unt, who was a rigid preſ-
and who confined me ſo
what ſhe called the duties
ion, that in time I grew
her doctrines, and by de-
nceived an averſion for the
oks ſhe daily recommended
ruſal. As I encreaſed in age,
ared with a perſon not diſ-
, I contracted a good deal of
nce among my own ſex;
hom, after having lamented
int I was under from the
:ſs of my aunt's ſentiments,
muſt now throw off the pre-
f opinion imbibed under her
and example, and learn to
myſelf; for which purpoſe
ed me to read Shafteſbury,
Hobbes, and all the books
:markable for their deviation
old way of thinking, and by
g one with another, I ſhould
ble to form a ſyſtem of my
followed her advice: and
t was owing to my prepoſ-
gainſt what I had formerly
the clearneſs of argument
ny new inſtructors, I know
ſtudied them with pleaſure,
ſhort time became a profeſ-
hinker. Proud of my new
ient, I argued in all com-
nd that with ſuch ſucceſs,
n acquired the reputation of
pher, and few people durſt
: me in a diſpute. I grew
n my good fortune, and at
etended to make my aunt a
to my opinion; but ſhe no
rceived my drift, than taking
, ſhe wrote to my father an
f my hereſy, and conjured
he tendered the good of my
emove me immediately from
rous place where I had con-
uch ſinful principles. Ac-
, my father ordered me into
try, where I arrived in the
year of my age: and by his
d gave him a detail of all the
f my faith, which he did not
reaſonable as they had been

' repreſented. Finding myſelf ſud-
' denly deprived of the company and
' pleaſures of the town, I grew me-
' lancholy, and it was ſome time before
' I could reliſh my ſituation. But ſo-
' litude became every day more and
' more familiar to me, and I conſoled
' myſelf in my retreat with the enjoy-
' ment of a good library, at ſuch times
' as were not employed in the manage-
' ment of the family, (for my mother
' had been dead three years) in viſiting,
' or ſome other party of rural diver-
' ſion. Having more imagination than
' judgment, I addicted myſelf too
' much to poetry and romance; and
' in ſhort, was looked upon as a very
' extraordinary perſon by every body
' in the country where I reſided. I had
' one evening ſtrayed with a book in
' my hand into a wood that bordered
' on the high road, at a little diſtance
' from my father's houſe; when a cer-
' tain drunken ſquire riding by, per-
' ceived me, and crying, "Z—ds!
" what a charming creature!" alighted
' in a moment, caught me in his arms,
' and treated me ſo rudely, that I
' ſhrieked as loud as I could, and in
' the mean time oppoſed his violence
' with all the ſtrength that rage and
' reſentment could inſpire. During
' this ſtruggle, another horſeman came
' up, who ſeeing a lady ſo unworthily
' uſed, diſmounted, and flew to my aſ-
' ſiſtance. My raviſher, mad with diſ-
' appointment, or provoked with the
' reproaches of the other gentleman,
' quitted me; and, running to his horſe,
' drew a piſtol from the ſaddle, and
' fired at my protector, who happily
' receiving no damage, went up, and
' with the but-end of his whip laid him
' proſtrate on the ground before he
' could uſe the other, which his anta-
' goniſt immediately ſeized, and clap-
' ping to the ſquire's breaſt, threatened
' to put him to death for his cowardice
' and treachery. In this dilemma, I
' interpoſed and begged his life, which
' was granted to my requeſt, after he
' had aſked pardon, and ſwore his in-
' tention was only to obtain a kiſs;
' however, my defender thought proper
' to unload the other piſtol, and throw
' away the flints, before he gave him his
' liberty. This courteous ſtranger
' conducted me home, where my father
' having learned the ſignal ſervice he
' had done me, loaded him with careſ-

'ſes, and inſiſted on his lodging that
'night at our houſe. If the obliga-
'tion he had conferred upon me juſtly
'inſpired me with ſentiments of grati-
'tude, his appearance and converſa-
'tion ſeemed to entitle him to ſome-
'what more. He was about the age
'of two and twenty, among the talleſt
'of the middle ſize; had cheſnut co-
'loured hair, which he wore tied up in
'a ribband; a high poliſhed forehead,
'a noſe inclining to the aquiline, lively
'blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as
'white as ſnow, and a certain openneſs
'of countenance—but what need I
'deſcribe any more particulars of his
'perſon! I hope you will do me the
'juſtice to believe I do not flatter, when
'I ſay he was the exact reſemblance
'of you; and if I had not been well
'acquainted with his family and
'pedigree, I ſhould have made no
'ſcruple of concluding that you was
'his brother. He ſpoke little, and
'ſeemed to have no reſerve, for what
'he ſaid was ingenuous, ſenſible, and
'uncommon. In ſhort,' ſaid ſhe, burſt-
ing into tears, 'he was formed for the
'ruin of our ſex. His behaviour was
'modeſt and reſpectful, but his looks
'were ſo ſignificant, that I could eaſily
'obſerve, he ſecretly bleſſed the occa-
'ſion that introduced him to my ac-
'quaintance. We learned from his
'diſcourſe that he was the eldeſt ſon
'of a wealthy gentleman in the neigh-
'bourhood, to whoſe name we were
'no ſtrangers; that he had been to
'viſit an acquaintance in the country,
'from whoſe houſe he was returning
'home, when my ſhrieks brought him
'to my reſcue. All night long my
'imagination formed a thouſand ridi-
'culous expectations: there was ſo
'much of knight-errantry in this gen-
'tleman's coming to the relief of a
'damſel in diſtreſs, with whom he im-
'mediately became enamoured, that
'all I had read of love and chivalry
'recurred to my fancy, and I looked
'upon myſelf as a princeſs in ſome
'region of romance, who being deli-
'vered from the power of a brutal giant
'or ſatyr by a generous Oroondates,
'was bound in gratitude, as well as
'led by inclination, to yield up my
'affections to him without reſerve. In
'vain did I endeavour to chaſtiſe theſe
'fooliſh conceits, by reflections more
'reaſonable and ſevere: the amuſing
'images took full poſſeſſion of
'mind, and my dreams repreſented
'hero ſighing at my feet in the la
'guage of a deſpairing lover. Ne
'morning after breakfaſt he took hi
'leave, when my father begged th
'favour of farther acquaintance with
'him; to which requeſt he replied by
'a compliment to him, and a look to
'me ſo full of eloquence and tender-
'neſs, that my whole ſoul received the
'ſoft impreſſion. In a ſhort time he
'repeated his viſit; and as a recital of
'the particular ſteps he purſued to ruin
'me would be too tedious and imper-
'tinent, let it ſuffice to ſay, he made
'it his buſineſs to inſinuate himſelf
'into my eſteem, by convincing me
'of his own good ſenſe, and at the
'ſame time flattering my underſtand-
'ing: this taſk he performed in the
'moſt artful manner, by ſeeming to
'contradict me often through miſap-
'prehenſion, that I might have an op-
'portunity of clearing myſelf the
'more to my own honour. Having
'thus ſecured my good opinion, he
'began to give me ſome tokens of a
'particular paſſion founded on a vene-
'ration for the qualities of my mind,
'and as an accidental ornament, ad-
'mired the beauties of my perſon;
'till at length, being fully perſuaded
'of his conqueſt, he choſe a proper
'ſeaſon for the theme, and diſcloſed
'his love in terms ſo ardent and ſin-
'cere, that it was impoſſible for me
'to diſguiſe the ſentiments of my heart,
'and he received my approbation with
'the moſt lively tranſport. After this
'mutual declaration, we contrived to
'meet more frequently, in private in-
'terviews, where we enjoyed the con-
'verſation of one another, in all the
'elevation of fancy, and impatience of
'hope, that reciprocal adoration can
'inſpire. He profeſſed his honour-
'able intentions, of which I made no
'queſtion, lamented the avaricious
'diſpoſition of his father, who had
'deſtined him for the arms of ano-
'ther, and vowed eternal fidelity with
'ſuch an appearance of candour and
'devotion, that I became a dupe to
'his deceit, and in an evil hour crown-
'ed his eager deſire with full poſſeſ-
'ſion. Curſed be the day on which
'I gave away my innocence and peace
'for a momentary gratification, which
'has entailed upon me ſuch miſery and
'horror

curſed be my beauty, that
racted the attention of the
curſed be my education,
refining my ſentiments, made
t the more ſuſceptible! curſed
ood ſenſe, that fixed me to one
and taught me the preference
ed was but my duel Had I
ly, nobody would have tempt-
had I been ignorant, the
of my perſon would not have
for the coarſeneſs of my con-
n; had I been giddy, my
would have divided my incli-
and my ideas would have
diffuſed, that I ſhould never
kened to the enchantments of
ne!

to return to my unfortunate
e gave a looſe to guilty plea-
nich for ſome months baniſh-
other concern. At laſt, by
his viſits became leſs fre-
nd his behaviour leſs warm;
ived his coldneſs, my heart
e alarm, my tears reproached
nd I inſiſted upon the per-
:e of his promiſe to eſpouſe
at, whatever ſhould happen,
utation might be ſafe. He
to acquieſce in my propoſal,
me on pretence of finding a
clergyman to unite us in the
of wedlock. But, alas! the
nt had no intention to re-
I waited a whole week with
moſt impatience; ſometimes
g his honour, at other times
g excuſes for him, and con-
g myſelf for harbouring the
ſpicion of his faith. At
I underſtood from a gentle-
ho dined at our houſe, that
rfidious wretch was on the
f ſetting out for London with
le, to buy cloaths for their
hing nuptials. This infor-
diſtracted me! the more ſo,
nd myſelf ſome months gone
hild; and reflected, that it
be impoſſible to conceal my
, which would not only ruin
racter I had acquired in the
, but alſo bring the grey hairs
indulgent parent with ſorrow
grave. Rage took poſſeſſion
ſoul; I denounced a thouſand
ations, and formed as many
s of revenge againſt the trai-
e had undone me! Then my
' reſentment would ſubſide to ſilent ſor-
' row: I recalled the tranquillity I had
' loſt, I wept over my infatuation, and
' ſometimes a ray of hope would in-
' tervene, and for a moment chear my
' drooping heart; I would revolve all
' the favourable circumſtances of his
' character, repeat the vows he made,
' aſcribe his abſence to the vigilance of
' a ſuſpicious father, who compelled
' him to a match his ſoul abhorred,
' and comfort myſelf with the expecta-
' tion of ſeeing him before the thing
' ſhould be brought to any terms of
' agreement. But how vain was my
' imagination! The villain left me
' without remorſe, and in a few days
' the news of his marriage were ſpread
' all over the country. My horror
' was then inconceivable; and had not
' the deſire of revenge diverted the re-
' ſolution, I ſhould infallibly have put
' an end to my miſerable life. My
' father obſerved the ſymptoms of my
' deſpair; and though I have good rea-
' ſon to believe he gueſſed the cauſe,
' was at a great deal of pains to ſeem
' ignorant of my affliction, while he
' endeavoured with paternal fondneſs
' to alleviate my diſtreſs. I ſaw his
' concern, which increaſed my anguiſh,
' and raiſed my fury againſt the author
' of my calamity to an implacable de-
' gree. Having furniſhed myſelf with
' a little money, I made an elopement
' from this unhappy parent in the
' night time, and about break of day,
' arrived at a ſmall town, from whence
' a ſtage-coach ſet out for London, in
' which I embarked, and next day
' alighted in town; the ſpirit of re-
' venge having ſupported me all the
' way againſt every other reflection.
' My firſt care was to hire a lodging, in
' which I kept myſelf very retired, hav-
' ing aſſumed a feigned name, that my
' character and ſituation might be the
' better concealed. It was not long
' before I found out the houſe of my
' raviſher, whither I immediately re-
' paired in a tranſport of rage, deter-
' mined to act ſome deſperate deed for
' the ſatisfaction of my deſpair, though
' the hurry of my ſpirits would not
' permit me to concert or reſolve upon
' a particular plan. When I demand-
' ed admiſſion to Lothario, (ſo let me
' call him) I was deſired to ſend up
' my name and buſineſs; but this I
' refuſed, telling the porter I had buſi-

'ness for his master's private ear; upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request. There I remained about a quarter of an hour, when a servant entered, and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time. My temper could hold out no longer: I pulled a poignard from my bosom, where I had concealed it, and rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming, "Where is this perfidious villain! could I once plunge "this dagger into his false heart, I "should then die satisfied." The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who hearing my threats, came forwards to the stair-case to see what was the matter. I was seized, disarmed, and witheld by two footmen; and in this situation felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife. I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated; but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paultry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition; and informed me that my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion; that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to Bedlam; but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, having first ordered that I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply, than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair; but this (she told me) could not be done without her master's consent: which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage; and I believe it is well for my conscience that Heaven thus disposed of my burden; for let me own to you, with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my phrenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm: when one day, my landlady informed me that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways; and before I came to any determination, he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent. I surveyed him some time, and not being able to recollect his face, demanded with a faltering accent, what his business was with me. Upon which, he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bid the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth; that from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a detestation for the author of them; which had of late been increased and enflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him; that hearing of my melancholy situation, he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which he hoped I should see no reason to refuse. Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal. The contract was made; he devoted himself

to

revenge, undertook to murder rio that very night, and to me an account of his death be- norning. Accordingly, about f the clock, he was introduced chamber, and aſſured me my ious lover was no more; that al- h he was not entitled to ſuch an rable proceeding, he had fair- allenged him to the field, where braided him with his treachery ds me, for whom (he told me) word was drawn, and after a aſſes lay weltering in his blood. ſo ſavaged by my wrongs, that ghted in the recital of this ad- re, made him repeat the parti- s, feaſted my eyes with the blood remained on his cloaths and l, and yielded up my body as a pence for the ſervice he had me. My imagination was ſo lled with theſe ideas, that in my I dreamed Lothario appeared e me, pale, mangled, and bloody, d my raſhneſs, proteſted his ence, and pleaded his own cauſe hetically, that I was convinced s fidelity, and waked in a fit of r and remorſe. My bed-fellow voured to ſoothe, conſole, and ade me that I had but barely juſtice to myſelf. I dropt aſleep , and the ſame apparition re- d to my fancy. In ſhort, I the night in great miſery, and d upon my avenger with ſuch rence, that in the morning, per- g my averſion, he inſinuated was ſtill a poſſibility of Lotha- recovery; it was true, he left wounded on the ground, but uite dead; and perhaps his hurts not be mortal. At theſe words ted up, bade him fly for intel- e, and if he could not bring dings of Lothario's ſafety, at conſult his own, and never re- for I was reſolved to ſurrender f to juſtice, and declare all that w of the affair, that, if poſſible, ght expiate my own guilt, by ing the rigours of a ſincere re- nce and ignominious death. He oolly repreſented the unreaſon- ſs of my prejudice againſt him, ad done nothing but what his f me inſpired, and honour juſti- hat now he had, at the riſk of his een ſubſervient to my revenge, 'I was about to diſcard him, as an in- 'famous agent occaſionally neceſſary; 'and that even if he ſhould be ſo lucky 'as to bring news of Lothario's ſafety, 'it was probable my former reſent- 'ment might revive, and I would up- 'braid him with having failed in his 'undertaking. I aſſured him that, on 'the contrary, he ſhould be dearer to 'me than ever, as I then ſhould be 'convinced he acted more on the prin- 'ciples of a man of honour, than on 'thoſe of a mercenary aſſaſſin, and 'ſcorned to take away the life of an 'adverſary (how inveterate ſoever) 'which fortune had put in his power. "Well then, Madam," ſaid he, "what- "ever may have happened, I ſhall find "it no difficult matter to acquit my- "ſelf in point of honour." And took 'his leave in order to enquire into the 'conſequences of his duel. I was now 'more ſenſible than ever of the degrees 'of guilt and miſery; all the affliction 'I had ſuffered hitherto was owing to 'my own credulity and weakneſs, and 'my conſcience could not accuſe me 'of venial crimes; but now that I 'looked upon myſelf as a murderer, it 'is impoſſible to expreſs the terrors of 'my imagination, which was inceſ- 'ſantly haunted by the image of the 'deceaſed, and my boſom ſtung with 'the moſt exquiſite agonies, of which 'I ſaw no end. At length Horatio '(for ſo I ſhall call my keeper) re- 'turned, and telling me I had nothing 'to fear, delivered into my hands a 'billet, containing theſe words.

"MADAM,

"AS I underſtand it is of conſe- "quence to your peace, I take "this liberty to inform you, that the "wounds received from Horatio are "not mortal. This ſatisfaction my "humanity could not deny, even to "a perſon who has endeavoured to "diſturb the repoſe, as well as deſtroy "the life, of

"LOTHARIO."

'Being well acquainted with this 'hand, I had no reaſon to ſuſpect an 'impoſition in this letter, which I read 'over and over with a tranſport of joy, 'and careſſed Horatio ſo much, that 'he appeared the happieſt man alive. 'Thus was I won from deſpair by the

'menaces

'menaces of a greater misfortune than 'that which depressed me. Griefs are 'like usurpers, the most powerful de-'poses all the rest. But my raptures 'were not lasting; that very letter, 'which in a manner re established my 'tranquillity, in a little time banished 'my peace. His unjust reproaches, 'while they waked my resentment, 'recalled my former happiness, and 'filled my soul with rage and sorrow. 'Horatio perceiving the situation of 'my mind, endeavoured to divert my 'chagrin, by treating me with all the 'amusements and entertainments of 'the town. I was gratified with every 'indulgence I could desire; intro-'duced into the company of other 'kept-mistresses, by whom an uncom-'mon deference was paid to me; and 'I began to lose all remembrance of 'my former condition, when an ac-'cident brought it back to my view, 'with all it's interesting circumstances. 'Diverting myself one day with some 'newspapers, which I had not before 'perused, the following advertisement 'attracted my attention.

"WHEREAS a young gentlewoman "disappeared from her father's house, "in the county of ——, about the "end of September, on account (as "is supposed) of some uneasiness of "mind, and has not been as yet heard "of: whoever will give any informa-"tion about her to Mr. —— of Gray's "Inn, shall be handsomely rewarded; "or if she will return to the arms of "her disconsolate parent, she will be "received with the utmost tenderness, "whatever reason she may have to "think otherwise, and may be the "means of prolonging the life of a "father, already weighed down al-"most to the grave with age and "sorrow."

'This pathetick remonstrance had 'such an effect on me, that I was fully 'resolved to return, like the prodigal 'son, and implore the forgiveness of 'him who gave me life: but, alas! 'upon enquiry, I found he had paid 'his debt to nature a month before, 'lamenting my absence to his last hour; 'having left his fortune to a stranger, 'as a mark of his resentment of my 'unkind and undutiful behaviour. 'Penetrated with remorse on this oc-'casion, I sunk into the most 'found melancholy, and consi 'myself as the immediate cause 'death. I lost all relish for com 'and, indeed, most of my acquain 'no sooner perceived my chan 'temper, than they abandoned 'Horatio, disgusted at my insi 'lity, or (which is more prob 'cloyed with possession, became 'and colder every day, till at l 'left me altogether, without m 'any apology for his conduct, 'curing me against the misery 'want, as a man of honour ou 'have done, considering the sh 'had in my ruin; for I after 'learned that the quarrel betwee 'thario and him was a story tru 'up to rid the one of my impo 'ties, and give the other the 'ment of my persons which, it 'he lusted after, upon seeing me 'house of my seducer. Redu 'this extremity, I cursed my ow 'plicity, uttered horrid imprec 'against the treachery of H 'and as I became every day mo 'more familiarized to the loss 'nocence, resolved to be reveng 'the sex in general, by practisin 'own arts upon themselves. 'was an opportunity long wa 'an old gentlewoman, under pr 'of sympathizing, visited me, an 'having condoled me on my m 'tunes, and professed a distin 'friendship, began to display 'of her occupation, in encomiu 'my beauty, and invectives agai 'wretch who had forsaken m 'sinuating withal that it would 'own fault if I did not still ma 'fortune by the extraordinary 'fications with which nature ha 'dowed me. I soon understo 'drift, and gave her such enco 'ment to explain herself, that w 'to an agreement immediately 'vide the profits of my prosti 'accruing from such gallants 'should introduce to my acquai 'The first stroke of my dissim 'was practised upon a certain 'to whom I was recommended 'matron, as an innocent creat 'arrived from the country. I 'so transported with my app 'and feigned simplicity, that 'a hundred guineas for the p

'of me for one night only, during 'which I behaved in such a manner, 'as to make him perfectly well pleased 'with his purchase.'

CHAP. XXIII.

SHE IS INTERRUPTED BY A BAILIFF, WHO ARRESTS AND CARRIES HER TO THE MARSHALSEA—I ACCOMPANY HER—BRING WITNESSES TO PROVE SHE IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN THE WRIT—THE BAILIFF IS PAID TO GIVE HER A PRESENT, AND DISCHARGE HER—WE SHIFT OUR LODGING—SHE RESUMES HER STORY, AND ENDS IT—MY REFLECTIONS THEREUPON—SHE MAKES ME ACQUAINTED WITH THE PROGRESS OF A COMMON WOMAN OF THE TOWN—RESOLVES TO QUIT THAT WAY OF LIFE.

HER story was here interrupted by a rap at the door; which I no sooner opened, than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus: 'Ma-'dam, your servant; you must do me 'the favour to come along with me, 'I have got a writ against you.' While the bailiff, for so he was, spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly. This treatment incensed me so much, that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me with a composure of countenance, for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her, but might be very detrimental to myself. Then turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and having perused it, said with a faltering voice, 'I am not the person whose name is 'here mentioned; arrest me at your 'peril.'—'Ay, ay, Madam,' replied the catchpole, 'we shall prove your iden-'tity. In the mean time, whether 'will you be pleased to be carried to 'my house, or to gaol?'—'If I must 'be confined,' said she, 'I would rather 'be in your house than in a common 'gaol.'—'Well, well,' answered he, 'if you have got money in your poc-'ket, you shall be entertained like a 'princess.' But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once. While they waited for the convenience, she took me aside, and bade me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and perhaps gain something by the occasion. Although her discourse was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison; to which proposal, after much entreaty, she consented. When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary, than he cried, 'Ah, hah! my old acquain-'tance Bet! I am glad to see thee with 'all my heart.' So saying, he opened the coach-door, and helped her to dismount, but when he observed her face, he started back, saying, 'Z—ds! who 'have we got here!' The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried with some emotion, 'Who the devil should 'it be, but the prisoner Elizabeth Ca-'ry?' The turnkey replied, 'That 'Elizabeth Cary! I'll be damned if 'that's Elizabeth Cary, more than my 'grandmother. D—n my blood, I 'know Bet Cary as well as if I had 'made her.' Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble. 'It may be 'so,' answered he; 'but by G—d! 'I'll have farther evidence that you 'are not the person, before you and I 'part.'—'Yes, yes,' said she, 'you shall 'have farther evidence to your cost.' Then we adjourned into the lodge, and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately. I found them together at a house in Bridges Street, Drury Lane; and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney-coach without

without heſitation, after I had related the circumſtances of the affair, which flattered them with hopes of ſeeing a bailiff trounced; for there is an antipathy as natural between the whores and bailiffs, as that ſubſiſting between mice and cats. Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the priſoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams, and aſked how long ſhe had been nabbed, and for what. On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to ſwear before a juſtice of peace, that ſhe was not the perſon mentioned in the writ; whom, it ſeems, they all knew: but the bailiff, who was by this time convinced of his miſtake, told them he would not put them to that trouble. 'Ladies,' ſaid he, 'there's 'no harm done; you ſhall give me 'leave to treat you with another bot-'tle, and then we'll part friends.' This propoſal was not at all reliſhed by the ſiſterhood; and Miſs Williams told him, ſure he did not imagine her ſuch a fool, as to be ſatisfied with a paltry glaſs of ſour wine. Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue. 'Well,' continued ſhe, 'that may be; 'but was it the beſt of champaign, it 'is no recompence for the damage I 'have ſuffered both in character and 'health, by being wrongfully dragged 'to gaol. At this rate no innocent 'perſon is ſafe, ſince an officer of juſ-'tice, out of malice, private pique, 'or miſtake, may injure and oppreſs 'the ſubject with impunity; but, 'thank Heaven! I live under the pro-'tection of laws that will not ſuffer 'ſuch inſults to paſs unpuniſhed, and 'I know very well how to procure 'redreſs.' Mr. Vulture, for that was the bailiff's name, finding he had to deal with one who would not be impoſed upon, began to look very ſullen and perplexed, and leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himſelf, which laſted a few minutes, and then broke out in a volley of dreadful curſes againſt the old b—ch our landlady, as he called her, for having miſinformed him. After much wrangling and ſwearing, the matter was referred to the deciſion of the turnkey, who calling for the other bottle, mulcted the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank, hire, and a couple of guineas uſe of the plaintiff. The mo immediately depoſited; Miſs V gratified the two evidences v half, and putting the other pocket, drove home with me, the catchpole grumbling over h yet pleaſed in the main, for h cheaply got clear of a buſin might have coſt him ten times and his place to boot. This was a very ſeaſonable relief to were reduced to great neceſſity my ſhirts, and almoſt all my except thoſe on my back, havi either pawned or ſold for our nance before this happened. reſented the behaviour of our la our firſt care was to provide o with another lodging, whithe moved the next day, with an i to keep ourſelves as retired as until our cure ſhould be com When we were fixed in our ne tation, I intreated her to finiſh ry of her life, which ſhe pur this manner.

'The ſucceſs of our experi 'the j—ge, encouraged us to 'the ſame deceit on others, a 'virginity was five times ſold 'purpoſe: but this harveſt la 'long; my character taking a 'my directreſs deſerting me fo 'new game. Then I took l 'near Charing Croſs, at two 'per week, and began to e 'company in a publick mann 'my income being too ſmall to 'my expence, I was obliged 'treach, and enter into articl 'the porters of certain tavern 'undertook to find employment 'for me, provided I would ſh 'profits with them. Accordi 'was almoſt every night engag 'company, among whom I w 'poſed to every mortification, 'and abuſe, that flow from di 'neſs, brutality, and diſeaſe. 'miſerable is the condition of 'tezan, whoſe buſineſs it is to 'ſuffer, and obey the dictates o 'inſolence, and luſt! As my ſp 'not ſufficiently humbled to th 'nor my temper calculated for t 'verſation of my gallants, it w 'poſſible for me to overcome a 'ſion I felt for my profeſſion,

itſelf in a ſettled gloom
intenance, and diſguſted
of mirth and riot ſo much,
frequently uſed in a ſhock-
r, and kicked down ſtairs
ice. The meſſengers ſee-
agreeable to their benefac-
nployers, ſeldom troubled
call, and I began to find
oft totally neglected. To
towards my ſupport, I
to ſell my watch, rings,
with the beſt part of my
id I was one evening mu-
ſelf, on the miſery before
I received a meſſage from
whither I repaired in a
was introduced to a gentle-
d like an officer, with
pped in a ſumptuous man-
ter drinking a hearty glaſs
ign, went to bed. In the
hen I awoke, I found my
d got up, and drawing
rtain, could not perceive
room. This circumſtance
me uneaſineſs, but as he
retired on ſome neceſſary
waited a full hour for his re-
en in the greateſt perplexi-
nd rung the bell. When the
e to the door, he found it
I deſired admittance, which
after obſerving with great
hat the key remained on
is when we went to bed.
enquired for the captain,
ellow, ſtaring with a diſ-
t, cried, "How, Madam!
-bed?" and when he was
to that particular, ran
adjoining to the chamber,
r of which he found open.
his the adventurer had got
ll, from whence he drop-
nto a court, and eſcaped;
to be anſwerable, not
e reckoning, but alſo for
r tankard and poſſet bowl,
ad carried off with him.
ſible to deſcribe the con-
was under, when I ſaw
ained as a thief's accom-
was looked upon in that
carried before a juſtice,
king my confuſion for a
lt, committed me, after
amination, to Bridewell;
iſed me, as the only means
life, to turn evidence, and
ny confederate. I now

'concluded the vengeance of Heaven
'had overtaken me, and that I muſt
'ſoon finiſh my career by an ignomi-
'nious death. This reflection ſunk
'ſo deep into my ſoul, that I was for
'ſome days deprived of my reaſon, and
'actually believed myſelf in hell, tor-
'mented by fiends: indeed, there needs
'not a very extravagant imagination to
'form that idea; for of all the ſcenes
'on earth, that of Bridewell ap-
'proaches neareſt the notion I had
'always entertained of the infernal
'regions. Here I ſaw nothing but
'rage, anguiſh, and impiety; and
'heard nothing but groans, curſes,
'and blaſphemy. In the midſt of this
'helliſh crew, I was ſubjected to the
'tyranny of a barbarian, who impoſed
'upon me taſks that I could not poſ-
'ſibly perform, and then puniſhed my
'incapacity with the utmoſt rigour
'and inhumanity. I was often whipt
'into a ſwoon, and laſhed out of it;
'during which miſerable intervals, I
'was robbed by my fellow-priſoners
'of every thing about me, even to my
'cap, ſhoes, and ſtockings: I was
'not only deſtitute of neceſſaries, but
'even of food, ſo that my wretched-
'neſs was extreme. Not one of my ac-
'quaintance to whom I imparted my
'ſituation, would grant me the leaſt ſuc-
'cour or regard, on pretence of my be-
'ing committed for theft; and my land-
'lord refuſed to part with ſome of my
'own cloaths, which I ſent for, becauſe
'I was indebted to him for a week's
'lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity,
'I grew deſperate, and reſolved to put
'an end to my grievances and life to-
'gether; for this purpoſe I got up in the
'middle of the night, when I thought
'every body round me aſleep, and fix-
'ing one end of my handkerchief to a
'large hook in the cieling, that ſup-
'ported the ſcales on which the hemp
'is weighed, I ſtood upon a chair, and
'making a nooſe on the other end, put
'my neck into it, with an intention to
'hang myſelf; but before I could ad-
'juſt the knot, I was ſurprized and
'prevented by two women who had
'been awake all the while, and ſu-
'ſpected my deſign. In the morning
'my attempt was publiſhed among the
'priſoners, and puniſhed with thirty
'ſtripes, the pain of which co-opera-
'ting with my diſappointment and
'diſgrace, bereft me of my ſenſes, and
'threw me into an extaſy of madneſs,

'during which I tore the flesh from my 'bones with my teeth, and dashed my 'head against the pavement; so that 'they were obliged to set a watch o-'ver me, to restrain me from doing far-'ther mischief to myself and others. 'This fit of phrenzy continued three 'days, at the end of which I grew 'calm and sullen; but as the desire of 'making away with myself still re-'mained, I came to a determination 'of starving myself to death, and with 'that view refused all sustenance. 'Whether it was owing to the want of 'opposition, or to the weakness of na-'ture, I know not; but on the second 'day of my fast, I found my resolution 'considerably impaired, and the calls 'of hunger almost insupportable. At 'this critical conjuncture, a lady was 'brought into the prison with whom I 'had contracted an acquaintance while 'I lived with Horatio; she was then 'on the same footing as I was, but af-'terwards quarrelling with her gallant, 'and not finding another to her mind, 'altered her scheme of life, and set up 'a coffee-house among the hundreds 'of Drury, where she entertained gen-'tlemen with claret, arrack, and the 'choice of half a dozen of damsels 'who lived in her house. This ser-'viceable matron having neglected to 'gratify a certain j—ce for the conni-'vance she enjoyed, was indicted at 'the quarter sessions, in consequence 'of which her bevy was dispersed, and 'herself committed to Bridewell. She 'had not been long there, before she 'learned my disaster; and coming up 'to me, after a compliment of condo-'lence, enquired into the particulars of 'my fate. While we were engaged in 'discourse together, the master came, 'and told me that the fellow on whose 'account I had suffered was taken; 'that he had confessed the theft, and 'cleared me of any concern in the af-'fair; for which reason he the master, 'had orders to discharge me, and that 'I was from that moment free. This 'piece of news soon banished all 'thoughts of death, and had such an 'instantaneous effect on my counte-'nance, that Mrs. Coupler, (the lady 'then present) hoping to find her ac-'count in me, very generously offered 'to furnish me with what necessaries I 'wanted, and take me into her own 'house, as soon as she could compro-'mise matters with the j—ces. T 'ditions of her offer were, that 'pay three guineas weekly for my 'and a reasonable consideration 'for the use of such cloaths 'naments as she should sup 'with, to be deducted from 'profits of my embraces. Th 'hard terms; but not to be reje 'one who was turned out helpl 'naked into the wide world, wi 'friend to pity or assist her. I th 'embraced her proposal, and sh 'bailed in a few hours, took m 'with her in a coach. As I 'this time conscious of havi 'merly disgusted my admirers 'reserved and haughty behav 'now endeavoured to conqu 'disposition; and the sudden ch 'my fortune giving me a flow of 'I appeared in the most winn 'gay manner I could assume. 'ing the advantage of a goo 'and education, I exerted my 'to the uttermost, and soon bec 'favourite with all company. 'success alarmed the pride a 'lousy of Mrs. Coupler, wh 'not bear the thoughts of bein 'sed: she therefore made a m 'her envy, and whispered am 'customers that I was unsound. 'needed no more to ruin my 'tion, and blast my prosperity 'body shunned me with marks 'sion and disdain, and in a ve 'time I was as solitary as ever. 'of gallants was attended wit 'of money to satisfy my m 'landlady; who having pu 'given me credit to the amount 'ven pounds, took out a writ 'me, and I was arrested in h 'house. Though the room was 'ed with people when the ba 'tered, not one of them had c 'sion enough to mollify my p 'trix, far less to pay the deb 'even laughed at my tears, and 'them bade me be of good che 'I should not want admirers i 'gate. At that instant a sea lie 'came in, and seeing my plight 'to enquire into the circumsta 'my misfortune, when this 'vised him to keep clear of me 'was a fire-ship. "A fire shi 'plied the sailor; "more like 'galley in distress, that ba

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by ſuch a fire-ſhip as you; s that is the caſe, ſhe ſtands ieed of aſſiſtance.—Hark'e, how far have you over-run able?" I told him that the anted to eleven pounds, be- xpence of the writ. "An' all," ſaid he, "you ſhan't bilboes this bout." And t his purſe, paid the money, l the bailiff, and telling me into the wrong port, adviſed ek out a more convenient where I could be ſafely hove or which purpoſe he made ent of five guineas more. touched with this ſingular nerоſity, that for ſome time power to thank him. How- on as I had recollected my- gged the favour of him to ne to the next tavern, where d the nature of my diſaſter, inced him of the falſhood as reported to my prejudice lly, that he from that mo- ched himſelf to me, and we reat harmony together, un- obliged to go to ſea, where d in a ſtorm.

loſt my benefactor, and al- ſumed the remains of his ſaw myſelf in danger of re- to my former neceſſity, and be very uneaſy at the pro- ailiffs and gaols; when one rhood, a little ſtale, adviſed e lodgings in a part of the re I was unknown, and paſs eireſs, by which artifice I ap ſomebody to be my huſ- o would poſſibly be able to an handſome maintenance, ſt ſcreen me from the dread r of a priſon, by becoming whatever debts I ſhould

I approved of this ſcheme, he execution of which my n clubbed her wardrobe, took to live with me in qua- y maid, with the proviſo hould be reimburſed, and ly conſidered out of the pro- y ſucceſs. She was imme- etached to look out for a t place, and that very day genteel apartment in Park hither I moved in a coach th her baggage and my own. y firſt appearance in a blue

'riding-habit trimmed with ſilver; and 'my maid acted her part ſo artfully, 'that in a day or two my fame was 'ſpread all over the neighbourhood, 'and I was ſaid to be a rich heireſs 'juſt arrived from the country. This 'report brought a ſwarm of gay young 'fellows about me; but I ſoon found 'them out to be all indigent adventurers 'like myſelf, who crouded to me like 'crows to a carrion, with a view of 'preying upon my fortune. I main- 'tained, however, the appearance of 'wealth as long as poſſible, in hopes of 'gaining ſome admirer more for my 'purpoſe; and at length attracted the 'regard of one who would have ſatis- 'fied my wiſhes; and managed matters 'ſo well, that a day was actually fixed 'for our nuptials. In the interim, he 'begged leave to introduce an intimate 'friend to me; which requeſt, as I 'could not refuſe, I had the extreme 'mortification and ſurprize, to ſee next 'night, in that friend, my old keeper 'Horatio; who no ſooner beheld me, 'than he changed colour, but had 'preſence of mind to advance and ſa- 'lute me, bidding me, with a low 'voice, be under no apprehenſion, for 'he would not expoſe me. In ſpite of 'this aſſurance, I could not recover 'myſelf ſo far as to entertain them, 'but withdrew to my chamber on pre- 'tence of a ſevere head-ache, to the no 'ſmall concern of my adorer, who took 'his leave in the tendereſt manner, and 'went off with his friend.

'Having imparted my ſituation to 'my companion, ſhe found it high 'time for us to decamp, and that 'without any noiſe, becauſe we were 'not only indebted to our landlady, 'but alſo to ſeveral tradeſmen in the 'neighbourhood. Our retreat, there- 'fore, was concerted and executed 'in this manner: having packed up 'all our cloaths and moveables in ſmall 'parcels, ſhe (on pretence of fetching 'cordials for me) carried them, at ſeve- 'ral times, to the houſe of an ac- 'quaintance, where ſhe likewiſe pro- 'cured a lodging; to which we re- 'tired in the middle of the night, 'when every other body in the houſe 'was aſleep. I was now obliged to 'aim at lower game, and accordingly 'ſpread my nets among trades people; 'but found them all too phlegmatic 'or cautious for my art and attrac-

tions; till at laſt I became acquainted with you, on whom I practiſed all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burden of ſuch debts as I had incurred, or ſhould contract, from myſelf to another, and at the ſame time avenge myſelf of your ſex, by rendering miſerable one who bore ſuch reſemblance to the wretch who ruined me: but Heaven preſerved you from my ſnares, by the diſcovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber-door unlocked, when ſhe went to buy ſugar for breakfaſt. The perſon in bed with me was a gentleman whom I had allured the night before as he walked homeward pretty much elevated with liquor; for by this time my condition was ſo low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight to the ſtreets, in hopes of prey. When I found myſelf detected and forſaken by you, I was fain to move my lodgings, and dwell two pair of ſtairs higher than before. My companion being diſappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other reſource, than to venture forth, like the owls, in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable ſubſiſtence. I have often ſauntered between Ludgate Hill and Charing Croſs, a whole winter-night, expoſed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewiſe to the rage of hunger and thirſt, without being ſo happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret, in a deplorable, draggled condition, ſneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and ſorrows in ſleep. When I lighted on ſome rake or tradeſman reeling home drunk, I frequently ſuffered the moſt brutal treatment, in ſpite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good-humour, though my ſoul was ſtung with reſentment and diſdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction. In the courſe of theſe nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the diſeaſe, that in a ſhort time rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat where your benevolence reſcued me from the jaws of death.'

So much candour and good-ſenſe appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no ſcruple of believing every ſyllable of what ſhe had ſaid; and expreſſed my aſtoniſhment at the variety of miſeries ſhe had undergone, in ſo little time; for all her misfortunes had happened within the compaſs of two years. I compared her ſituation with my own, and found it a thouſand times more wretched: I had endured hardſhips, 'tis true; my whole life had been a ſeries of ſuch; and when I looked forward, the proſpect was not much bettered; but then they were become habitual to me, and conſequently I could bear them with leſs difficulty. If one ſcheme of life ſhould not ſucceed, I could have recourſe to another, and ſo to a third, veering about to a thouſand different ſhifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character, beyond a power of retrieving it, or ſubjecting myſelf wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, ſhe had known and reliſhed the ſweets of proſperity; ſhe had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her ſex and rank entitled her; and without any extravagance of hope, entertained herſelf with the view of uninterrupted happineſs through the whole ſcene of life. How fatal, then, how tormenting, how intolerable, muſt her reverſe of fortune be! a reverſe, that not only robs her of theſe external comforts, and plunges her into all the miſeries of want, but alſo murders her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curſe of eternal infamy! Of all profeſſions, I pronounced that of a courtezan the moſt deplorable; and her, of all courtezans, the moſt unhappy. She allowed my obſervation to be juſt in the main, but at the ſame time affirmed, that notwithſtanding the diſgraces which had fallen to her ſhare, ſhe had not been ſo unlucky in the condition of a proſtitute as many others of the ſame community. 'I have often ſeen,' ſaid ſhe, 'while I ſtrolled about the 'ſtreets at midnight, a number of 'naked wretches, reduced to rags and 'filth, huddled together like ſwine, in 'the corner of a dark alley; ſome of 'whom, but eighteen months before, 'I had known the favourites of the 'town, rolling in affluence, and glit-

'tering

'tering in all the pomp of equipage 'and dreſs.' And indeed the gradation is eaſily conceived: the moſt faſhionable woman of the town is as liable to contagion as one in a much humbler ſphere; ſhe infects her admirers, her ſituation is publick; ſhe is avoided, neglected, unable to ſupport her uſual appearance, which however ſhe ſtrives to maintain as long as poſſible; her credit fails, ſhe is obliged to retrench, and become a night-walker; her malady gains ground, ſhe tampers with her conſtitution, and ruins it; her complexion fades, ſhe grows nauſeous to every body, finds herſelf reduced to a ſtarving condition, is temped to pick pockets, is detected, committed to Newgate, where ſhe remains in a miſerable condition, till ſhe is diſcharged becauſe the plaintiff will not appear to proſecute her. Nobody will afford her lodging, the ſymptoms of her diſtemper are grown outrageous, ſhe ſues to be admitted into an hoſpital, where ſhe is cured at the expence of her noſe; ſhe is turned out naked into the ſtreets, depends upon the addreſſes of the loweſt claſs, is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin, degenerates into a brutal inſenſibility, rots and dies upon a dunghill. 'Miſerable wretch that I am, perhaps 'the ſame horrors are decreed for me! '—No,' cried ſhe, after ſome pauſe, 'I ſhall never live to ſuch an extremity 'of diſtreſs! my own hand ſhall open 'a way for my deliverance, before I 'arrive at that forlorn period!' Her condition filled me with ſympathy and compaſſion; I revered her qualifications, looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal, and attended her with ſuch care and ſucceſs, that in leſs than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thouſand different projects were formed, which upon farther canvaſſing appeared impracticable. We would have gladly gone to ſervice; but who would take us in without a recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which ſhe intended to lay hold; and this was, to procure with the firſt money ſhe could earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to ſome village at a good diſtance from town, and come up in a waggon, as a freſh girl for ſervice; by which means ſhe might be provided for in a manner much more ſuitable to her inclination, than her preſent way of life.

CHAP. XXIV.

I AM REDUCED TO GREAT MISERY —ASSAULTED ON TOWER-HILL BY A PRESS GANG, WHO PUT ME ON BOARD A TENDER—MY USAGE THERE—MY ARRIVAL ON BOARD OF THE THUNDER MAN OF WAR, WHERE I AM PUT IN IRONS, AND AFTERWARDS RELEASED BY THE GOOD OFFICES OF MR. THOMSON, WHO RECOMMENDS ME AS ASSISTANT TO THE SURGEON—HE RELATES HIS OWN STORY, AND MAKES ME ACQUAINTED WITH THE CHARACTERS OF THE CAPTAIN, SURGEON, AND FIRST MATE.

I Applauded the reſolution of Miſs Williams; who, a few days after, was hired, in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witneſſed in her behalf at the Marſhalſea, and who ſince that time had got credit with a wine-merchant, whoſe favourite ſhe was, to ſet up a convenient houſe of her own. Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me with a torrent of tears, and a thouſand proteſtations of eternal gratitude; aſſuring me, ſhe would remain in this ſituation no longer than ſhe ſhould pick up money ſufficient to put her other deſign in execution.

As for my own part, I ſaw no reſource but the army and navy, between which I heſitated ſo long that I found myſelf reduced to a ſtarving condition. My ſpirit began to accommodate itſelf to my beggarly fate, and I became ſo mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to enquire for an old ſchool-fellow, who (I underſtood) had got the command of a ſmall coaſting-veſſel, then in the river, and implore his aſſiſtance. But my deſtiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for as I croſſed Tower Wharf, a ſquat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his ſide, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, 'Yo, ho! brother, 'you muſt come along with me.' As I did not like his appearance, inſtead

of

of anſwering his ſalutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myſelf of his company; upon which he whiſtled aloud, and immediately another ſailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being of a humour to reliſh ſuch treatment, I diſengaged myſelf of the aſſailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionleſs on the ground; and perceiving myſelf ſurrounded in a trice, by ten or a dozen more, exerted myſelf with ſuch dexterity and ſucceſs, that ſome of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlaſſes; and after an obſtinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was diſarmed, taken priſoner, and carried on board a preſſing tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thruſt down into the hold, among a parcel of miſerable wretches, the ſight of whom well nigh diſtracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dreſſed, and I could not uſe my own hands, I deſired one of my fellow captives who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to ſtop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, tis true, but inſtead of applying it to the uſe for which I deſigned it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and, with aſtoniſhing compoſure, ſold it before my face to a bum-boat woman *, then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardleſs of my circumſtances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery, to the midſhipman on deck, telling him at the ſame time, that unleſs my hurts were dreſſed, I ſhould bleed to death. But compaſſion was a weakneſs of which no man could juſtly accuſe this perſon; who, ſquirting a mouthful of diſſolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me, I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned. Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this uſage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter ſeaſon. In the mean time, loſs of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noiſome ſtench of the place, to throw me into a ſwoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the noſe, adminiſtered by the tar who ſtood centinel over us, who at the ſame time regaled me with a draught of ſlip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I ſhould be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no ſooner heard him name the Thunder, than I aſked, if he had belonged to that ſhip long; and he giving me to underſtand he had belonged to her five years, I enquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling. 'Know Lieutenant Bow-'ling,' ſaid he; 'odds my life! and 'that I do; and a good ſeaman he is, 'as ever ſtept upon forecaſtle, and a 'brave fellow as ever crackt biſket; 'none of your guinea pigs, nor your 'freſh water, withy waſhy, fair weather fowls. Many a taught gale of 'wind has honeſt Tom Bowling and 'I weathered together. Here's his 'health with all my heart, wherever 'he is, a-loft or a-low, in heaven or 'in hell, all's one for that—he needs 'not be aſhamed to ſhew himſelf.' I was ſo much affected with this eulogium, that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinſman; in conſequence of which connection he expreſſed an inclination to ſerve me, and when he was relieved, brought ſome cold boiled beef in a platter, and biſcuit, on which we ſupped plentifully, and afterwards drank another cann of ſlip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ſhip's company, and pitied for the misfortune that happened to him in Hiſpaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not ſo great as I imagined; for Captain Oakhum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ſhip. Having, by accident, in my pocket, my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I give it my benefactor, whoſe name was Jack Rattlin, for his peruſal; but honeſt Jack told me frankly he could not read, and deſired to know the contents; which I immediately commu-

* A bum-boat woman is one who ſells bread, cheeſe, greens, liquour, and freſh proviſions, to the ſailors, in a ſmall boat that lies along-ſide the ſhip.

nicated.

when he heard that part of
hich he ſays he had writ to
lord in Deal, he cried, 'Body
, that was old Ben Block! he
lead before the letter came to
Ey, ey, had Ben been alive,
:nant Bowling would have had
:aſion to ſculk ſo long. Honeſt
was the firſt man that taught
hand, reef, and ſteer. Well,
we muſt all die, that's certain;
oft all come to port, ſooner or
at ſea or on ſhore; we muſt
moored one day; death's like
ſt bower anchor, as the ſaying
will bring us all up.' I could
ſignify my approbation of the
of Jack's reflections; and en-
nto the occaſion of the quarrel
Captain Oakhum, and my
which he explained in this man-
Captain Oakhum, to be ſure,
ood man enough; beſides, he's
mmander; but what's that to
I do my duty, and value no
anger of a rope's end. Now
:port goes, as how he's a lord's
on knight's brother, whereby,
ee me, he carries a ſtrait arm,
:eeps aloof from his officers,
may hap, they may be as good
in the main as he. Now we
at anchor in Tuberoon Bay,
enant Bowling had the middle
, and as he always kept a good
out, he made, d'ye ſee, three
in the offing, whereby he ran
to the great cabin for orders,
ound the captain aſleep; where-
he waked him, which put him
nain high paſſion, and he ſwore
dily at the lieutenant, and call-
n louſy Scotch ſon of a whore,
I being then centinel in the
ge, heard all) and ſwab, and
r, whereby the lieutenant re-
d the ſalute, and they jawed
her fore and aft a good ſpell,
t laſt the captain turned out,
aying hold of a rattan, came
urt Mr. Bowling's quarter;
:by he told the captain, that if
is not his commander, he would
him over-board, and demanded
ſfaction aſhore; whereby in the
ng watch, the captain went
in the pinnace, and afterwards
eutenant carried the cutter a-
and ſo they, leaving the boats
on their oars, went away to-

'gether; and ſo, d'ye ſee, in leſs
'than a quarter of an hour we heard
'firing, whereby we made for the
'place, and found the captain lying
'wounded on the beach, and ſo brought
'him on board to the doctor, who
'cured him in leſs than ſix weeks.
'But the lieutenant clapt on all the
'ſail he could bear, and had got far
'enough a-head before we knew any
'thing of the matter; ſo that we could
'never after get ſight of him, for which
'we were not ſorry, becauſe the cap-
'tain was mainly wroth, and would
'certainly have done him a miſchief;
'for he afterwards cauſed him to be
'run on the ſhip's books, whereby he
'loſt all his pay, and if he ſhould
'be taken, would be tried as a deſer-
'ter.'

This account of the captain's behaviour gave me no advantageous idea of his character, and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had ſubjected me to ſuch a commander. However, making a virtue of neceſſity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was with the other preſſed men put on board of the Thunder lying at the Nore. When we came along-ſide, the mate who guarded us thither, ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the eaſier; this circumſtance being perceived by ſome of the company who ſtood upon the gang-boards to ſee us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was buſied in doing this friendly office for me, 'Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have 'you boarded in the river as you came 'along? Have we not thieves enow 'among us already?' Another, obſerving my wounds, which remained expoſed to the air, told me my ſeams were uncaulked, and that I muſt be new payed. A third, ſeeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were into diſtinct cords, took notice that my bows were manned with the red ropes inſtead of my ſide. A fourth aſked me if I could not keep my yard ſquare without iron braces. And, in ſhort, a thouſand wittieiſms of the ſame nature were paſſed upon me, before I could get up the ſhip's ſide. After we had been all entered upon the ſhip's books, I enquired of one of my ſhip-mates where the ſurgeon was, that I might have my wounds dreſſed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck,

(for

(for our ſhip carried eighty guns) in my way to the cock-pit, when I was met by the ſame midſhipman who had uſed me ſo barbarouſly in the tender: he ſeeing me free from my chains, aſked, with an inſolent air, who had releaſed me. To this queſtion I fooliſhly anſwered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the ſtate of my thoughts, 'Whoever did it, I am perſuaded, did not conſult you in the affair.' I had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than he cried, 'Damn you, you ſaucy ſon of a bitch, I'll teach you to talk ſo to your officer.' So ſaying, he beſtowed on me ſeveral ſevere ſtripes with a ſupple-jack he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made ſuch a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons by the maſter at arms, and a centinel placed over me. Honeſt Rattlin, as ſoon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and adminiſtered all the conſolation he could, and then went to the ſurgeon in my behalf, who ſent one of his mates to dreſs my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomſon, with whom I became acquainted at the Navy Office, as before-mentioned. If I knew him at firſt ſight, it was not eaſy for him to recognize me, diſfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the miſery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he ſurveyed me with looks of compaſſion, and handled my ſores with great tenderneſs. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I aſked him if my misfortunes had diſguiſed me ſo much, that he could not recollect my face. Upon this addreſs, he obſerved me with great earneſtneſs for ſome time, and at length proteſted he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in ſuſpenſe, I told him my name; which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and profeſſed his ſorrow in ſeeing me in ſuch a diſagreeable ſituation. I made him acquainted with my ſtory, and when he heard how inhumanly I had been uſed in the tender, he left me abruptly, aſſuring me I ſhould ſee him again ſoon. I had ſcarce time to wonder at his ſudden departure, when the maſter at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck, where I was examined by the firſt lieutenant who commanded the ſhip in the abſence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midſhipman, who was preſent to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but ſince my being on board the ſhip, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppreſſor, I was diſcharged from confinement to make way for him, who was delivered to the maſter at arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only ſatisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the requeſt of the ſurgeon, exempted from all other duty, than that of aſſiſting his mates in making and adminiſtering medicines to the ſick. This good office I owed to the friendſhip of Mr. Thomſon, who had repreſented me in ſuch a favourable light to the ſurgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to ſupply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomſon carried me down to the cock-pit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the ſurgeon's mates: and when he had ſhewn me their birth, as he called it, I was filled with aſtoniſhment and horror. We deſcended by divers ladders to a ſpace as dark as a dungeon, which I underſtood was immerſed ſeveral feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no ſooner approached this diſmal gulph, than my noſe was ſaluted with an intolerable ſtench of putrified cheeſe and rancid butter, that iſſued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, reſembling a chandler's ſhop; where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, ſitting behind a kind of deſk, having ſpectacles on his noſe, and a pen in his hand. This, I learned of Mr. Thomſon, was the ſhip's ſteward, who ſat there to diſtribute proviſion to the ſeveral meſſes, and to mark what each received. He therefore preſented my name to him, and deſired I might be entered in his meſs; then taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his reſidence, which was a ſquare of about ſix feet, ſurrounded with the medicine-cheſt, that of the firſt mate, his own, and a board by way of table faſtened to the after-powder-room; it was alſo incloſed with canvas nailed round to the

the beams of the ſhip, to ſcreen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midſhipmen and quarter-maſters, who lodged within the cable tiers on each ſide of us In this gloomy manſion, he entertained me with ſome cold ſalt pork, which he brought from a ſort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the meſs, ſent for a cann of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my ſpirits, which had been exceedingly depreſſed with the appearance of every thing about me, and could no longer refrain from aſking the particulars of Mr. Thomſon's fortune, ſince I had ſeen him in London. He told me that, being diſappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious ſ—t—ry at the Navy Office, he found himſelf utterly unable to ſubſiſt any longer in town, and had actually offered his ſervice, in quality of mate, to the ſurgeon of a merchant's ſhip bound to Guinea on the ſlaving trade; when one morning, a young fellow, of whom he had ſome acquaintance, came to his lodgings, and informed him, that he had ſeen a warrant made out in his name at the Navy Office, for ſurgeon's ſecond mate of a third rate. This unexpected piece of good news he could ſcarcely believe to be true; more eſpecially, as he had been found qualified at Surgeon's Hall for third mate only; but that he might not be wanting to himſelf, he went thither to be aſſured, and actually found it ſo. Whereupon, demanding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths adminiſtered immediately. That very afternoon, he went to Graveſend in the tilt boat, from whence he took a place in the tide-coach for Rocheſter; next morning got on board the Thunder, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the ſame day was muſtered by the clerk of the checque. And well it was for him, that ſuch expedition was uſed; for in leſs than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomſon came on board, affirming that he was the perſon for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impoſtor. My friend was grievouſly alarmed at this accident; the more ſo, as his nameſake had very much the advantage over him, both in aſſurance and dreſs. However, to acquit himſelf of the ſuſpicion of impoſture, he produced ſeveral letters written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all preſent that he had not aſſumed a name which did not belong to him. His competitor, enraged that they ſhould heſitate in doing him juſtice, (for, to be ſure, the warrant had been deſigned for him) behaved with ſo much indecent heat, that the commanding officer, (who was the ſame gentleman I had ſeen) and the ſurgeon, who were offended at his preſumption, and making a point of it with their friends in town, in leſs than a week got the firſt confirmed in his ſtation. 'I have been on board,' ſaid he, 'ever ſince, and as this way of 'life is become familiar to me, have 'no cauſe to complain of my ſituation. 'The ſurgeon is a good-natured indo-'lent man; the firſt mate, who is now 'on ſhore on duty, is indeed a little 'proud and cholerick, as all Welchmen 'are, but in the main, a friendly ho-'neſt fellow. The lieutenants I have 'no concern with; and as for the 'captain, he is too much of a gentle-'man to know a ſurgeon's mate even 'by ſight.'

CHAP. XXV.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. MORGAN—HIS PRIDE, DISPLEASURE, AND GENEROSITY—THE OECONOMY OF OUR MESS DESCRIBED—THOMSON'S FARTHER FRIENDSHIP—THE NATURE OF MY DUTY EXPLAINED—THE SITUATION OF THE SICK.

WHILE he was thus diſcourſing to me, we heard a voice on the cockpit-ladder, pronounce with great vehemence, in a ſtrange dialect, 'The devil and his dam blow me from 'the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to 'him before there is ſomething in my 'pelly; let his noſe be as yellow as 'ſaffron, or as plue as a pell, look you, 'or green as a leek, 'tis all one.' To this declaration ſomebody anſwered, 'So it ſeems my poor meſs-mate 'muſt part his cable for want of a lit-

cured credit for me with the purſer for a mattraſs and two blankets. At ſeven o'clock in the evening Morgan viſited the ſick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I aſſiſted Thomſon in making up his preſcriptions: but when I followed him with the medicines into the ſick birth or hoſpital, and obſerved the ſituation of the patients, I was much leſs ſurprized that people ſhould die on board, than tha any ſick perſon ſhould recover. Here I ſaw about fifty miſerable diſtempered wretches, ſuſpended in rows, ſo huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches ſpace was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day, as well as of freſh air; breathing nothing but a noiſome atmoſphere of the morbid ſteams exhaling from their own excrements and diſeaſed bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that ſurrounded them, and deſtitute of every convenience neceſſary for people in that helpleſs condition.

CHAP. XXVI.

A DISAGREEABLE ACCIDENT HAPPENS TO ME IN THE DISCHARGE OF MY OFFICE—MORGAN'S NOSE IS OFFENDED—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND THE SHIP'S STEWARD—UPON EXAMINATION I FIND MORE CAUSES OF COMPLAINT THAN ONE—MY HAIR IS CUT OFF—MORGAN'S COOKERY—THE MANNER OF SLEEPING ON BOARD—I AM WAKED IN THE NIGHT BY A DREADFUL NOISE.

I Could not comprehend how it was poſſible for the attendants to come near thoſe who hung on the inſide towards the ſides of the ſhip, in order to aſſiſt them, as they ſeemed barricadoed by thoſe who lay on the outſide, and entirely out of the reach of all viſitation. Much leſs could I conceive how my friend Thomſon would be able to adminiſter clyſters, that were ordered for ſome in that ſituation; when I ſaw him thruſt his wig in his pocket, and ſtrip himſelf to his waiſtcoat in a moment, then creep on all four, under the hammocks of the ſick, and forcing *up his bare pate* between two, keep them *aſunder with one ſhoulder*, until he had done his duty. Eager to learn the ſervice, I deſired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and he conſenting, I undreſſed myſelf after his example, and crawling along, the ſhip happened to roll; this motion alarming me, I laid hold of the firſt thing that came within my graſp, with ſuch violence, that I overturned it, and ſoon found by the ſmell that iſſued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the moſt delicious perfume; it was well for me that my noſe was none of the moſt delicate, elſe I know not how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffuſed itſelf all over the ſhip, to the utter diſcompoſure of every body who tarried on the ſame deck; neither was the conſequence of this diſgrace confined to my ſenſe of ſmelling only; for I felt my misfortune more ways than one. That I might not however appear altogether diſconcerted in this my firſt eſſay, I got up; and puſhing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greateſt reſiſtance was, I made an opening indeed, but not underſtanding the knack of dexterouſly turning my ſhoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myſelf ſtuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each ſide of my neck, ſo that I was in danger of ſtrangulation. While I remained in this defenceleſs poſture, one of the ſick men, rendered peeviſh by his diſtemper, was ſo enraged at the ſmell I had occaſioned, and the rude ſhock he had received from me in my elevation, that with many bitter reproaches he ſeized me by the noſe, which he tweaked ſo unmercifully that I roared with anguiſh. Thomſon perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my aſſiſtance, who with much difficulty diſengaged me from this ſituation, and hindered me from taking vengeance on the ſick man, whoſe indiſpoſition would not have ſcreened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our miniſtry for that time, we deſcended to the cockpit, my friend comforting me for what had happened with a homely proverb, which I do not chuſe to repeat. When we had deſcended half-way down the ladder, Mr. Morgan before

ſaw us, having intelligence by of the approach of ſomething inary, cried, 'Cot have mercy ny ſenſes! I believe the enemy arded us in a ſtink-pot!' Then his diſcourſe to the ſteward, hom he imagined the odour d, he reprimanded him ſeverely freedoms he took among gen- of birth, and threatened to im like a padger with ſulphur, er ſhould preſume to offend his urs with ſuch ſmells for the The ſteward, conſcious of innocence, replied with ſome , 'I know of no ſmells but of your own making.' This introduced a ſmart dialogue, the Welchman undertook to hat though the ſtench he com- of did not flow from the ſtew- vn body, he was nevertheleſs nor of it, by ſerving out da- proviſions to the ſhip's com- and in particular, putrified from the uſe of which only, he , ſuch unſavoury ſteams could Then he launched out into the good cheeſe, of which he gave yſis; he explained the different of that commodity, with the s practiſed to make and preſerve concluded with obſerving, that ng good cheeſe, the county of gan might vie with Cheſhire it- d was much ſuperior to it in duce of goats and putter. I d from this converſation, that tered in my preſent pickle, I e no welcome gueſt, and there- red Mr. Thomſon to go before, reſent my calamity; at which mate expreſſing ſome concern, pon deck immediately, taking through the cable tire, and by n hatchway, to avoid encoun- ne; deſiring me to clean myſelf as poſſible, for he intended to himſelf with a diſh of ſalma- and a pipe. Accordingly I ſet his diſagreeable buſineſs, and und I had more cauſes of com- han I at firſt imagined; for I d ſome gueſts had honoured me eir company, whoſe viſit I did ll think ſeaſonable; neither did em inclined to leave me in a for they were in poſſeſſion of ef quarters, where they *fed t reſerve at the expence of my* blood. But conſidering it would be much eaſier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their ſettlement, than after they ſhould be multiplied and naturalized to the ſoil, I took the advice of my friend; who, to prevent ſuch misfortunes, went always cloſe ſhaved, and made the boy of our meſs cut off my hair, which had been growing ſince I left the ſervice of Lavement; and the ſecond mate lent me an old bob wig to ſuppy the loſs of that covering. This affair being ended, and every thing adjuſted in the beſt manner my circumſtances would permit, the deſcendant of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of ſalt beef from the brine, cut off a ſlice and mixed it with an equal quantity of onions, which ſeaſoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and ſalt, he brought it into a conſiſtence with oil and vinegar. Then taſting the diſh, aſſured us it was the beſt ſalmagundy that ever he made, and recommended it to our palate with ſuch heartineſs, that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no ſooner ſwallowed a mouthful, than I thought my entrails were ſcorched, and endeavoured, with a deluge of ſmall-beer, to allay the heat it occaſioned. Supper being over, Mr. Morgan having ſmoaked a couple of pipes, and ſupplied the moiſture he had expended with as many canns of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admoniſh me, that it was high time to repair by ſleep the injury I had ſuffered from want of reſt the preceding night; which being perceived by my companions, whoſe time of repoſe was now arrived, they propoſed we ſhould turn in, or in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one another, on the outſide of the birth, were immediately unlaſhed, and I beheld my meſs-mates ſpring with great agility into their reſpective neſts, where they ſeemed to lie concealed, very much at their eaſe. But it was ſome time before I could prevail upon myſelf to truſt my carcaſe at ſuch a diſtance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which I imagined, I ſhould be apt, on the leaſt motion in my ſleep, to tumble down at the hazard of breaking my bones. *I ſuffered* myſelf, however, to be perſuaded, and taking a leap to get in, threw

threw myſelf quite over, with ſuch violence, that had I not luckily got hold of Thomſon's hammock, I ſhould have pitched upon my head on the other ſide, and in all likelihood fractured my ſkull. After ſome fruitleſs efforts, I ſucceeded at laſt; but the apprehenſion of the jeopardy in which I believed myſelf, withſtood all the attacks of ſleep, till towards the morning-watch, when, in ſpite of my fears, I was over-powered with ſlumber: though I did not long enjoy this comfortable ſituation; being rouzed with a noiſe ſo loud and ſhrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burſt by it; this was followed by a dreadful ſummons pronounced by a hoarſe voice, which I could not underſtand. While I was debating with myſelf whether or not I ſhould wake my companion, and enquire into the occaſion of this diſturbance, I was informed by one of the quarter-maſters, who paſſed by me with a lanthorn in his hand, that the noiſe which alarmed me was occaſioned by the boatſwain's mates who called up the larboard watch, and that I muſt lay my account with ſuch interruption every morning at the ſame hour. Being now more aſſured of my ſafety, I addreſſed myſelf again to reſt, and ſlept till eight o'clock, when riſing, and breakfaſting with my comrades, on biſcuit and brandy, the ſick were viſited and aſſiſted as before; after which viſitation my good friend Thomſon explained and performed another piece of duty, to which I was a ſtranger. At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the meſs went round all the decks, ringing a ſmall hand bell, and in rhimes compoſed for the occaſion, invited all thoſe who had ſores, to repair before the maſt, where one of the doctor's mates attended with applications to dreſs them.

CHAP. XXVII.

I ACQUIRE THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE SURGEON, WHO PROCURES A WARRANT FOR ME, AND MAKES ME A PRESENT OF CLOTHES—A BATTLE BETWEEN A MIDSHIPMAN AND ME—THE SURGEON LEAVES THE SHIP—THE CAPTAIN COMES ON BOARD WITH ANOTHER SURGEON——A DIALOGUE BETWEEN T TAIN AND MORGAN—T ARE ORDERED TO BE I UPON THE QUARTER D EXAMINED—THE CON CES OF THAT ORDER- MAN ACCUSES MORGA IS SET AT LIBERTY B MAND OF THE CAPTAIN HE INSTANTLY ATTAC PUMMELS WITHOUT M

WHILE I was buſied friend in this prac doctor chanced to paſs by where we were, and ſtoppi ſerve me, appeared very wel with my method of applica afterwards ſent for me to h where having examined me my ſkill in ſurgery, and the lars of my fortune, he inter ſelf ſo far in my behalf, as his aſſiſtance in procuring a for me, ſeeing I had been alrea qualified in Surgeon's Hall ſtation I filled on board; an good office he the more cor gaged, when he underſtood phew to Lieutenant Bowling, he expreſſed a particular re the mean time, I could learn diſcourſe, that he did not int to ſea again with Captain having, as he thought, bee rently uſed by him during th age.

While I lived tolerably eas pectation of preferment, I w together without mortificatio I not only ſuffered from th ſults of the ſailors and petty among whom I was known by of *Loblolly Boy:* but alſo fro poſition of Morgan; who, friendly in the main, was c troubleſome with his pride, pected a good deal of ſubmiſ me, and delighted in recapitu favours I had received at his

About ſix weeks after my board, the ſurgeon bidding him into his cabin, preſented to me, by which I was appo geon's third mate on board t der. This he had procured tereſt at the Navy Office; as ther for himſelf, by virtue of was removed into a ſecond ra knowledged his kindneſs in

gratitude could ſuggeſt, my ſorrow at the proſpect valuable a friend, to whom have recommended myſelf by my reſpectful and dili- our. But his generoſity re; for before he left the me a preſent of a cheſt and , that enabled me to ſup- k to which he had raiſed d my ſpirit revive with my ; and now I was an officer, maintain the dignity of my ſt all oppoſition or affronts: ng before I had occaſion to olution; my old enemy the (whoſe name was Cramp- ning an implacable animo- ne, for the diſgrace he had ny account, had ſince that ll opportunities of reviling g me, when I was not en- rt this bad uſage. And ad been rated on the books, d as ſurgeon's mate, did t to reſtrain his inſolence. r, being one day preſent d a wound in a ſailor's leg, ing a ſong which I thought ous to the honour of my I therefore ſignified my re- obſerving, that the Scots their account with finding ng the ignorant, inſignifi- licious. This unexpected ance enraged him to ſuch at he lent me a blow on ich I verily thought had y cheek-bone: I was not rning the obligation, and an to be very ſerious; when Mr. Morgan and one of mates, coming that way, and enquiring into the oured to promote a recon- finding us both exaſpera- termoſt, and bent againſt on, they adviſed us either lifference undecided till we n opportunity of termina- nore, like gentlemen, or roper place on board, and iſſue by boxing. This t was greedily embraced and being forthwith con- ground propoſed, we ſtript and began a very furious hich I ſoon found myſelf antagoniſt, not ſo much nd agility, as in ſkill, which he had acquired in the School of Hockley in the Hole and Tottenham Court. Many croſs-buttocks did I ſuſtain, and pegs on the ſtomach with- out number, till at laſt my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour waſted, I grew deſperate, and collecting all my ſtrength in one effort, threw in at once, head, hands and feet, with ſuch vio- lence, that I drove my antagoniſt three paces backward into the main hatch- way, down which he fell, and pitching upon his head and right-ſhoulder, re- mained without ſenſe and motion. Morgan looking down, and ſeeing him lie in that condition, cried, 'Upon my 'conſcience, as I am a chriſtian ſinner, '(look you) I believe his pattles are all 'ofer; but I take you all to witneſs 'that there was no treachery in the caſe, 'and that he has ſuffered by the chance 'of war.' So ſaying, he deſcended to the deck below, to examine into the ſituation of my adverſary; and left me very little pleaſed with my victory, as I found myſelf not only terribly bruiſed, but likewiſe in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley: but this fear vaniſhed, when my fellow mate, having by bleeding him in the jugular brought him to himſelf, and enquired into the ſtate of his body, call- ed up to me to be under no concern, for the midſhipman had received no other damage, than as pretty a luxation of the *os humeri*, as one would deſire to ſee on a ſummer's day. Upon this informa- tion I crawled down to the cockpit, and acquainted Thomſon with the affair, who providing himſelf with bandages, &c. neceſſary for the occaſion, went up to aſſiſt Mr. Morgan in the reduction of the diſlocation. When this was ſucceſs- fully performed, they wiſhed me joy of the event of the combat; and the Welchman, after obſerving, that in all likelihood the ancient Scots and Britons were the ſame people, bade me praiſe Got for putting mettle in my pelly, and ſtrength in my limbs to ſupport it, I acquired ſuch reputation by this rencounter, (which laſted twenty minutes) that every body became more cautious in behaviour towards me; though Crampley, with his arm in a ſling, talked very high, and threatened to ſeize the firſt opportunity of retriev- ing on ſhore the honour he had loſt by an accident, from which I could juſtly claim no merit.

About

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About this time, Captain Oakhum having received ſailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a ſurgeon of his own country, who ſoon made us ſenſible of the loſs we ſuffered in the departure of Doctor Atkins; for he was groſsly ignorant, and intolerably aſſuming, falſe, vindictive, and unforgiving; a mercileſs tyrant to his inferiors, an abject ſycophant to thoſe above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our firſt mate, according to cuſtom, went to wait on him with a ſick liſt, which when this grim commander had peruſed, he cried with a ſtern countenance, 'Blood and 'oons! ſixty-one ſick people on board 'of my ſhip! Hark'e, you Sir, I'll 'have no ſick in my ſhip, by G—d!' The Welchman replied, he ſhould be very glad to find no ſick people on board; but while it was otherwiſe, he did no more than his duty in preſenting him with a liſt. 'You and your 'liſt may be d—n'd,' ſaid the captain, throwing it at him; 'I ſay there ſhall 'be no ſick in this ſhip while I have 'the command of her.' Mr. Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him, his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who viſited his people with diſtempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The baſhaw not being uſed to ſuch behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this ſatirical inſinuation; and ſtamping with his foot, called him inſolent ſcoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he ſhould preſume to utter another ſyllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, diſdained to be reſtricted by ſuch a command, and began to manifeſt itſelf in—'Captain 'Oagum, I am a ſhentleman of birth 'and parentage, look you, and per-'adventure I am moreover——' Here his harangue was broke off by the captain's ſteward; who, being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exaſperate his maſter to a greater degree: and this would certainly have been the caſe; for the indignant Welchman could hardly be hindered by his friend's arguments and entreaties, from re-entering the preſence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakhum to his teeth. He was, however, appeaſed at length, and came down to the birth; where fi Thomſon and me at work prep medicines, he bade us leave of labour and go to play, for the c by his ſole word and power, and mand, had driven ſickneſs a pe to the devil, and there was no malady on board. So ſaying, he off a gill of brandy, ſighed grie three times, poured forth an lation of—'Got pleſs my hear 'ver, and lungs!' and then to ſing a Welch ſong with grea neſtneſs of viſage, voice, and g I could not conceive the mean this ſingular phænomenon, and f the looks of Thomſon, who at th time ſhook his head, that he ſuf poor Cadwallader's brains wer ſettled. He perceiving our amaz told us he would explain the m but at the ſame time bade us take that he had lived boy, patchelor ried man, and widower, almoſt years; and in all that time, the no man nor mother's ſon in the world, who durſt uſe him ſo ill as C Oakhum had done. Then he acc ed us with the dialogue that paſ tween them, as I have already rel and had no ſooner finiſhed this tion, than he received a meſſag the ſurgeon, to bring the ſick liſt quarter-deck, for the captain h dered all the patients thither to viewed. This inhuman order f us extremely, as we knew it wo impoſſible to carry ſome of them deck, without imminent danger lives; but as we likewiſe knew it be to no purpoſe for us to remo againſt it, we repaired to the q deck in a body, to ſee this ext nary muſter; Morgan obſerving way, that the captain was going to the other world a great ma dences to teſtify againſt himſelf. we appeared upon deck, the bade the doctor, who ſtood bo his right hand, look at thef lubberly ſons of bitches, wh good for nothing on board bu the king's proviſion, and en idleneſs in the ſkulkers. The grinned approbation; and tak liſt, began to examine the con of each as they could crawl to th appointed. The firſt who cam his cognizance was a poor fel freed of a fever, which had w

him ſo much, that he could hardly ſtand. Mr. Mackſhane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulſe, proteſted he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatſwain's mate, with orders that he ſhould receive a round dozen at the gang-way immediately for counterfeiting himſelf ſick: but before the diſcipline could be executed, the man dropped down on the deck, and had well nigh periſhed under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be conſidered, laboured under a quartan ague, and being then in his interval of health, diſcovered no other ſymptoms of diſtemper, than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatſwain; but being reſolved to diſgrace the doctor, died upon the forecaſtle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic ſtitch, and ſpitting of blood, for which Dr. Mackſhane preſcribed exerciſe at the pump to promote expectoration; but whether this was improper for one in his ſituation, or that it was uſed to exceſs, I know not, but in leſs than half an hour he was ſuffocated with a deluge of blood that iſſued from his lungs. A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monſtrous aſcites or dropſy, that invaded his cheſt ſo much, he could ſcarce fetch his breath; but his diſeaſe being interpreted into fat, occaſioned by idleneſs and exceſs of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perſpiration and enlarge his cheſt, to go aloft immediately: it was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to alledge his utter incapacity; the boatſwain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat and nine tails: the ſmart of this application made him exert himſelf ſo much, that he actually arrived at the puttock ſhrouds; but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing elſe to ſupport it than his weakened arms, either out of ſpite or neceſſity, he quitted his hold, and plumped into the ſea, where he muſt have been drowned, had not a ſailor, who was in a boat along-ſide, ſaved his life, by keeping him afloat till he was hoiſted on board by a tackle. It would be tedious and diſagreeable to deſcribe the fate of every miſerable object that ſuffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and ſurgeon, who ſo wantonly ſacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghoſt in the preſence of their inſpectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languiſhed a few dys at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the ſick was reduced to leſs than a dozen, and the authors of this reduction were applauding themſelves for the ſervices they had done to their king and country, when the boatſwain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below laſhed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be releaſed; affirming, he had been ſo maltreated only for a grudge Mr. Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his ſenſes as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a ſevere look at the Welchman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately: upon which, Morgan proteſted with great fervency, that the perſon in queſtion was as mad as a March hare; and begged, for the love of Got, they would at leaſt keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing miſchief. This requeſt the commander granted for his own ſake, and the patient was produced, who inſiſted upon his being in his right wits with ſuch calmneſs and ſtrength of argument, that every body preſent was inclined to believe him, except Morgan; who affirmed there was no truſting to appearances; for he himſelf had been ſo much impoſed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well nigh been murdered for his pains: this was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared, he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotton down and almoſt ſtrangled. To this the man anſwered, that the witneſs was a creature of Morgan's, and was ſuborned to give teſtimony againſt him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by diſcovering to the people on board that Mr. Morgan's wife kept a gin-ſhop in Rag Fair. This anec-

dote produced a laugh at the expence of the Welchman; who ſhaking his head with ſome emotion. ſaid, 'Aye, 'aye, 'tis no matter: Got knows, it 'is an arrant falſhood.' Captain Oakhum, without any farther heſitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the ſame time threatening to make Morgan exchange ſituations with him for his ſpite: but the Briton no ſooner heard the deciſion in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen-ſhrouds, crying to Thomſon and me to get out of his reach, for we ſhould ſee him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to diſregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac (as ſoon as he was releaſed) fly at the captain like a fury, crying, 'I'll let 'you know, you ſcoundrel, that I am 'commander of this veſſel,' and pummel him without mercy. The ſurgeon, who went to the aſſiſtance of his patron, ſhared the ſame fate; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he was maſtered at laſt, after having done great execution among thoſe who oppoſed him.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE CAPTAIN, ENRAGED, THREATENS TO PUT THE MADMAN TO DEATH WITH HIS OWN HAND—IS DIVERTED FROM THAT RESOLUTION BY THE ARGUMENTS AND PERSUASIONS OF THE FIRST LIEUTENANT AND SURGEON—WE SET SAIL FOR ST. HELEN'S, JOIN THE FLEET UNDER THE COMMAND OF SIR C——N——R O———LE, AND PROCEED FOR THE WEST-INDIES—ARE OVERTAKEN BY A TERRIBLE TEMPEST—MY FRIEND JACK RATTLIN HAS HIS LEG BROKE BY A FALL FROM THE MAINYARD—THE BEHAVIOUR OF DOCTOR MACKSHANE — JACK OPPOSES THE AMPUTATION OF HIS LIMB, IN WHICH HE IS SECONDED BY MORGAN AND ME, WHO UNDERTAKE THE CURE, AND PERFORM IT SUCCESSFULLY.

THE captain was carried into his cabbin, ſo enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the p piſtoling him with his own h would certainly have ſatisfi venge in this manner, had n lieutenant remonſtrated agai obſerving that in all appea fellow was not mad but that he had been hired by ſo of the captain to aſſaſſinate therefore ought to be kept in he could be brought to a cou which, no doubt, would ſift to the bottom, (by which r portant diſcoveries might be t then ſentence the criminal t adequate to his demerits. geſtion, improbable as it was deſired effect upon the capta exactly calculated for the m his intellects; more eſpecially tor Mackſhane eſpouſed thi in conſequence of his previou tion that the man was not ma gan finding there was no mo done, could not help diſcov his countenance, the pleaſure ed on this occaſion; and while the doctor's face with an em ventured to aſk him, wh thought there were more fool men on board. But he w been wiſer in containing t which his patient carefully l his memory to be taken no a more fit ſeaſon. Meanw weighed anchor, and on ou the Downs, the madman, treated as a priſoner, took an nity, while the centinel atte at the head, to leap over-bo fruſtrate the revenge of the We ſtaid not long at the Do took the benefit of the firſt wind to go round to Spithea having received on board prov ſix months, we ſailed from St in the grand fleet bound for t Indies, on the ever-memorabl tion of Carthagena.

It was not without great r tion I ſaw myſelf on the point tranſported to ſuch a diſtant healthy climate, deſtitute of e venience that could render ſuc age ſupportable; and under t nion of an arbitrary tyrant command was almoſt intolerabl ever, as theſe complaints w mon to a great many on board, ed to ſubmit patiently to my f

contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow. We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard. But this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main top-sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a most horrible din occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the deck above, the cracking of cabbins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, 'Got 'have mercy and compassion upon us! 'I believe we have got upon the con-'fines of Lucifer and the d—ned!' while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to Heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welchman; with whom, after having fortified ourselves with brandy, I went above: but if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain-high, on the top of which our ship Sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast-head, and threatened by dashing together to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled overboard with a hideous crash. Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hollowing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those that were yet whole; while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters. While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke; by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin thrown down upon the deck, at the expence of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin: as this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabbin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared. I entered his apartment without any ceremony, and by the glimmering of a lamp perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembles a crucifix, but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which indeed assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Dr. Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome. Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned, I suppose, by his being disturbed in his devotion, and in a trice snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight. After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit; 'And in the mean time,' said he, 'I will direct Thomson to get 'ready the dressings.' When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck; whither Mr. Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson, with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding from a livid colour extending

itſelf upon the limb, that a mortification would enſue, reſolved to amputate the leg immediately. This was a dreadful ſentence to the patient, who recruiting himſelf with a quid of tobacco, pronounced with a woeful countenance, 'What! is there no remedy, doctor? 'muſt I be dock'd! Can't you ſplice 'it?'—'Aſſuredly, Doctor Mackſhane,' ſaid the firſt mate, 'with ſubmiſſion and deference, and veneration to your ſuperior abilities, and 'opportunities, and ſtations, look you, 'I do apprehend, and conjecture, and 'aver, that there is no occaſion nor 'neceſſity to ſmite off this poor man's 'leg.'—'God Almighty bleſs you, 'dear Welchman!' cried Rattlin; 'may you have fair wind and weather 'whereſoever you're bound, and come 'to an anchor in the road of Heaven at 'laſt.' Mackſhane, very much incenſed at his mate's differing in opinion from him ſo openly, anſwered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him; and in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tourniquet. At the ſight of which, Jack ſtarting up, cried, 'Avaſt, avaſt! 'd—n my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore! 'Mr. Random, won't you lend a hand 'towards ſaving my precious limb? 'Odd's heart, if Lieutenant Bowling 'was here, he would not ſuffer Jack 'Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a 'piece of old junk.' This pathetick addreſs to me, joined to my inclination to ſerve my honeſt friend, and the reaſons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myſelf of the firſt mate's opinion, and affirm that the preternatural colour of the ſkin was owing to an inflammation occaſioned by a contuſion, and common in all ſuch caſes, without any indication of an approaching gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my ſkill, manifeſtly exulted in my fellowſhip, and aſked Thomſon's ſentiments of the matter, in hopes of ſtrengthening our aſſociation with him too; but he, being of a meek diſpoſition, and either dreading the enmity of the ſurgeon, or ſpeaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modeſt manner, eſpouſed the opinion of Mackſhane, who by this time, having conſulted with himſelf, determined to act in ſuch a manner as to ſkreen himſelf from cenſure; and at the ſame time revenge himſelf on us, for our arrogance in contradicting him. With this view, he aſked, if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril; that is, be anſwerable for the conſequence. To this queſtion Morgan replied, that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of God alone; and it would be great preſumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promiſe to cure all the ſick to whom he adminiſtered his aſſiſtance; but if the patient would put himſelf under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his diſtemper to a favourable iſſue, to which at preſent we ſaw no obſtruction. I ſignified my concurrence; and Rattlin was ſo overjoyed, that, ſhaking us both by the hands, he ſwore nobody elſe ſhould touch him, and if he died, his blood ſhould be upon his own head. Mr. Mackſhane, flattering himſelf with the proſpect of our miſcarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we ſhould think proper: accordingly, having ſawed off part of the ſplinter that ſtuck through the ſkin, we reduced the fracture, dreſſed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box *ſecundum artem*. Every thing ſucceeded according to our wiſh, and we had the ſatisfaction of not only preſerving the poor fellow's leg, but likewiſe of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ſhip's company, who had all their eyes on us during the courſe of this cure, which was compleated in ſix weeks.

CHAP. XXIX.

MACKSHANE'S MALICE—I AM TAKEN UP AND IMPRISONED FOR A SPY—MORGAN MEETS WITH THE SAME FATE—THOMSON IS TAMPERED WITH TO TURN EVIDENCE AGAINST US—DISDAINS THE PROPOSAL, AND IS MALTREATED FOR HIS INTEGRITY—MORGAN IS RELEASED TO ASSIST THE SURGEON DURING AN ENGAGEMENT WITH SOME FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR—I REMAIN FETTERED ON THE POOP, EXPOSED TO THE ENEMY'S SHOT, AND GROW DELIRIOUS WITH FEAR—

AM

—AM COMFORTED AFTER THE BATTLE BY MORGAN, WHO SPEAKS FREELY OF THE CAPTAIN; IS OVERHEARD BY THE CENTINEL, WHO INFORMS AGAINST HIM, AND AGAIN IMPRISONED—THOMSON GROWS DESPERATE, AND NOTWITHSTANDING THE REMONSTRANCES OF MORGAN AND ME, GOES OVERBOARD IN THE NIGHT.

IN the mean time, the ſtorm ſubſided into a briſk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very ſickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance againſt the Welchman and me. He went among the ſick, under pretence of enquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice; but finding himſelf fruſtrated in that expectation by the good-will we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the reſolution of liſtening to our converſation, by hiding himſelf behind the canvas that ſurrounded our birth; here too he was detected by the boy of our meſs, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour; and one night, while we were picking a large bone of ſalt beef, Morgan diſcerned ſomething ſtir on the outſide of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive ſomebody ſtanding; upon which I ſnatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, ſaying, 'Whoever you are, take that for your curioſity.' It had the deſired effect, for we heard the liſtener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabbin. I applauded myſelf much for this feat, which turned out one of the moſt unlucky exploits of my life, Mackſhane from that time marking me out for deſtruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the ſick, I was taken priſoner, and carried to the poop by the maſter at arms, where I was loaded with irons, and ſtapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a ſpy on board, and had conſpired againſt the captain's life. How ridiculous ſoever this imputation was, I did not fail to ſuffer by it all the rigour that could be ſhewn to the worſt of criminals, being expoſed in this miſerable condition to the ſcorching heat of the ſun by day, and the unwholeſome damps by night, during the ſpace of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of my charge. I had no ſooner recovered the uſe of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I ſent for Thomſon; who, after condoling me on the occaſion, hinted, that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information againſt me to the captain, in conſequence of which I was arreſted, and all my papers ſeized. While I was curſing my capricious fate, I ſaw Morgan aſcend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him ſit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the ſame machine. Notwithſtanding my ſituation, I could ſcarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow priſoner; who, without ſpeaking one word, allowed his feet to be incloſed in the rings provided for that purpoſe; but when they pretended to faſten him on his back, he grew outrageous, and drawing a large couteau from his ſide-pocket, threatened to rip up the belly of the firſt man that ſhould approach him, in order to treat him in ſuch an unworthy manner. They were preparing to uſe him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me put my truſt in Got. And looking at Thomſon, who ſat by us trembling, with a pale viſage, told him, there were two more rings for his feet, and he ſhould be glad to find him in ſuch good company. But it was not the intention of our adverſary to include the ſecond mate in our fate; him he excepted, to be his drudge in attending the ſick; and, if poſſible, his evidence againſt us: with this view, he ſounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harraſſed him ſo much out of ſpite, that in a ſhort time this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-priſoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral diſcovered four ſail to leeward, and made ſignal for our ſhip and four more to chace. Hereupon every thing

was

was cleared for an engagement; and Mackſhane foreſeeing he ſhould have occaſion for more aſſiſtants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable poſture to the chance of battle. It was almoſt dark when we came up with the ſternmoſt chace, which we hailed, and enquired who they were; they gave us to underſtand they were French men of war, upon which Captain Oakhum commanded them to ſend their boat on board of him; but they refuſed, telling him, if he had any buſineſs with them, to come on board of their ſhip. He then threatened to pour in a broadſide upon them, which they promiſed to return. Both ſides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury. The reader may gueſs how I paſſed my time, lying in this helpleſs ſituation, amidſt the terrors of a ſea-fight, expecting every moment to be cut aſunder or daſhed in pieces by the enemy's ſhot! I endeavoured to compoſe myſelf as much as poſſible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more expoſed than thoſe who were ſtationed about me: but when I beheld them employed without intermiſſion in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the ſociety and behaviour of one another, I could eaſily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine: however, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines who ſtood near me, being ſhot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well nigh blinded with brains. I could contain myſelf no longer, but began to bellow with all the ſtrength of my lungs: when a drummer coming towards me, aſked if I was wounded, and before I could anſwer, received a great ſhot in his belly which tore out his entrails, and he fell flat on my breaſt. This accident entirely bereft me of all diſcretion: I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noiſe of the battle; and finding myſelf diſregarded, loſt all patience, and became frantick: I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till my ſpirits being quite exhauſted, I remained quiet, and inſenſible of the load that oppreſſed me. The engagement laſted till broad day, when Captain Oakham, finding he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by ſeeing their colours; and hailing the ſhip with whom he had fought all night, proteſted he believed them Spaniards; and the guns being ſilenced on each ſide, ordered the barge to be hoiſted out, and went on board of the French commodore. Our loſs amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, moſt part of whom afterwards died. My fellow-mates had no ſooner diſpatched their buſineſs in the cock-pit, than, full of friendly concern, they came to viſit me. Morgan aſcending firſt, and ſeeing my face almoſt covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world; and calling to Thomſon with great emotion, bade him come up, and take his laſt farewel of his comrade and countryman, who was poſting to a better place, where there were no Mackſhanes nor Oakhums to aſperſe and torment him. 'No,' ſaid he, taking me by the hand, 'you are going to a country where 'there is more reſpect ſhewn to unfor-'tunate gentlemen, and where you 'will have the ſatisfaction of beholding 'your adverſaries toſſing upon pillows 'of burning brimſtone.' Thomſon, alarmed at this apoſtrophe, made haſte to the place where I lay, and ſitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, enquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time I had recollected myſelf ſo far as to be able to converſe rationally with my friends, whom, to their great ſatisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehenſion of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myſelf diſengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreſhment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into diſcourſe upon the hardſhips we ſuſtained, and ſpoke very freely of the authors of our miſery: but our diſcourſe being overheard by the centinel who guarded me, he was no ſooner relieved, than he reported to the captain every ſyllable of our converſation, according to the orders he had received. The effect of this information ſoon appeared in the arrival of the maſter at arms, who replaced Morgan in his former ſtation; and gave the ſecond mate a caution to keep a ſtrict guard over his tongue, if he did not chuſe to accompany us in our confinement.

Thomſon

Thomſon foreſeeing that the whole ſlavery of attending the ſick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackſhane, muſt now fall on his ſhoulders, grew deſperate at the proſpect; and though I never heard him ſwear before, imprecated dreadful curſes on the heads of his oppreſſors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of ſuch barbarians. I was not a little ſtartled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by repreſenting the ſubject of my own with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which compariſon he might ſee the balance of misfortune lay on my ſide, and take an example from me of fortitude and ſubmiſſion, till ſuch time as we could procure redreſs, which I hoped was not far off, conſidering that we ſhould probably be in an harbour in leſs than three days, where we ſhould have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welchman joined in my remonſtrances, and was at great pains to demonſtrate, that it was every man's duty as well as intereſt to reſign himſelf to the Divine will, and look upon himſelf as a centinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his poſt before he is relieved. Thomſon liſtened attentively to what we ſaid; and at laſt, ſhedding a flood of tears, ſhook his head, and left us without making any reply. About eleven at night he came to ſee us again, with a ſettled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to underſtand that he had undergone exceſſive toil ſince he ſaw us, and in recompence had been groſsly abuſed by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a deſign of taking away his life and that of the captain. After ſome time ſpent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and ſqueezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried, 'God bleſs you 'both!' and left us to wonder at his ſingular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make an impreſſion on us both.

Next morning, when the hour of viſitation came round, this unhappy young man was miſſing, and after ſtrict ſearch, ſuppoſed to have gone overboard in the night: and this was certainly the caſe.

CHAP. XXX.

WE LAMENT THE FATE OF OUR COMPANION—THE CAPTAIN OFFERS MORGAN HIS LIBERTY, WHICH HE REFUSES TO ACCEPT—WE ARE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM AND EXAMINED—MORGAN IS SENT BACK INTO CUSTODY, WHITHER ALSO I AM REMANDED, AFTER A CURIOUS TRIAL.

THE news of this event affected my fellow-priſoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had juſtly acquired, by his amiable diſpoſition, the love and eſteem of us both; and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occaſion of it. This abandoned miſcreant did not diſcover the leaſt ſymptom of concern for Thomſon's death, although he muſt have been conſcious to himſelf of having driven him by ill uſage to that fatal reſolution; but deſired the captain to ſet Morgan at liberty again to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was ſent up to unfetter him; and he proteſted he would not be releaſed until he ſhould know for what he was confined; nor would he be a tennis-ball, nor a ſhittle-cock, nor a trudge, nor a ſcullion, to any captain under the ſun. Oakhum finding him obſtinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exerciſe his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to ſhew ſome appearance of juſtice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he ſat in ſtate, with his clerk on one ſide, and his counſellor Mackſhane on the other. When we approached, he honoured us with this ſalutation: 'So, 'gentlemen, damn my blood! many a 'captain in the navy wouldhaveordered 'you both to be tuck'd up to the yard's 'arm, without either judge or jury, 'for the crimes you have been guilty 'of; but, damn my blood! I have too 'much good nature, in allowing ſuch 'dogs as you to make your defence.' —'Captain Oakhum,' ſaid my fellow-ſufferer, 'certainly it is in your power '(Got help the while) to tuck us all

'up

'up at your will, and deſire, and plea-
'ſures. And perhaps it would he pet-
'ter for ſome of us to be tucked up,
'than undergo the miſeries to which
'we have been expoſed. So may the
'farmer hang his kids for his diver-
'ſion, and amuſement, and mirth;
'but there is ſuch a thing as juſtice,
'if not upon earth, ſurely in Heaven,
'that will puniſh with fire and prim-
'ſtone all thoſe who take away the
'lives of innocent people out of wan-
'tonneſs and parparity, look you. In
'the mean time, I ſhall be glad to
'know the crimes laid to my charge,
'and ſee the perſon who accuſes me.'
—'That you ſhall,' ſaid the captain.
'Here, doctor, what have you to ſay?'
Mackſhane ſtepping forward, hemmed
a good while, in order to clear his
throat, and before he began, Morgan
accoſted him thus: 'Doctor Mack-
'ſhane, look in my face—look in the
'face of an honeſt man, who abhors
'a falſe witneſs as he abhors the tevil,
'and Got be judge between you and
'me.' The doctor not minding this
conjuration, made the following ſpeech,
as near as I can remember: 'I'll tell
'you what, Mr. Morgan, to be ſure
'what you ſay is juſt, in regard to an
'honeſt man; and if ſo be it appears
'as how you are an honeſt man, then
'it is my opinion that you deſerve to
'be acquitted, in relation to that there
'affair; for I tell you what, Captain
'Oakhum is reſolved to do every body
'juſtice. As for my own part, all that I
'have to alledge, is, that I have been
'informed you have ſpoken diſreſpect-
'ful words againſt your captain, who,
'to be ſure, is the moſt honourable and
'generous commander in the king's
'ſervice, without aſparagement or ac-
'ceptation of man, woman, or child.'
Having uttered this elegant harangue,
on which he ſeemed to piume himſelf,
Morgan replied, 'I do partly gueſs,
'and conceive, and underſtand your
'meaning, which I wiſh could be more
'explicit: but however, I do ſuppoſe,
'I am not to be condemned upon bare
'hear-ſay; or if I am convicted of
'ſpeaking diſreſpectful of Captain
'Oakhum, I hope there is no treaſon
'in my words.'—'But there's muti-
'ny, by God! and that's death by the
'articles of war,' cried Oakhum. 'In
'*the* mean time, let the witneſſes be
'*called.*' *Hereupon* Mackſhane's ſer-
vant appeared, and the boy of
whom they had ſeduced and tu
the purpoſe. The firſt decla
Morgan, as he deſcended the
ladder, one day curſed the cap
called him a ſavage beaſt, ſa
ought to be hunted down as a
to mankind. 'This,' ſaid t
'is a ſtrong preſumption of
'formed againſt the captai
'For why? it preſuppoſes mali
'thought and a criminal
'*a priori.*'—'Right,' ſaid the
to this miſerable grub, who
an attorney's boy, 'you ſhall
'enough; here's Cook and L
'for it.' This evidence was c
by the boy, who affirmed he
firſt mate ſay, that the captain
more bowels than a bear, and
geon had no more brains than
Then the centinel who heard
courſe on the poop was examin
informed the court that the W
aſſured me, Captain Oakh
Doctor Mackſhane would to
billows of burning brimſton
for their barbarity. The c
ſerved, that there was an evid
judication, which confirmed th
ſuſpicion of a conſpiracy again
of Captain Oakhum; for,
how could Morgan ſo poſitiv
nounce that the captain and
would be damned, unleſs he h
tention to make away with the
they could have time to repen
ſage explanation had great wei
our noble commander, who ex
'What have you to ſay to thi
'you ſeem to be taken all
'brother, ha!' Morgan was t
of a gentleman to diſown the
though he abſolutely denied
of the comment: upon which
tain, ſtrutting up to him, wit
cious countenance, ſaid, '
'ſon of a bitch, you confeſs
'noured me with the names
'and beaſt, and pronounced n
'nation! Damn my heart, I
'good mind to have you brot
'court-martial and hanged, y
Here Mackſhane, having occ
an aſſiſtant, interpoſed, and be
captain to pardon Mr. Morg
his wonted goodneſs, upon
that he the delinquent ſhou
ſuch ſubmiſſion as the natur
miſdemeanour demanded. Upo

Briton; who on this occa- have made no ſubmiſſion Mogul ſurrounded with hanked the doctor for his nd acknowledged him- wrong for calling the d a peaſt: 'But,' ſaid he, metaphor, and parable, riſon, and types; as we kneſs by a lamb, letchery and craftineſs by a fox; ignorance to an aſs, and o a bear, and fury to a efore I made uſe of theſe expreſs my ſentiments, and what I ſaid, before not unſay before man or r.' Oakhum was ſo pro- s inſolence, as he termed rdered him forthwith to the place of his confine- is clerk to proceed on the of me. The firſt queſtion as touching the place of which I declared to be the otland. 'The north of re like,' cried the captain; l bring you up preſently.' d what religion I profeſ- n I anſwered, 'The Pro- ore I was as arrant a Ro- went to maſs. 'Come, k,' continued he, 'cate- a little on this ſubject.' relate the particulars of inquiries, it will not be m the reader that our com- elf was an Hibernian, and lly belyed, a Roman Ca- ot. 'You ſay you are a ' ſaid the clerk; 'make the croſs with your fingers, ar upon it to that affirma- ben I was about to per- remony, the captain cried motion, 'No, no, dam- ve no profanation neither. with your interrogations.' en,' proceeded my exami- any ſacraments are there?' replied, 'Two.'—'What ſaid he. I anſwered, d the Lord's Supper.'— would explode confirma- arriage, altogether!' ſaid I thought this fellow was man.' The clerk, though under an attorney, could on bluſhing at this blun- *endeavoured to conceal,* by obſerving that theſe decoys would not do with me, who ſeemed to be an old offender. He went on with aſking, if I believed in tranſubſtantiation, but I treated the notion of a real preſence with ſuch diſreſpect, that his patron was ſcandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot. Whereupon this miſerable pettifogger told me, there was great reaſon to ſuſpect me of being a ſpy on board, and that I had entered into a conſpiracy with Thomſon and others not yet detected, againſt the life of Captain Oakhum. Which accuſation they pretended to ſupport by the evidence of our boy, who declared he had often heard the deceaſed Thomſon and me whiſpering together, and could diſtinguiſh the words, 'Oakhum, raſcal, poiſon, piſtol:' by which expreſſions it appeared, we did intend to uſe ſiniſter means to accompliſh his deſtruction. That the death of Thomſon ſeemed to confirm this conjecture; who, either feeling the ſtings of remorſe, for being engaged in ſuch a horrid confederacy, or fearing a diſcovery, by which he muſt have infallibly ſuffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own exiſtence. But what eſtabliſhed the truth of the whole, was a book in cyphers found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his cheſt, after his diſappearance: this, he obſerved, was a preſumption very near proof poſitive, and would determine any jury in Chriſtendom to find me guilty. In my own defence, I alledged that I had been dragged on board firſt very much againſt my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of ſome people now in the ſhip, conſequently could have no deſign of becoming a ſpy at that time; and ever ſince had been entirely out of the reach of any correſpondence that could juſtly entail that ſuſpicion upon me. As for conſpiring againſt my captain's life, it could not be ſuppoſed that any man in his right wits would harbour the leaſt thought of ſuch an undertaking, which he could not poſſibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himſelf; even if he had all the inclination in the world. That allowing the boy's evidence to be true, (which I affirmed was falſe and malicious) nothing concluſive could be gathered from a few incoherent words;

neither was the fate of Mr. Thomſon a circumſtance more favourable for the charge; for I had in my pocket a letter which too well explained that myſtery, in a very different manner from that which was ſuppoſed. With theſe words, I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomſon diſappeared; and told me it was committed to his care by the deceaſed, who made him promiſe not to deliver it ſooner. The clerk taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents; which were theſe.

'DEAR FRIEND,

'I Am ſo much oppreſſed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous uſage of Doctor Mackſhane, who is bent on your deſtruction, as well as mine, that I am reſolved to free myſelf from this miſerable life, and before you receive this, ſhall be no more. I could have wiſhed to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I ſhall forfeit by the laſt act of my life; but if you cannot acquit me, I know you will at leaſt preſerve ſome regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you. I recommend it to you, to beware of Mackſhane, whoſe revenge is implacable. I wiſh all proſperity to you and Mr. Morgan, to whom pray offer my laſt reſpects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman,

'WILLIAM THOMSON.'

This letter was no ſooner read, than Mackſhane, in a tranſport of rage, ſnatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it into a thouſand pieces, ſaying it was a villainous forgery, contrived and executed by myſelf. The captain and clerk declared themſelves of the ſame opinion, although I inſiſted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomſon, which they had in their poſſeſſion; and I was ordered to anſwer the laſt article of my accuſation, namely, the book of cyphers found among my papers. 'That is eaſily done,' ſaid I. 'What you are pleaſed to call cyphers, are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amuſement, I kept a diary of every thing remarkal has occurred to my obſervatio the beginning of the voyage, day on the ſame method was practi Mr. Thomſon, who copied m A very likely ſtory!' cried ſhane; 'what occaſion wa for uſing Greek characters, were not afraid of diſcoveri you had wrote? But what d of Greek characters? D'ye thi ſo ignorant of the Greek la as not to diſtinguiſh it's lette theſe, which are no more Gre Chineſe? No, no! I will not my knowledge of the Greek nor none that ever came fr country.' So ſaying, with paralleled effrontery, he repeat gibberiſh, which by the ſound to be Iriſh, and made it paſs fo with the captain, who looking with a contemptuous ſneer, ex 'Ah, ha! have you caught a I could not help ſmiling at t ſummate aſſurance of this Hi and offered to refer the diſpute body on board who underſt Greek alphabet: upon which was brought back, and bein acquainted with the affair, t book and read a whole page i liſh, without heſitation, deci controverſy in my favour. T tor was ſo far from being out tenance at this detection, tha firmed Morgan was in the ſec repeated from his own inventio kum ſaid 'Aye, aye, I ſee 'both in a ſtory:' and diſmiſſed low-mate to his cock-loft, alt propoſed that he and I ſhould translate ſeparately, any chapte in the Greek Teſtament in his p by which it would appear wh or the ſurgeon ſpoke truth. N endued with eloquence enough vince the captain that there c no juggle or confederacy in pedient, I begged to be exam ſome unconcerned perſon on bo underſtood Greek: accordin whole ſhip's company, officers were called upon deck, amon it was proclaimed, that if any could ſpeak Greek, he or they fied ſhould aſcend the quarter mediately. After ſome pauſe, t ſmall men came up, and profe

that language, which they ſaid
quired during ſeveral voyages to
vant, among the Greeks of the
. The captain exulted much in
claration, and put my journal-
nto the hands of one of them, who
ly owned he could neither read
ite; the other acknowledged the
egree of ignorance, but pretend-
peak the Greek lingo with any
board; and addreſſing himſelf
pronounced ſome ſentences of
rous corrupted language, which
not underſtand. I aſſerted that
dern Greek was as different from
oke and written by the ancients,
Engliſh uſed now from the old
ſpoke in the time of Hengiſt;
had only learned the true ori-
ngue, in which Homer, Pindar,
ngeliſts, and other great men
quity wrote, it could not be ſup-
hat I ſhould know any thing of
erfect Gothic dialect that roſe
ruins of the former, and ſcarce
any traces of the old expreſ-
But if Doctor Mackſhane, who
ed to be maſter of the Greek
ge would maintain a converſa-
th theſe ſeamen, I would retract
had ſaid, and be content to ſuffer
niſhment he ſhould think proper
t. I had no ſooner uttered theſe
than the ſurgeon, knowing one
e fellows to be his countryman,
d him in Iriſh, and was anſwered
ſame brogue; then a dialogue
between them, which they af-
to be in Greek, after having ſe-
the ſecreſy of the other tar, who
cue in the language of the Mo-
n his companion, before they
venture to aſſert ſuch an intre-
hood. 'I thought,' ſaid Oak-
'we ſhould diſcover the im-
re at laſt. Let the raſcal be
ed back to his confinement. I
he muſt dangle.' Having no-
farther to urge in my own be-
before a court ſo prejudiced with
and fortified with ignorance
truth, I ſuffered myſelf to be
uſhed peaceably to my fellow-
r, who hearing the particulars
trial, lifted up his hands and
Heaven, and uttered a dreadful
and not daring to diſburden
oughts to me by ſpeech, leſt he
he overheard by the centinel,
urſt into a Welch ſong; which
he accompanied with a thouſand contortions of face, and violent geſtures of body.

CHAP. XXXI.

I DISCOVER A SUBORNATION AGAINST ME, BY MEANS OF A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO OF THE EVIDENCES; IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH I AM SET AT LIBERTY, AND PREVAIL UPON MORGAN TO ACCEPT OF HIS FREEDOM ON THE SAME TERMS—MACKSHANE'S MALICE—WE ARRIVE AT JAMAICA, FROM WHENCE IN A SHORT TIME WE BEAT UP TO HISPANIOLA, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE WEST-INDIA SQUADRON—WE TAKE IN WATER, SAIL AGAIN, AND ARRIVE AT CARTHAGENA—REFLECTIONS ON OUR CONDUCT THERE.

MEANWHILE, a quarrel happening between the two modern Greeks, the one, to be revenged of the other, came and diſcovered to us the myſtery of Mackſhane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This defection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was ſenſible that (now we were in ſight of Jamaica) we ſhould have an opportunity of clearing ourſelves by a court-martial, and at the ſame time of making his malice and ignorance conſpicuous, he interceded for us with the captain ſo effectually, that in a few hours we were ſet at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty. This was a happy event for me, my whole body being bliſtered by the ſun, and my limbs benumbed by want of motion: but I could ſcarce perſuade the Welchman to accept of this indulgence, he perſiſting in his obſtinacy to remain in irons until he ſhould be diſcharged by a court-martial, which he believed would alſo do him juſtice on his enemies; at length I repreſented to him the precarious iſſue of a trial, the power and intereſt of his adverſaries, and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his reſentment with his own hands upon Mackſhane after our return to England. This laſt argument had more weight with him than all the reſt, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cockpit, which I ſoon

ſooner entered, than the idea of my departed friend preſented itſelf to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears. We diſcharged from our meſs the boy who had acted ſo perfidiouſly, notwithſtanding his tears, entreaties, and profeſſions of penitence for what he had done; but not before he had confeſſed that the ſurgeon had bribed him to give evidence againſt us, with a pair of ſtockings, and a couple of old check ſhirts, of which his ſervant had ſince plundered him.

The keys of our cheſts and lockers being ſent to us by the doctor, we detained the meſſenger until we had examined the contents; and my fellow-mate finding all his Cheſhire cheeſe conſumed to a cruſt, his brandy exhauſted, and his onions gone, was ſeized with a fit of choler, which he diſcharged on Mackſhane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to proſecute him as a thief. The fellow ſwore, in his turn, that he never had the keys in his poſſeſſion till that time, when he received them from his maſter with orders to deliver them to us. 'As Got is my judge,' cried Morgan, 'and my ſalvation, and my witneſs, 'whoſoever has pilfered my proviſions, is a louſy, peggarly, raſcally 'knave! and by the ſoul of my grand-'ſire I will impeach, and accuſe, and 'indict him for a roppery, if I did but 'know who he is.' Had this misfortune happened at ſea, where we could not repair the loſs, in all probability this deſcendant of Caractacus would have loſt his wits entirely: but when I obſerved how eaſy it would be to remedy this paultry miſchance, he became more calm, and reconciled himſelf to the occaſion. A little while after this tranſport the ſurgeon came into the birth, under pretence of taking ſomething out of the medicine-cheſt, and, with a ſmiling aſpect, wiſhed us joy of our deliverance, which he ſaid he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very juſtly incenſed at our behaviour; but he (the doctor) had paſſed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we ſhould give him no cauſe to repent of his kindneſs. He expected, no doubt, an acknowledgment from us for his pretended piece of ſervice, as well as a general amneſty of what was paſt; but he had to do with people who were not quite ſo apt to forgive inj he imagined, or to forget tha deliverance was owing to his tion, our calamity was occaſi his malice; I therefore ſat ſile my companion anſwered: 'A 'tis no matter—Got knows tha 'there is a time for all things 'wiſe man ſaith; there is a 'throwing away ſtones, and a 'gather them up again.' He to be diſconcerted at this rep went away in a pet, mutterin thing about 'Ingratitude,' an 'lows,' of which we did n fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined anot waited for us, lay at anchor month in the harbour of Por in Jamaica, during which tim thing of conſequence was transacted; notwithſtanding the ations of ſome who affirmed no buſineſs at all in that pla in order to take the advantag ſeaſon proper for our enterpr Weſt Indian ſquadron, which vious notice of our coming, have joined us at the weſt end paniola, with neceſſary ſtores freſhments, from whence w have ſailed directly for Car before the enemy could put th in a good poſture of defence deed have an inkling of our Be this as it will, we ſailed f maica, and in ten days or a f beat up againſt the wind as fa iſle of Vache, with an inten was ſaid, to attack the Fren then ſuppoſed to be lying n place; but before we arrived ſailed for Europe, having firſt ed an advice-boat to Carthage an account of our being in th as alſo of our ſtrength and def We loitered here ſome days taking in wood, and brackiſ in the uſe whereof, however miral ſeemed to conſult the h the men, by reſtricting each to a day. At length we ſet ſail, rived in a bay to the windward thagena, where we came to an and lay at our eaſe ten days Here again, certain malicious took occaſion to blame the co their ſuperiors, by ſaying, th doing, they not only unp waſted time, which was very

co

g the approach of the rainy
ut alſo allowed the Spaniards
& themſelves from the terror
l by the approach of an Eng-
at leaſt three times as nu-
ever appeared in that part of
before. But if I might be
give my opinion of the mat-
uld aſcribe this delay to the
of our chiefs, who ſcorned
any advantage that fortune
e them, even over an enemy.
however, we weighed, and
again ſomewhat nearer the
mouth, where we made ſhift
ir marines, who encamped on
, in deſpite of the enemy's
ch knocked a good many of
he head. This piece of con-
uſing a camp under the walls
emy's fortification, which I
ever happened before, was
I preſume, with a view of
ng the ſoldiers to ſtand fire,
not as yet much uſed to diſ-
oft of them having been taken
plough-tail a few months be-
is expedient again has ſur-
itters for cenſure againſt the
for ſending a few raw re-
ſuch an important enterprize,
many veteran regiments lay
t home: but ſurely our go-
id their reaſons for ſo doing,
ſibly may be diſcloſed with
ers of the deep. Perhaps
loth to riſk their beſt troops
eſperate ſervice; or, the co-
field officers of the old corps,
rally ſpeaking, enjoyed their
ns as ſinecures or penſions,
omeſtick ſervices tendered to
refuſed to embark in ſuch a
and precarious undertaking;
refuſal, no doubt, they are
commended.

H A P. XXXII.

D FORCES BEING DISEM-), ERECT A FASCINE BAT-OUR SHIP IS ORDERED, OUR MORE, TO BATTER ORT OF BOCA CHICA— FANE'S COWARDICE—— APLAIN'S FRENZY—HO-NTLIN LOSES ONE HAND HEROISM AND REFLEC-E THE BATTLE—CRAMP-LEY'S BEHAVIOUR TO ME DUR-JNG THE HEAT OF THE FIGHT.

OUR forces being landed and ſtationed as I have already mentioned, ſet about erecting a faſcine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in ſomething more than three weeks it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as poſſible, it was determined, in a council of war, that five of our largeſt ſhips ſhould attack the fort on one ſide; while the battery, ſtrengthened by two mortars and twenty four cohorns, ſhould ply it on the other.

Accordingly, the ſignal for our ſhip to engage, among others, was hoiſted, we being adverniſed the night before to make every thing clear for that purpoſe: and in ſo doing a difference happened between Captain Oakhum and his well-beloved couſin and counſellor Mackſhane, which had well-nigh terminated in an open rupture. The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's ſhot in the cockpit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a ſurgeon's mate had been killed in that part of a ſhip by a cannon-ball from two ſmall redoubts that were deſtroyed before the diſembarkation of our ſoldiers; and therefore inſiſted upon having a platform raiſed for the convenience of the ſick and wounded in the after hold, where he deemed himſelf more ſecure than on the deck above. The captain, offended at this extraordinary propoſal, accuſed him of puſillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for ſuch an occaſion; or if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the reſt of the ſurgeons of the navy, who uſed the cockpit for that purpoſe. Fear rendering Mackſhane obſtinate, he perſiſted in his demand; and ſhewed his inſtructions, by which it was authorized: the captain ſwore theſe inſtructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at ſea; nevertheleſs he was obliged to comply, and ſent for the carpenter to give orders about it. But before any ſuch meaſure could be taken, our ſignal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to truſt his carcaſe in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were buſy in putting our inſtruments and dreſſings in order.

Our

Our ſhip, with others deſtined for this ſervice, immediately weighed, and in leſs than half an hour came to an anchor before the caſtle of Boca Chica, with a ſpring upon our cable; and the cannonading, which indeed was terrible, began. The ſurgeon, after having croſſed himſelf, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purſer, who were ſtationed with us in quality of aſſiſtants, followed his example, while the Welchman and I ſat upon a cheſt looking at one another with great diſcompoſure, ſcarce able to refrain from the like proſtration. And that the reader may know, it was not a common occaſion that alarmed us thus, I muſt inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that aſtoniſhed us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty four great guns, beſides a mortar and ſmall arms, in Boca Chica, thirty-ſix in fort St. Joſeph, twenty in two faſcine batteries, and four men of war, mounting ſixty-four guns each. This was anſwered by our land battery mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty four cohorns, and five great ſhips of eighty or ſeventy guns, that fired without intermiſſion. We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the ſailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he toſſed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth, without ſpeaking a word; Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried out, 'As 'I ſhall anſwer now, the man is as tead 'as my great-grandfather.'—'Dead!' ſays his comrade, 'he may be dead 'now, for aught I know, but I'll be 'damned if he was not alive when I 'took him up.' So ſaying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it over-board. 'D—n 'the body!' ſaid he, 'I think 'tis 'fair enough to take care of my own.' My fellow-mate ſnatching up the amputation-knife, purſued him half way up the cockpit-ladder, crying, 'You 'lowſy raſcal, is this the church-yard, 'or the charnel-houſe, or the ſepul-'chre, or the Golgotha of the ſhip?' but was ſtopped in his career by one calling, 'Yo, ho, avaſt there, ſcald-'*ings.*'—'Scaldings!' anſwered Morgan, '*God knows* 'tis hot enough in-'deed: who are you?'—'H replied the voice. And I im knew it to be that of my ho Jack Rattlin, who coming to told me, with great deliber was come to be docked at laſt covered the remains of one ha had been ſhattered to pieces wi ſhot. I lamented with unfei row his misfortune, which he heroick courage, obſerving, ſhot had it's commiſſion. I it did not take *him* in the h it had, what then; he ſhould bravely, fighting for his country. Death was a debt w man owed, and muſt pay; now was as well as another was much pleaſed and edifie maxims of this ſea-philoſop endured the amputation of his without ſhrinking; the operat performed at his requeſt, by Mackſhane, who was with diffi vailed to lift his head from had declared there was a ne his loſing the limb. While J ployed in dreſſing the ſtump Jack's opinion of the batt ſhaking his head, frankly he believed we ſhould do for why! becauſe inſtead of anchor cloſe under ſhore, ſhould have had to deal with ner of Boca Chica only, opened the harbour, and exp ſelves to the whole fire of t from their ſhipping and Fo ſeph, as well as from the intended to cannonade; that we lay at too great a diſtan mage the walls, and three four of our ſhot did not ta for there was ſcarce any board who underſtood the of a gun. 'Ah! God help tinued he, 'if your kinſma 'nant Bowling had been here, 'have had other-gueſs wo this time our patients had in ſuch a number, that we did which to begin with; and the plainly told the ſurgeon, that not get up immediately, and his duty, he would complain haviour to the admiral, and plication for his warrant. Th ſtrance effectually rouzed M who was never deaf to an arg which he thought his intereſt

denied; he therefore roſe up, and in order to ſtrengthen his reſolution, had recourſe more than once to a caſe-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purſer, who had as much need of ſuch extraordinary inſpiration as himſelf. Being thus ſupported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewn down without mercy. The fumes of the liquor mounting into the perſon's brain, conſpired with his former agitation of ſpirits, to make him quite delirious; he ſtript himſelf to the ſkin, and beſmearing his body with blood, could ſcarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, ſcandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his tranſports with reaſon, but finding all he ſaid ineffectual, and great confuſion occaſioned by his frolicks, he knocked him down with his right-hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that ſtate of humiliation. But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purſer; who ſat on the floor wringing his hands, and curſing the hour in which he left his peaceable profeſſion of a brewer in Rocheſter, to engage in ſuch a life of terror and diſquiet. While we diverted ourſelves at the expence of this poor devil, a ſhot happened to take us between wind and water, and (it's courſe being through the purſer's ſtore-room) made a terrible havock and noiſe among the jars and bottles in it's way, and diſconcerted Mackſhane ſo much, that he dropped his ſcalpel, and falling down on his knees, pronounced his pater-noſter aloud; the purſer fell backward, and lay without ſenſe or motion; and the chaplain grew ſo outrageous, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; ſo that we were obliged to confine him in the ſurgeon's cabbin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thouſand extravagancies. Much about this time my old antagoniſt Crampley came down with expreſs orders, as he ſaid, to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dreſs a ſlight wound the captain had received by a ſplinter. His reaſon for honouring me in particular with this piece of ſervice, being that in caſe I ſhould be killed or diſabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of leſs conſequence to the ſhip's company than that of the doctor or his firſt mate. At another time, perhaps, I might have diſputed this order, to which I was not bound to pay the leaſt regard; but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was reſolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of expoſing myſelf to danger. With this view I provided myſelf with dreſſings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a moſt infernal ſcene of ſlaughter, fire, ſmoke, and uproar! Captain Oakham, who leaned againſt the mizen-maſt, no ſooner ſaw me approach in my ſhirt, with the ſleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands dyed with blood, than he ſignified his diſpleaſure by a frown, and aſked why the doctor himſelf did not come. I told him Crampley had ſingled me out, as if by expreſs command; at which reply he ſeemed ſurprized, and threatened to puniſh the midſhipman for his preſumption, after the engagement: in the mean time I was ſent back to my ſtation, and ordered to tell Mackſhane that the captain expected him immediately. I got ſafe back, and delivered my commiſſion to the doctor, who flatly refuſed to quit the poſt aſſigned to him by his inſtructions: whereupon Morgan, who I believe was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and aſcended with great intrepidity. The captain finding the ſurgeon obſtinate, ſuffered himſelf to be dreſſed, and ſwore he would confine Mackſhane as ſoon as the ſervice ſhould be over.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A BREACH BEING MADE IN THE WALLS, OUR SOLDIERS GIVE THE ASSAULT, AND TAKE THE PLACE WITHOUT OPPOSITION——OUR SAILORS AT THE SAME TIME BECOME MASTERS OF ALL THE OTHER STRENGTHS NEAR BOCA CHICA, AND TAKE POSSESSION OF THE HARBOUR—THE GOOD CONSEQUENCE OF THIS SUCCESS—WE MOVE NEARER THE TOWN—FIND TWO FORTS DESERTED, AND THE CHANNEL BLOCKED UP WITH SUNK VESSELS; WHICH HOWEVER WE FIND MEANS TO CLEAR—LAND OUR SOLDIERS AT LA QUINTA—REPULSE A BODY OF MILITIA—ATTACK THE CASTLE

TLE OF ST. LAZAR, AND ARE FORCED TO RETREAT WITH GREAT LOSS—THE REMAINS OF OUR ARMY ARE RE-EMBARKED—AN EFFORT OF THE ADMIRAL TO TAKE THE TOWN—THE OECONOMY OF OUR EXPEDITION DESCRIBED.

HAVING cannonaded the fort during the ſpace of four hours, we were all ordered to ſlip our cables, and ſheer off; but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued, from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica ſlackened, and towards evening was quite ſilenced. A breach being made on the other ſide by our land battery, large enough to admit a middle-ſized baboon provided he could find means to climb up to it, our general propoſed to give the aſſault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty: Providence ſtood our friend upon this occaſion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by reſolute men to the day of judgment againſt all the force we could exert in the attack. And while our ſoldiers took poſſeſſion of the enemy's ramparts, without reſiſtance, the ſame good luck attended a body of ſailors, who made themſelves maſters of Fort St. Joſeph, the faſcine batteries, and one Spaniſh man of war; the other three being burnt or ſunk by the foe, that they might not fall into our hands. The taking of theſe forts in the ſtrength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us maſters of the outward harbour, and occaſioned great joy among us; as we laid our accounts with finding little or no oppoſition from the town; and, indeed, if a few great ſhips had ſailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confuſion and deſpair that our unexpected ſucceſs had produced among them, it is not impoſſible that we might have finiſhed the affair to our ſatisfaction without any more bloodſhed; but this ſtep our heroes diſdained, as a barbarous inſult over the enemy's diſtreſs; and gave them all the reſpite they could deſire, in order to recollect themſelves. In the mean time, Mackſhane taking the advantage of *this general exultation*, waited on our captain, and pleaded his own effectually, that he was re-eſt in his good graces; and as for ley, there was no more notice his behaviour towards me the action. But of all the con ces of the victory, none wa grateful than plenty of freſh after we had languiſhed five w the allowance of a purſer's q diem for each man, in the torr where the ſun was vertical, and pence of bodily fluid ſo great gallon of liquor could ſcarce ſu waſte of twenty-four hours; e as our proviſion conſiſted of put beef, to which the ſailors gave t of Iriſh horſe; ſalt pork of Ne land, which, though neither fiſh, ſavoured of both; bread f ſame country, every biſcuit like a piece of clock-work, m it's own internal impulſe, oc by the myriads of inſects th within it; and butter ſerved ou jill, that taſted like train-oil th with ſalt. Inſtead of ſmall-be man was allowed three half q of brandy or rum, which were buted every morning, diluted certain quantity of his water, either ſugar or fruit to render it ble; for which reaſon this com was by the ſailors not unaptl *neceſſity*. Nor was this limit ſimple element owing to a ſearc on board, for there was at t water enough in the ſhip for a of ſix months, at the rate of hal lon per day to each man. But muſt, I ſuppoſe, have been enjo way of penance on the ſhip's c for their ſins; or rather with a mortify them into a contempt that they might thereby becom reſolute and regardleſs of dange ſimple, then, do thoſe people arg aſcribe the great mortality amo our bad proviſion and want of and affirm that a great many lives might have been ſaved if leſs tranſports had been empl fetching freſh ſtock, turtle, fr other refreſhments, from Jam other adjacent iſlands, for the u army and fleet! ſeeing it is to b that thoſe who died went to place, and thoſe who ſurvived more eaſily maintained. Afte

number remained to fall be-
walls of St. Lazar, where they
like their own country maſtiffs,
ut their eyes, run into the jaws
r, and have their heads cruſhed
valour.

return to my narration: After
ut garriſons into the forts we
n, and re-embarked our ſoldiers
lery, a piece of ſervice that de-
more than a week; we ven-
to the mouth of the inner har-
arded by a large fortification
de, and a ſmall redoubt on the
th of which were deſerted be-
approach, and the entrance of
or blocked up by ſeveral old
and two men of war that the
id ſunk in the channel. We
ſt, however, to open a paſſage
ſhips, that favoured a ſecond
of our troops at a place called
ta, not far from the town;
fter a faint reſiſtance from a
Spaniards, who oppoſed their
kation, they encamped with a
beſieging the caſtle of St. La-
h overlooked and commanded

Whether our renowned ge-
l nobody in his army who
to approach it in form, or that
l entirely to the fame of his
all not determine; but certain
ſolution was taken in a coun-
ir, to attack the place with
only. This was put in exe-
d ſucceeded accordingly; the
ring them ſuch a hearty re-
at the greateſt part of the de-
took up their everlaſting reſi-
the ſpot. Our chief not re-
s kind of complaiſance in the
, was wiſe enough to retreat
with the remains of his army,
om eight thouſand able men
the beach near Boca Chica,
educed to fifteen hundred fit
e. The ſick and wounded
ed into certain veſſels, which
ained the name of hoſpital
gh methinks they ſcarce de-
a creditable title, ſeeing few
ould boaſt of their ſurgeon,
ook; and the ſpace between
ſo confined, that the miſera-
s had not room to ſit upright
beds. Their wounds and
ng neglected, contracted filth
ction, and millions of mag-
gots were hatched amidſt the corruption of their ſores. This inhuman diſregard was imputed to the ſcarcity of ſurgeons; though it is well known that every great ſhip in the fleet could have ſpared one at leaſt for this duty: an expedient which would have been more than ſufficient to remove this ſhocking inconvenience. But perhaps the general was too much of a gentleman to aſk a favour of this kind from his fellow chief; who, on the other hand, would not derogate ſo much from his own dignity as to offer ſuch aſſiſtance unaſked; for I may venture to affirm, that by this time the dæmon of diſcord with her ſooty wings had breathed her influence upon our councils; and it might be ſaid of theſe great men, (I hope they will pardon the compariſon) as of Cæſar and Pompey, the one could not brook a ſuperior, and the other was impatient of an equal: ſo that between the pride of one, and the inſolence of another, the enterprize miſcarried; according to the proverb, 'between two ſtools the 'backſide falls to the ground.' Not that I would be thought to liken any publick concern to that approbious part of the human body, though I might with truth aſſert, if I durſt uſe ſuch a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an a—ſe at it's diſappointment on this occaſion; neither would I preſume to compare the capacity of our heroick leaders to any ſuch wooden convenience as a joint-ſtool or a cloſe-ſtool; but only to ſignify by this ſimile, the miſtake the people committed in truſting to the union of two inſtruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St. Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spaniſh men of war we had taken, to be mounted with ſixteen guns, and manned with detachments from our great ſhips, in order to batter the town; accordingly ſhe was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, againſt which ſhe began to fire at day-break; and continued about ſix hours expoſed to the oppoſition of at leaſt thirty pieces of cannon, which at length obliged our men to ſet her on fire, and get off as well as they could, in their boats. This piece of conduct afforded matter of ſpeculation to all the wits either in the army or navy, who were

at laſt fain to acknowledge it a ſtroke of policy above their comprehenſion. Some entertained ſuch an irreverent opinion of the admiral's underſtanding, as to think he expected the town would ſurrender to his floating battery of ſixteen guns; others imagined his ſole intention was to try the enemy's ſtrength, by which he ſhould be able to compute the number of great ſhips that would be neceſſary to force the town to a capitulation: but this laſt conjecture ſoon appeared groundleſs, inaſmuch as no ſhips of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that ſervice. A third ſort ſwore, that no other cauſe could be aſſigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill. A fourth claſs (and that the moſt numerous, though, without doubt, compoſed of the moſt ſanguine and malicious) plainly taxed this commander with want of honeſty as well as ſenſe; and alledged that he ought to have ſacrificed private pique to the intereſt of his country; that where the lives of ſo many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being ſolicited, or even deſired, towards their preſervation and advantage; that if his arguments could not diſſuade him from a deſperate enterprize, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as poſſible, without running extreme hazard; that this could only be done, with a good proſpect of ſucceſs, by ordering five or ſix large ſhips to batter the town while the land forces ſtormed the caſtle; by theſe means a conſiderable diverſion would have been made in favour of thoſe troops, who in their march to the aſſault, and in the retreat, ſuffered much more from the town than from the caſtle; that the inhabitants, ſeeing themſelves vigorouſly attacked on all hands, would have been divided, diſtracted, and confuſed, and in all probability unable to reſiſt the aſſailants. But all theſe ſuggeſtions ſurely proceeded from ignorance and malevolence, or elſe the admiral would not have found it ſuch an eaſy matter, at his return to England, to juſtify his conduct to a miniſtry at once ſo upright and diſcerning. True it is, that thoſe who undertook to vindicate him on the ſpot, aſſerted, there was not water enough for our great ſhips near the town; though this was a little unfortunately *urged*, becauſe there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly we quainted with the ſoundings of th bour, who affirmed there was enough for five eighty gun ſhips a-breaſt, almoſt up to the very The diſappointments we ſuffere caſioned an univerſal dejection, was not at all alleviated by the that daily and hourly entertaine eyes, nor by the proſpect of wha have inevitably happened, had mained much longer in this Such was the œconomy in ſome that rather than be at the trou interring the dead, their comm ordered their men to throw their overboard, many without either or winding-ſheet; ſo that numb human carcaſes floated in the ha until they were devoured by ſhark carrion-crows; which afforded greeable ſpectacle to thoſe who ſ ed. At the ſame time the wet began; during which, a deluge falls from the riſing to the ſett the ſun, without intermiſſion; a no ſooner ceaſes, than it begi thunder and lighten with ſuch nual flaſhing, that one can ſee t a very ſmall print by the illu tion.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AN EPIDEMICK FEVER RAGE MONG US—WE ABANDON CONQUEST—I AM SEIZED THE DISTEMPER; WRITE TITION TO THE CAPTAIN, W IS REJECTED—I AM IN DA OF SUFFOCATION THROUG MALICE OF CRAMPLEY; AN LIEVED BY A SERJEANT FEVER INCREASES—THE C LAIN WANTS TO CONFESS I OBTAIN A FAVOURABLE SIS—MORGAN'S AFFECTIO ME PROVED—THE BEHAV OF MACKSHANE AND CRAM TOWARDS ME—CAPTAIN HUM IS REMOVED INTO THER SHIP WITH HIS REL DOCTOR—OUR NEW CAP DESCRIBED—AN ADVENTU MORGAN.

THE change of the atmo occaſioned by this phæno conſpired with the ſtench that ſur ed us, the heat of the climate, ou conſti

tutions impoverished by bad pro-
s, and our despair, to introduce
lious fever among us, which raged
such violence, that three-fourths
ose whom it invaded died in a
able manner; the colour of their
eing, by the extreme putrefaction
juices, changed into that of soot.
r conductors finding things in
tuation, perceived it was high
o relinquish our conquests; and
we did, after having rendered
artillery useless, and blown up
walls with gunpowder. Just as
led from Boca Chica, on our re-
o Jamaica, I found myself threa-
with the symptoms of this ter-
listemper; and knowing very well
stood no chance for my life, if I
l be obliged to lie in the cock-
which by this time was grown
rable even to the people in health,
ason of the heat and unwhole-
smell of decayed provision; I
a petition to the captain, repre-
g my case, and humbly implor-
s permission to lie among the sol-
n the middle deck, for the bene-
the air: but I might have spared
f the trouble, for this humane
ander refused my request, and
d me to continue in the place al-
for the surgeon's mates, or else
ntended to lie in the hospital,
, by the bye, was three degrees
offensive, and more suffocating
our own birth below. Another
condition, perhaps, would have
tted to his fate, and died in a pet;
could not brook the thought of
ing so pitifully, after I had wea-
l so many gales of hard fortune:
efore, without minding Oakhum's
tion, prevailed upon the soldiers
e good will I had acquired) to ad-
y hammock among them; and
ly congratulated myself upon my
rtable situation; which Cramp-
sooner understood, than he sig-
to the captain, my contempt of
ders; and was invested with power
n me down again into my proper
tion. This barbarous piece of re-
incensed me so much against the
r, that I vowed, with bitter im-
ions, to call him to a severe ac-
, if ever it should be in my power;
e agitation of my spirits increased
ver to a violent degree. While I
sping for breath in this infernal
abode, I was visited by a serjeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement: he being informed of my condition, offered me the use of his birth in the middle deck, which was inclosed with canvas, and well aired by a port-hole that remained open within it. I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place, where I was treated, while my illness lasted, with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier, who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop, during the whole passage. Here I lay and enjoyed the breeze, notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see, from my cabbin-window, six or seven thrown overboard every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence, I am persuaded, conduced a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially, when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely, to refuse all medicine; which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid. When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses, I put them into my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them; and when he went away, spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel: I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus, by a refusal which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity; for he acted as my physician, Doctor Mackshane never once enquiring about me, or even knowing where I was. When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate, and after having applied a blister to the nape of my neck, squeezed my hand, bidding me with a woeful countenance, recommend myself to Got and my Redeemer; then taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me; but before he arrived, I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welchman had bestowed on my back. The parson having felt my pulse,

enquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began thus: 'Mr. Random, God out of his 'infinite mercy hath been pleaſed to 'viſit you with a dreadful diſtemper, 'the iſſue of which no man knows. 'You may be permitted to recover and 'live many days on the face of the 'earth; and, which is more probable, 'you may be taken away and cut off in 'the flower of your youth: it is incum-'bent on you, therefore, to prepare 'for the great change, by repenting 'ſincerely of your ſins: of this there 'cannot be a greater ſign, than an in-'genuous confeſſion, which I conjure 'you to make, without heſitation or 'mental reſervation; and when I am 'convinced of your ſincerity, I will 'then give you ſuch comfort as the 'ſituation of your ſoul will admit of. 'Without doubt, you have been guilty 'of numberleſs tranſgreſſions to which 'youth is ſubject, as ſwearing, drunk-'enneſs, whoredom, and adultery; tell 'me therefore, without reſerve, the par-'ticulars of each, eſpecially of the laſt, 'that I may be acquainted with the 'true ſtate of your conſcience: for no 'phyſician will preſcribe for his pa-'tient until he knows the circum-'ſtances of his diſeaſe.' As I was not under any apprehenſions of death, I could not help ſmiling at the doctor's inquiſitive remonſtrance, which I told him ſavoured more of the Roman than of the Proteſtant church, in recommending auricular confeſſion; a thing, in my opinion, not at all neceſſary to ſalvation, and which, for that reaſon, I declined. This reply diſconcerted him a little; however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned diſtinctions between what was abſolutely neceſſary, and what was only convenient; then proceeded to aſk what religion I profeſſed: I anſwered that I had not as yet conſidered the difference of religions, conſequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a Preſbyterian. At this word the chaplain expreſſed great aſtoniſhment, and ſaid, he could not comprehend how a Preſbyterian was entitled to any poſt under the Engliſh government. Then he aſked if I had ever received the ſacrament, or taken the oaths; to which queſtions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands, aſſured me he could do me no ſervice, wiſhed I might not be in a ſtate of reprobation; and returned to his meſsmates, who were making merry in the ward-room, round a table well ſtored with bumbo* and wine. This inſinuation, terrible as it was, had not ſuch an effect upon me as the fever, which, ſoon after he had left me, grew outrageous; I began to ſee ſtrange chimeras, and concluded myſelf on the point of becoming delirious: in the mean time, being in great danger of ſuffocation, I ſtarted up in a kind of frantick fit, with an intention to plunge myſelf into the ſea, and as my friend the ſerjeant was not preſent, would certainly have cooled myſelf to ſome purpoſe, had I not perceived a moiſture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock: the appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and reſolution enough to take the advantage of this favourable ſymptom, by tearing my ſhirt from my body, and the ſheets from my bed, and wrapping myſelf in a thick blanket, in which incloſure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell; but it was not long before I was recompenſed for my ſufferings by a profuſe ſweat, that burſting from the whole ſurface of my ſkin, in leſs than two hours relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakneſs, and left me as hungry as a kite. I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myſelf with the agreeable reverie of my future happineſs, when I heard Morgan, on the outſide of the curtain, aſk the ſerjeant if I was alive ſtill. 'Alive!' cried the other, 'God forbid he ſhould be other-'wiſe! he has lain quiet theſe five 'hours, and I do not chuſe to diſ-'turb him, for ſleep will do him great 'ſervice.'—'Aye,' ſaid my fellow mate, 'he ſleeps ſo ſound, look you, 'that he will never waken till the 'great trump blows. Got be mer-'ciful to his ſoul! he has paid his 'debt like an honeſt man. Aye, and 'moreover, he is at reſt from all per-'ſecutions, and troubles, and afflic-'tions, of which, Got knows, and I 'know, he had his own ſhare. Ochree! 'Ochree! he was a promiſing youth 'indeed."

* *Bumbo* is a liquor compoſed of rum, ſugar, water and nutmeg.

'indeed.' So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner, as persuaded me he had a real friendship for me. The serjeant, alarmed at his words, came into the birth, and while he looked upon me, I smiled, and tipt him the wink; he immediately guessed my meaning, and remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead; whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with a sight of the object; and I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under-jaw, that he said, 'There he lies, no petter 'than a lump of clay, Got help me!' And observed by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle. I should not have been able to contain myself much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and my mouth; upon which I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much, that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like the picture of horror: although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him, I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England. It was some time before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and enquire into the particulars of my disease: but when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune; not failing to ascribe it, under Got, to the blister he had applied to my back, at his last visit; 'which, by the bye,' said he, 'must 'now be removed and dressed.' He was actually going to fetch dressings, when I feigning astonishment, said, 'Bless 'me! sure you never applied a blister 'to me; there is nothing on my back, 'I assure you.' But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprize in finding the skin untouched, and the plaister missing. In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards in a fit of delirium. This apology satisfied my friend, who on this occasion abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio; and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provisions, and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and in a short time my health and vigour were perfectly re-established. When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck, with a staff in my hand, I met Doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word: after him came Crampley, who strutting up to me, with a fierce countenance, pronounced, 'Here's fine dis-'cipline on board, when such lazy 'skulking sons of bitches as you are 'allowed, on pretence of sickness, to 'lollop at your ease, while your bet-'ters are kept to hard duty!' The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel enraged me so much, that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate; but when I considered my present feebleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him, I had not forgot his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore. At this declaration he grinned, shook his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity.

Meanwhile our ship was ordered to be heaved down, victualled and watered, for her return to England; and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman who, on the other hand, wished for nothing so much as to be safe without the tropick, all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite Mackshane along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oar'd barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in every thing the reverse of Oakhum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner: a white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets tied behind with a ribband. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk, lined with white, by the

elegance

elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were, to diſcover a white ſattin waiſtcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to diſplay a broche ſet with garnets, that glittered in the breaſt of his ſhirt, which was of the fineſt cambrick, edged with right Mechlin; the knees of his crimſon velvet breeches ſcarce deſcended ſo low as to meet his ſilk ſtockings, which roſe without ſpot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from ſhoes of blue Meroquin, ſtudded with diamond buckles that flamed forth rivals to the ſun! A ſteel-hilted ſword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribband which fell down in a rich taſſel, equipped his ſide; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wriſt: but the moſt remarkable parts of his furniture were, a maſk on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not ſeem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occaſionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand. In this garb, Captain Whiffle, for that was his name, took poſſeſſion of the ſhip, ſurrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, ſeemed to be of their patron's diſpoſition; and the air was ſo impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm the clime of Arabia Fœlix was not half ſo ſweet-ſcented. My fellow-mate obſerving no ſurgeon among his train, thought he had found an occaſion too favourable for himſelf to be neglected; and remembering the old proverb, 'Spare 'to ſpeak, and ſpare to ſpeed,' reſolved to ſolicit the new captain's intereſt immediately, before any other ſurgeon could be appointed for the ſhip. With this view he repaired to the cabbin in his ordinary dreſs, conſiſting of a check-ſhirt and trowſers, a brown linen waiſtcoat, and a night-cap of the ſame, (neither of them very clean) which, for his future misfortune, happened to ſmell ſtrong of tobacco. Entering without any ceremony into this ſacred place, he found Captain Whiffle repoſing upon a couch, with a wrapper of fine chintz about his body, and a muſlin cap bordered with lace about his head; and after ſeveral low congees began in this manner: 'Sir, I 'hope you will forgive, and excuſe, and 'pardon, the preſumption of one who 'has not the honour of being known 'unto you, but who is, never 'a ſhentleman porn and pre 'moreover, has had misfortune 'help me, in the world.' Here interrupted by the captain, who, ing him, had ſtarted up with mazement at the novelty of th rition; and having recollected pronounced with a look and t nifying diſdain, curioſity, and ſ 'Zauns! who art thou?'—' 'ſurgeon's firſt mate on board 'ſhip,' replied Morgan; 'and 'vehemently deſire and beſeec 'with all ſubmiſſion, to be ple 'condeſcend and vouchſafe to 'into my character, and my peh 'and my deſerts, which, unde 'I hope will entitle me to the 'of ſurgeon.' As he proceede ſpeech, he continued advanci wards the captain, whoſe noſtri no ſooner ſaluted with the aromat vour that exhaled from him, t cried with great emotion, ' 'preſerve me! I am ſuffocated 'low, fellow! away with thee. 'thee, fellow! get thee gone: 'be ſtunk to death!' At the his outcries, his ſervants ran apartment; and he accoſted then 'Villains! cut-throats! traitor 'betrayed! I am ſacrificed! 'you not carry that monſter aw 'muſt I be ſtifled with the ſte 'him! Oh, oh!' With theſe jections, he ſunk down upon h in a fit; his valet de chambr him with a ſmelling-bottle, on man chafed his temples with h water, another ſprinkled the flo ſpirits of lavender, a third puſhe gan out of the cabbin; who cor the place where I was, ſat dow a demure countenance; and, ing to his cuſtom, when he r any indignity which he durſt venge, began to ſing a Welch di gueſſed he was under ſome agit ſpirits, and deſired to know the but inſtead of anſwering me ly, he aſked with great emot I thought him a monſter ſtinkard. 'A monſter and a ſti ſaid I, with ſome ſurprize, ' 'body call you ſo?'—'Got 'judge,' replied he, 'Captai 'did call me both; ay, and 'water in the Tawy will not 'out of my remembrance. I

nd avouch, and maintain, with
l, and my body, and my blood,
ou, that I have no ſmells about
ſuch as a chriſtain ought to
xcept the effluvia of tobacco,
s a cephalic, odoriferous, aro-
erb, and he is a ſon of a moun-
at who ſays otherwiſe. As for
ing a monſter, let that be as
I am as Got was pleaſed to
me; which, peradventure, is
han I ſhall aver of him who
e that title; for I will pro-
t before the world, that he is
d and transfigured, and tranſ-
hied, with affectation and
s; and that he is more like a
than one of the human race.'

CHAP. XXXV.

N WHIFFLE SENDS FOR ME SITUATION DESCRIBED—URGEON ARRIVES, PRE-ES FOR HIM, AND PUTS O BED—A BED IS PUT UP MR. SIMPER CONTIGUOUS IE STATE-ROOM, WHICH, OTHER PARTS OF THE AIN'S BEHAVIOUR, GIVES HIP'S COMPANY A VERY VOURABLE IDEA OF THEIR ANDER—I AM DETAINED IE WEST-INDIES, BY THE RAL, AND GO ON BOARD IE LIZARD SLOOP OF WAR UALITY OF SURGEON'S , WHERE I MAKE MYSELF N TO THE SURGEON, WHO TS ME VERY KINDLY—I I SHORE, SELL MY TICKET, HASE NECESSARIES, AND Y RETURN ON BOARD AM RIZED AT THE SIGHT OF PLEY, WHO IS APPOINTED ENANT OF THE SLOOP—AIL ON A CRUISE—TAKE ZE, IN WHICH I ARRIVE ORT MORANT, UNDER THE IAND OF MY MESS-MATE, WHOM I LIVE IN GREAT ONY.

as going on with an eulogium on the captain, when I receiv-age to clean myſelf and go up reat cabbin: and with this I I inſtantly complied, ſweet-ening myſelf with roſe-water from the medicine-cheſt. When I entered the room, I was ordered to ſtand by the door, until Captain Whiffle had re-connoitered me at a diſtance, with a ſpy-glaſs. He having conſulted one ſenſe in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his noſe might have intelligence before it could be much offended: I therefore approached with great caution and ſucceſs, and he was pleaſed to ſay, 'Aye, this 'creature is tolerable.' I found him lolling on his couch with a languiſhing air, his head ſupported by his valet de chambre, who from time to time applied a ſmelling-bottle to his noſe. 'Vergette,' ſaid he in a ſqueaking tone, 'doſt thou think this wretch,' meaning me, 'will do me no injury? 'may I venture to ſubmit my arm to 'him?'—'Pon my vord,' replied the valet, 'I do tink dat dere be great 'occaſion for your honour loſing one 'ſmall quantite of blodt; and the 'young man ave quelque choſe of de 'bonne mien.'—'Well then,' ſaid his maſter, 'I think I muſt venture.' Then addreſſing himſelf to me, 'Haſt 'thou ever blooded any body but 'brutes? But I need not aſk thee, 'for thou wilt tell me a moſt dam-'nable lye.'—'Brutes, Sir,' anſwered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulſe; 'I never meddle with 'brutes.'—'What the devil art thou 'about?' cried he; 'doſt thou intend 'to twiſt off my hand? Gad's curſe! 'my arm is benumbed up to the very 'ſhoulder! Heaven have mercy upon 'me! muſt I periſh under the hands of 'ſavages? What an unfortunate dog 'was I, to come on board without my 'own ſurgeon, Mr. Simper.' I craved pardon for having handled him ſo roughly, and with the utmoſt care and tenderneſs tied up his arm with a fillet of ſilk. While I was feeling for the vein, he deſired to know how much blood I intended to take from him; and when I anſwered, 'Not above twelve ounces,' ſtarted up with a look full of horror, and bade me be gone, ſwearing I had a deſign upon his life. Vergette appeaſed him with difficulty, and opening a bu-reau, took out a pair of ſcales, in one of which was placed a ſmall cup; and putting them into my hand, told me, the captain never loſt above an ounce and three drachms at one time. While

I pre-

I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabbin a young man gaily dreſſed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid ſmile on his face, which ſeemed to have been rendered habitual by a long courſe of affectation. The captain no ſooner perceived him, than riſing haſtily, he flew into his arms, crying, 'O my dear Simper! I am 'exceſſively diſordered! I have been 'betrayed, frighted, murdered, by the 'negligence of my ſervants, who ſuf-'fered a beaſt, a mule, a bear, to ſur-'prize me, and ſtink me into convul-'ſions with the fumes of tobacco.' Simper, who by this time, I found, was obliged to art for the clearneſs of his complexion, aſſumed an air of ſoftneſs and ſympathy, and lamented with many tender expreſſions of ſorrow, the ſad accident that had thrown him into that condition; then feeling his patient's pulſe on the outſide of his glove, gave it as his opinion, that his diſorder was entirely nervous, and that ſome drops of tincture of caſtor and liquid laudanum would be of more ſervice to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate ſallies of his ſpirits, and compoſing the fermentation of his bile. I was therefore ſent to prepare this preſcription, which was adminiſtered in a glaſs of ſack-poſſet; after the captain had been put to-bed, and orders ſent to the officers on the quarter-deck, to let nobody walk on that ſide under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repoſe, the doctor watched over him, and indeed became ſo neceſſary, that a cabbin was made for him contiguous to the ſtate-room where Whiffle ſlept, that he might be at hand in caſe of accidents in the night. Next day, our commander being happily recovered, gave orders that none of the lieutenants ſhould appear upon deck without a wig, ſword, and ruffles; nor any midſhipman, or other petty officer, be ſeen with a check ſhirt, or dirty linen. He alſo prohibited any perſon whatever, except Simper, and his own ſervants, from coming into the great cabbin, without firſt ſending in to obtain leave. Theſe ſingular regulations did not prepoſſeſs the ſhip's company in his *favour; but, on the contrary, gave ſcandal an opportunity to be very buſy with his character,* and accuſe him of maintaining a correſpondence w ſurgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks our ſhip being ſailing orders, I was in hope of ſiting my native country in a ver time, when the admiral's ſurgeon on board, and ſending for Morg me to the quarter-deck, gave us derſtand there was a great ſcar ſurgeons in the Weſt Indies; t was commanded to detain one m of every great ſhip that was bou England; and deſired us to agr tween ourſelves, before the ne at that hour, which of us ſhou behind. We were thunderſtru this propoſal, and ſtared at one ther ſome time without ſpeaki length the Welchman broke ſ and offered to remain in the We dies, provided the admiral woul him a ſurgeon's warrant immed But he was told there was no w chief ſurgeons, and that he m contented with the ſtation of mat he ſhould be farther provided due courſe: whereupon Morgan refuſed to quit the ſhip for whi commiſſioners of the navy ha pointed him; and the other tol as plainly, that if we could not mine the affair by ourſelves befo morrow morning, he muſt caſ and abide by his chance. When called to my remembrance the m I had undergone in England, w had not one friend to promote m tereſt, or favour my advancem the navy, and at the ſame time ref on the preſent dearth of ſurgeo the Weſt Indies, and the unhealt of the climate, which every day a reduced the number, I could not thinking my ſucceſs would be more certain and expeditious, b ſtaying where I was, than by re ing to Europe. I therefore ref to comply with a good grace; and day when we were ordered to t dice, told Morgan, he needed trouble himſelf, for I would v tarily ſubmit to the admiral's ple This frank declaration was comm ed by the gentleman, who aſſure it ſhould not fare the worſe wit for my reſignation. Indeed he w good as his word; and that very noon procured a warrant, app ing me ſurgeon's mate of the L ſloop of war, which put me

with every firſt mate in the

cket being made out, I put my
d bedding on board a canoe
along-ſide; and having ſhook
ith my truſty friend the ſer-
nd honeſt Jack Rattlin, who
nd for Greenwich Hoſpital, I
leave of Morgan with many
fter we had exchanged our
ttons as remembrances of each
Having preſented my new war-
he captain of the Lizard, I en-
r the doctor; whom I no ſooner
n I recollected him to be one
young fellows with whom I
committed to the round-houſe,
ur frolick with Jackſon, as I
ated before. He received me
ood deal of courteſy; and when
n in mind of our former ac-
ce, expreſſed great joy at ſee-
again, and recommended me
ceeding good meſs, compoſed
nner and maſter's mate. As
s not one ſick perſon in the
got leave to go aſhore next
the gunner, who recommend-
a Jew that bought my ticket
te of 40l. per cent. diſcount;
ng furniſhed myſelf with what
s I wanted, returned on board
vening, and, to my ſurprize,
ny old antagoniſt Crampley
upon deck. Though I did
his enmity, I was ſhocked at
rance, and communicated my
ts on that ſubject to Mr. Tom-
ſurgeon, who told me that
, by dint of ſome friends
admiral, had procured a com-
conſtituting him lieutenant on
e Lizard; and adviſed me,
vas my ſuperior officer, to be-
h ſome reſpect towards him,
e would find a thouſand op-
es of uſing me ill. This ad-
a bitter potion to me, whom
reſentment had rendered ut-
pable of the leaſt ſubmiſſion
n of a reconciliation with, the
ho had, on many occaſions,
me ſo inhumanly: however,
to have as little connection
e with him, and to ingratiate
much as I could with the reſt
ficers, whoſe friendſhip might
wark to defend me from the
of his malice.

In leſs than a week we ſailed on a cruize; and having weathered the eaſt-end of the iſland, had the good fortune to take a Spaniſh barcolongo, with her prize, which was an Engliſh ſhip bound for Briſtol, that ſailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. - All the priſoners who were well we put on ſhore on the north-ſide of the iſland; the prizes were manned with Engliſhmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the maſter's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant, and there to remain until the Lizard's cruize ſhould be ended, at which time ſhe would touch at the ſame place in her way to Port Royal. With him I was ſent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Engliſhmen, who amounted to ſixteen, and to take care of them on ſhore, in a houſe that was to be hired as an hoſpital. This deſtination gave me a great deal of pleaſure, as I ſhould, for ſome time, be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whoſe inveteracy againſt me had already broke out on two or three occaſions, ſince he was become a lieutenant. My meſs-mate, who very much reſembled my uncle, both in figure and diſpoſition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmoſt civility and confidence; and, among other favours, made me a preſent of a ſilver-hilted hanger, and a pair of piſtols mounted with the ſame metal, which fell to his ſhare in plundering the enemy. We arrived ſafely at Morant; and going on ſhore, pitched upon an empty ſtore-houſe, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with beds and other neceſſaries, and four of the ſhip's company appointed to attend them and obey me.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE—IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH I AM EXTREMELY HAPPY—CRAMPLEY DOES ME ILL OFFICES WITH THE CAPTAIN; BUT HIS MALICE IS DEFEATED BY THE GOOD-NATURE AND FRIENDSHIP OF THE SURGEON——WE RETURN TO PORT ROYAL——OUR CAPTAIN GETS THE COMMAND OF A LAR-

GER SHIP, AND IS SUCCEEDED BY AN OLD MAN—BRAYL IS PROVIDED FOR—WE RECEIVE ORDERS TO SAIL FOR ENGLAND.

WHEN my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whoſe name was Brayl, carried me up the country to the houſe of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted; where we were ſumptuouſly entertained, and in the evening ſet out on our return to the ſhip. When we had walked about a mile by moonlight, we perceived a horſeman behind us, who coming up, wiſhed us *good even*, and aſked which way we went. His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no ſooner ſtruck my ear, than, in ſpite of all my reſolution and reflection, my hair briſtled up, and I was ſeized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl miſinterpreting, bade me be under no concern. I told him he was miſtaken in the cauſe of my diſorder; and, addreſſing myſelf to the perſon on horſeback, ſaid, 'I could have ſworn by 'your voice that you was a dear friend 'of mine, if I had not been certain 'of his death.' To this addreſs, after ſome pauſe, he replied, 'There are 'many voices, as well as faces, that re'ſemble one another; but pray what 'was your friend's name?' I ſatisfied him in that particular, and gave a ſhort detail of the melancholy fate of Thomſon, not without many ſighs, and ſome tears. A ſilence enſued, which laſted ſome minutes; and then the converſation turned on different ſubjects, till we arrived at a houſe on the road, where the horſeman alighted, and begged with ſo much earneſtneſs that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not reſiſt. But if I was alarmed at his voice, what muſt my amazement be, when I diſcovered by the light the very perſon of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confuſion, which was extreme, he claſped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears. It was ſome time ere I recovered the uſe of my reaſon, overpowered with this event, and longer ſtill before I could ſpeak. So that all I was capable of, was to return his embraces, and to mingle the overflowings of my joy with his; while honeſt Brayl, affected with the ſcene, wept as faſt as either of us, and ſignified his participation of our happineſs, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman. At length I retrieved the uſe of my tongue, and cried, 'Is it poſſible! Can you be my 'friend Thomſon? No, certainly; alas, 'he was drowned! and I am now un'der the deception of a dream!' He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual perſon whom I regretted; and bidding me ſit down and compoſe myſelf, promiſed to explain his ſudden diſappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at preſent in the land of the living. This taſk he acquitted himſelf of, after I had drank a glaſs of punch, and recollected my ſpirits, by informing us, that with a determination to rid himſelf of a miſerable exiſtence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ſhip was on her way, from whence he ſlipped down, as ſoftly as he could, by the bows, into the ſea; where, after he was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation; and as he could ſwim very well, kept himſelf above water, in hopes of being taken up by ſome of the ſhips aſtern; that in this ſituation he hailed a large veſſel, and begged to be taken in, but was anſwered that ſhe was a heavy ſailor, and therefore they did not chuſe to loſe time by bringing to; however, they threw an old cheſt over-board for his convenience, and told him that ſome of the ſhips aſtern would certainly ſave him; that no other veſſel came within ſight or cry of him for the ſpace of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himſelf in the middle of the ocean alone, without other ſupport or reſting-place but what a few crazy boards afforded; till at laſt he diſcerned a ſmall ſloop ſteering towards him, upon which he ſet up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and reſcued from the dreary waſte, by their boat, which was hoiſted out on purpoſe. 'I was no 'ſooner brought on board,' continued he, 'than I fainted; and when I reco'vered my ſenſes, found myſelf in 'bed, regaled with a moſt noiſome 'ſmell of onions and cheeſe; which 'made me think, at firſt, that I was in 'my own hammock, along-ſide of ho'neſt Morgan, and that all which had 'paſſed was no more than a dream. 'Upon enquiry, I underſtood that I was

'on

ırd of a ſchooner belonging to
: Iſland, bound for Jamaica,
cargo of geeſe, pigs, onions,
heeſe; and that the maſter's
was Robertſon, by birth a
Briton; whom I knew at firſt
o be an old ſchool fellow of
When I diſcovered myſelf to
ıe was tranſported with ſur-
nd joy, and begged to know
aſion of my misfortune, which
ot think fit to diſcloſe, becauſe
' his notions with regard to re-
were very ſevere and confined;
ıe contented myſelf with tell-
n, I fell over-board by acci-
but made no ſcruple of ex-
g the nature of my diſagree-
ıtion, and of acquainting him
ny determined purpoſe never
ırn to the Thunder man of
Although he was not of my
ı in that particular, knowing
nuſt loſe my cloaths, and what
as due to me, unleſs I went
o my duty; yet, when I de-
the circumſtances of the hell-
I led, under the tyrannick ſway
hum and Mackſhane; and, a-
ɔther grievances, hinted a diſ-
tion at the irreligious deport-
f my ſhip-mates, and the want
true preſbyterian goſpel doc-
he changed his ſentiments,
ɔnjured me with great vehe-
and zeal to lay aſide all thought
ıg in the navy; and that he
ſhew how much he had my
at heart, undertook to provide
in ſome ſhape or other before
ıld leave Jamaica. This pro-
e performed to my heart's de-
recommending me to a gen-
of fortune, with whom I have
ver ſince, in quality of ſurgeon
erſeer to his plantations. He
is lady are now at Kingſton;
I am, for the preſent, maſter
houſe, to which, from my
bid you welcome, and hope
ll favour me with your com-
luring the remaining part of
ght." I needed not a ſecond
n; but Mr. Brayl, who was
ıt and excellent officer, could
ɔrſuaded to ſleep out of the ſhip:
, he ſupped with us; and after
lrank a chearful glaſs, ſet out
veſſel, which was not above
iles from the place, eſcorted by a couple of ſtout negroes, whom Mr. Thomſon ordered to conduct him. Never were two friends more happy in the converſation of each other than we, for the time it laſted: I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthagena, of which he had heard but an imperfect account; and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of his life ſince we parted. He aſſured me, it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could reſiſt his inclination of coming down to Port Royal to ſee Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings ſince the day of our ſeparation; but that he was reſtrained by the fear of being detained as a deſerter. He told me, that when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almoſt as much ſurprized as I was at ſeeing him afterwards; and in the confidence of friendſhip diſcloſed a paſſion he entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who, by his deſcription, was a very amiable young lady, and did not diſdain his addreſſes; that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not deſpair of obtaining their conſent to the match, which would at once render him independent of the world. I congratulated him on his good fortune, which he proteſted ſhould never make him forget his friends; and towards morning we betook ourſelves to reſt.

Next day he accompanied me to the ſhip, where Mr. Brayl entertained him at dinner; and we having ſpent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten piſtoles, as a ſmall token of his affection. In ſhort, while we ſtaid here, we ſaw one another every day, and generally ate at the ſame table, which was plentifully ſupplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butcher's meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine-apples, Madeira wine, and excellent rum; ſo that this ſmall interval of ten days was by far the moſt agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizard arrived; and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her; where I underſtood from Mr. Tomlins, that there was a dryneſs between the lieutenant and him, on my account; that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my abſence to fill the

captain's ears with a thouſand ſcandalous ſtories, to my prejudice; among other things affirming, that I had been once tranſported for theft, and that when I was in the Thunder man of war I had been whipped for the ſame crime. The ſurgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole ſtory from my own mouth, defended me ſtrenuouſly; and in the courſe of that good-natured office, recounted all the inſtances of Crampley's malice againſt me while I remained on board of that ſhip; which declaration, while it ſatisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley, with regard to me, added ſuch fuel to my former reſentment, that at certain times I was quite beſide myſelf with the deſire of revenge; and was even tempted to piſtol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death muſt inevitably have been my reward. But the ſurgeon, who was my confidant, argued againſt ſuch a deſperate action ſo effectually, that I ſtifled the flame which conſumed me for the preſent, and reſolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, that Mr. Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I ſuffered by this fellow's ſlander, I begged he would go and viſit Mr. Thomſon, whoſe wonderful eſcape I had made him acquainted with, and enquire of him into the particulars of my conduct while he was my fellow-mate. This requeſt the ſurgeon complied with, more through curioſity to ſee a perſon whoſe fate had been ſo extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which he aſſured me was already firmly eſtabliſhed. He therefore ſet out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with the letter of introduction from me; and being received with all the civility and kindneſs I expected, returned to the ſhip, not only ſatisfied with my character beyond the power of doubt or inſinuation, but alſo charmed with the affability and converſation of Thomſon, who loaded him and me with preſents of freſh ſtocks, liquors, and fruit. As he would not venture to come and ſee us on board, leſt Crampley ſhould and detain him, when the time departure approached, I obtained to go and bid him farewel. Af had vowed an everlaſting friendſh preſſed upon me a purſe with four loons, which I refuſed as long could without giving umbrage having cordially embraced each I returned on board, where I fo ſmall box, with a letter directed f to the care of Mr. Tomlins. Kn the ſuperſcription to be of Thom hand-writing, I opened it with ſurprize, and learned that this ge friend, not contented with loadi with the preſents already ment had ſent for my uſe and accep half a dozen fine ſhirts, and as linen waiſtcoats and caps, with pair of new thread-ſtockings. thus provided with money, and ceſſaries for the comfort of life, I to look upon myſelf as a gentlem ſome conſequence, and felt my dilate apace.

Next day we ſailed for Port where we arrived ſafely with our and as there was nothing to do on I went aſhore; and having purch laced waiſtcoat, with ſome other cl at a ſale, made a ſwaggering figu ſome days among the taverns, w ventured to play a little at h and came off with fifty piſtoles pocket. Meanwhile our captai promoted to a ſhip of twenty guns the command of the Lizard give man turned of fourſcore, who ha lieutenant ſince the reign of King liam; and, notwithſtanding his lo vice, would have probably died ſtation, had he not applied ſome money he had lately received to intereſt with his ſuperiors. My Brayl was alſo made an officer the ſame time, after he had ſer quality of a midſhipman and m and twenty years. Soon after t terations, the admiral pitched up ſhip to carry home diſpatches miniſtry, and we ſet ſail for En having firſt ſcrubbed her botto taken in proviſion and water occaſion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE ADVENTURES OF DERICK RANDOM.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

RT FOR EUROPE—A MIS-STANDING ARISES BE-I THE CAPTAIN AND SUR-THROUGH THE SCANDA-SPERSIONS OF CRAMPLEY CAPTAIN DIES—CRAMP-TYRANNIZES OVER THE ON, WHO FALLS A VICTIM S CRUELTY—I AM ALSO ED—THE SHIP STRIKES—EHAVIOUR OF CRAMPLEY HE SEAMEN ON THAT OC-N—I GET ON SHORE, CHAL-THE CAPTAIN TO SINGLE T—AM TREACHEROUSLY ED DOWN, WOUNDED, AND D.

NOW that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt exceſſive pleaſure in finding myſelf out of ſight of that id, which has been the grave ny Europeans; and as I was ſated with every thing to ren-ſſage agreeable, I reſolved to elf as much as the inſolence ley would permit. This in-nderer had found means al-auſe a miſunderſtanding between the ſurgeon and captain, who by his age and infirmities was rendered intolerably peeviſh; his diſpoſition having alſo been ſoured by a long courſe of diſappointments. He had a particular averſion to all young men, eſpecially to ſurgeons, whom he conſidered as unneceſſary animals on board of a ſhip; and in conſequence of theſe ſentiments never conſulted the doctor, notwithſtanding his being ſeized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel, but applied to a caſk of Holland gin, which was his ſovereign preſcription againſt all diſtempers. Whether he was at this time too ſparing, or took an over-doſe of his cordial, certain it is he departed in the night without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always deſpiſed, and was found ſtiff next morning, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of Grampley, who ſucceeded to the command of the veſſel. For that very reaſon Mr. Tomlins and I had no cauſe to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as his power. The firſt day of his command juſtified our apprehenſion: for, on pretence that the decks were too much crouded, he ordered the ſurgeon's hen-coops, with all his fowls, to be thrown over-board; and at the ſame time prohibited him

and

and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr. Tomlins could not help complaining of theſe injuries, and in the courſe of his expoſtulation dropped ſome haſty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabbin; where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which ſoon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his eſtate, perſonal and real, to his ſiſter; and left to me his watch and inſtruments, as memorials of his friendſhip. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholy occaſion; the more, becauſe there was nobody on board to whom I could communicate my ſorrows, or of whom I could receive the leaſt conſolation or advice. Crampley was ſo far from diſcovering the leaſt remorſe for his barbarity, at the news of the ſurgeon's death, that he inſulted his memory in the moſt abuſive manner, and affirmed he had poiſoned himſelf out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court-martial for mutiny; for which reaſon he would not ſuffer the ſervice of the dead to be read over his body before it was thrown over-board.

Nothing but a ſpeedy deliverance could have ſupported me under the brutal ſway of this baſhaw; who, to render my life the more irkſome, ſignified to my meſs-mates a deſire that I ſhould be expelled from their ſociety. This was no ſooner hinted, than they granted his requeſt, and I was fain to eat in a ſolitary manner by myſelf during the reſt of the paſſage, which, however, ſoon drew to a period.

We had been ſeven weeks at ſea, when the gunner told the captain that by his reckoning we muſt be in ſoundings, and deſired he would order the lead to be heaved. Crampley ſwore, he did not know how to keep the ſhip's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of ſoundings, and therefore he would not give himſelf the trouble to caſt the lead. Accordingly, we continued our courſe all that afternoon and night, without ſhortening ſail, although the gunner pretended to diſcover Scilly light; and next morning proteſted in form againſt the captain's conduct; for which conduct he was put in confinement. We diſcovered no land all that day, and Crampley was ſtill ſo infatuated as to neglect ſounding; but at three o'clock in the morning the ſhip ſtruck, and
faſt on a ſand-bank. This
alarmed the whole crew; the
immediately hoiſted out; b
could not diſcern which way
lay, we were obliged to wait
light. In the mean time the
creaſed, and the waves beat a
ſloop with ſuch violence, tha
pected ſhe would have gone t
The gunner was releaſed and
ed: he adviſed the captain to
the maſt in order to lighten
expedient was performed witl
ceſs. The ſailors ſeeing thi
deſperate ſituation, according
tom, broke up the cheſts belo
the officers; dreſſed themſelve
cloaths; drank their liquors
ceremony; and drunkenneſs,
and confuſion, enſued. In the
the uproar, I went below to ſ
own effects, and found the ca
mate hewing down the purſer'
with his hatchet, whiſtling all
with great compoſure. Whe
his intention in ſo doing, h
very calmly, 'I only want to
'purſer's rum; that's all, ma
that inſtant the purſer comin
and ſeeing his effects going t
complained bitterly of the
done to him, and aſked the fell
occaſion he had for liquor, wh
likelihood he ſhould be in eter
few minutes. 'All's one fo
ſaid the plunderer; 'let us li
'we can.'—'Miſerable wret
'thou art,' cried the purſer, 'w
'be thy lot in the other world
'dieſt in the commiſſion of r
—'Why, hell, I ſuppoſe,' re
other with great deliberation
the purſer fell on his knees, anc
of Heaven that we might not
for the ſake of one Jonas.
this dialogue,' I cloathed myſel
beſt apparel, girded on my
ſtuck my piſtols loaded in my
poſed of all my valuable m
about my perſon, and came up
with a reſolution of taking the
portunity to get on ſhore, whic
the day broke, appeared at the
of three miles a-head. Crampl
ing his efforts to get the ſhip
fectual, determined to conſult
ſafety, by going into the boat;
he had no ſooner done, than th
company followed ſo faſt,

I have ſunk along-ſide, had not one wiſer than the reſt cut the and put off. But before this hap- , I had made ſeveral attempts to , and was always baulked by the in, who was ſo eager in excluding nat he did not mind the endeavours y other body. Enraged at this in- n partiality, and ſeeing the rope I pulled one of my piſtols from elt, and, cocking it, ſwore I would any man who ſhould preſume to ıct my entrance. So ſaying, I d with my full exertion, and got on l of the boat with the loſs of the f my ſhins. I chanced in my deſcent erturn Crampley; who no ſooner ıp, than he ſtruck at me ſeveral with a cutlaſs, and ordered the to throw me overboard; but they too anxious about their own ſafe- mind what he ſaid. Though oat was very deeply loaded, and a terribly high, we made ſhift to pon dry land in leſs than an hour we parted from the ſloop. As ıs I ſet foot on *terra firma*, my nation, which had boiled ſo long n me, broke out againſt Cramp- whom I immediately challenged gle combat, preſenting my piſtols, ıe might take his choice: he took ithout heſitation, and, before I cock the other, fired in my face, ing the piſtol after the ſhot. I nyſelf ſtunned, and, imagining ullet had entered my brain, diſ- ed mine as quick as poſſible, that ht not die unrevenged; then flying my antagoniſt, knocked out ſeve- his fore-teeth with the butt-end e piece; and would certainly have an end of him with that inſtru- , had he not diſengaged himſelf, eized his cutlaſs, which he had to his ſervant when he received ſtol. Seeing him armed in this er, I drew my hanger; and, g flung my piſtol at his head, l with him in a tranſport of fury, hruſt my weapon into his mouth, ı it enlarged on one ſide to his ear. her the ſmart of this wound diſ- rted him, or the unevenneſs of the ıd made him reel, I know not; ıe ſtaggered ſome paces back: I ved cloſe, and with one ſtroke cut ıdons of the back of his hand; which his cutlaſs dropped, and he ıed defenceleſs. I know not with what cruelty my rage might have in- ſpired me, if I had not at that inſtant been felled to the ground by a blow on the back-part of my head, which de- prived me of all ſenſation. In this de- plorable ſituation, expoſed to the rage of an incenſed barbarian, and the ra- pine of an inhuman crew, I remained for ſome time; and whether any diſ- putes aroſe among them during the ſtate of my annihilation, I cannot pre- tend to determine; but in one particular they ſeem to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and diſ- patch; for when I recovered the uſe of my underſtanding, I found myſelf alone in a deſolate place, ſtripped of my cloaths, money, watch, buckles, and every thing but my ſhoes, ſtockings, breeches, and ſhirt. What a diſcovery muſt this have been to me, who but an hour before was worth ſixty guineas in caſh! I curſed the hour of my birth, the pa- rents that gave me being, the ſea that did not ſwallow me up, the poignard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villainy of thoſe who had left me in that miſerable con- dition; and, in the extaſy of deſpair, reſolved to lie ſtill where I was, and periſh.

CHAP. II.

I GET UP AND CRAWL INTO A BARN, WHERE I AM IN DANGER OF PERISHING THROUGH THE FEAR OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE —THEIR INHUMANITY—I AM SUCCOURED BY A REPUTED WITCH—HER STORY—HER ADVICE—SHE RECOMMENDS ME AS A VALET TO A SINGLE LADY, WHOSE CHARACTER SHE EXPLAINS.

BUT, as I lay ruminating, my paſſion inſenſibly abated; I conſi- dered my ſituation in quite another light from that in which it appeared to me at firſt: and the reſult of my de- liberation was, to riſe if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for aſſiſtance. With ſome difficulty I got upon my legs; and having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contuſed wounds, one on the fore, and another on the hin- der part of my head, which ſeemed to be

be occaſioned by the ſame weapon; namely, the butt-end of a piſtol. I looked towards the ſea, but could diſcern no remains of the ſhip; ſo that I concluded ſhe was gone to pieces, and that thoſe who remained in her had periſhed: but, as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more ſagacity than Crampley, obſerving that it was flood when he left her, and that ſhe would probably float at high water, made no noiſe about getting on ſhore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her ſafe into ſome harbour, after the commander ſhould have deſerted her; for which piece of ſervice he expected, no doubt, to be handſomely rewarded. This ſcheme he accordingly executed, and was promiſed great things by the admiralty for ſaving his majeſty's ſhip; but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation. As for my own part, I directed my courſe towards a ſmall cottage I perceived, and in the road picked up a ſeaman's old jacket, which I ſuppoſe the thief who dreſſed himſelf in my cloaths had thrown away: this was a very comfortable acquiſition to me, who was almoſt ſtiff with cold; I therefore put it on; and, as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burſt out afreſh; ſo that finding myſelf exceſſively exhauſted, I was about to lie down in the fields, when I diſcovered a barn on my left-hand within a few yards of me: thither I made ſhift to ſtagger; and finding the door open, went in, but ſaw nobody: however, I threw myſelf upon a truſs of ſtraw, hoping to be ſoon relieved by ſome perſon or other. I had not lain here many minutes, when I ſaw a countryman come in with a pitchfork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thruſting into the ſtraw that concealed me, and in all probability would have done my buſineſs, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having eſſayed in vain to ſpeak. This melancholy note alarmed the clown, who ſtarted back, and diſcovering a body all beſmeared with blood, ſtood trembling, with the pitchfork extended before him, his hair briſtling up, his eyes ſtaring, his noſtrils dilated, and his mouth wide open. At another time I ſhould have been much diverted by this figure, which preſerved the ſame attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unſucceſsful efforts to impl compaſſion and aſſiſtance; bu tongue failed me, and my langua only a repetition of groans. At an old man arrived, who ſeeing th in ſuch a poſture, cried, 'Merc 'en! the leaad's bewitched: 'Dick, beeſt thou beſayd th Dick, without moving his eye the object that terrified him, 'O vather! vather! here be 'the devil or a dead mon; I 'know which o'en, but a 'woundily.' The father, whoſ fight was none of the beſt, pull his ſpectacles, and having applie to his noſe, reconnoitred me ov ſon's ſhoulder. But no ſooner behold me, than he was ſeized fit of ſhaking even more violen Dick's, and with a broken acc dreſſed me thus: 'In the name 'Vather, Zun, and Holy Gh 'charge you an you been Satan 'gone to the Red Zea; but an 'a moordered man, ſpeak, tha 'may have a chriſtom burial.' was not in a condition to ſatisfy this particular, he repeated hi juration to no purpoſe, and the tinued a good while in the agon fear. At length the father pr that the ſon ſhould draw neare take a more diſtinct view of the rition; but Dick was of opinio his father ſhould advance firſt, as an old man paſt his labour, and received any miſchief the loſs be the ſmaller; whereas he h might eſcape, and be uſeful in h neration. This prudential reaſo no effect upon the ſenior, who ſti Dick between me and him. mean time I endeavoured to rai hand as a ſignal of diſtreſs, but ha ly ſtrength ſufficient to produce a ling among the ſtraw; which di poſed the young peaſant ſo much he ſprung out at the door, and threw his father in his flight. T gentleman would not ſpend ti getting up, but crawled backwar a crab, with great ſpeed, till h got over the threſhold, mumblin orciſms all the way. I was ex ingly mortified to find myſelf in ger of periſhing through the ign and cowardice of theſe clowns felt my ſpirits decay apace, wh old woman entered the barn, fo

by the two fugitives, and with great intrepidity advanced to the place where I lay, saying, 'If it be the devil I 'fearen not, and for a dead mon a can 'do us no harm.' When she saw my condition, she cried, 'Here be no de-'vil, but in youren fool's head. Here 'be a poor miserable wretch bleeding 'to death, and if a dies, we must be 'at the charge of burying him; there-'fore, Dick, go vetch the old wheel-'barrow and puten in, and carry en to 'goodman Hodge's back-door; he is 'more eable than we to lay out money 'upon poor vagrants.' Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution: I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a heap of dung; and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation. But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan, and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well as to preach charity: observing, that it was sufficient for him to pay his quota towards the maintenance of the poor belonging to his own parish. When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate him who sent, as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place. About this time I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was bandied from door to door through a whole village, nobody having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing. I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron; who, after I had recovered some strength, desired to know the particulars of my last disaster. This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life; therefore related all my adventures without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprized at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings, then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense, that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story. She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and smiling, told me, there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune; but, however, she would communicate it to me, in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her. 'It is of little conse-'quence,' said she, 'to tell the names 'of my parents, who are dead many 'years ago; let it suffice to assure you, 'they were wealthy, and had no other 'child than me; so that I was looked 'upon as heiress to a considerable es-'tate, and teazed with addresses on that 'account. Among the number of my 'admirers, there was a young gentle-'man of no fortune, whose sole de-'pendence was on his promotion in 'the army, in which, at that time, 'he bore a lieutenant's commission. 'I conceived an affection for this ami-'able officer, which, in a short time, 'increased to a violent passion; and, 'without entering into minute cir-'cumstances, married him privately. 'We had not enjoyed one another long 'in stolen interviews, when he was or-'dered with his regiment to Flanders; 'but, before he set out, it was agreed 'between us, that he should declare 'our marriage to my father by letter, 'and implore his pardon for the step 'we had taken without his approba-'tion. This discovery was made while 'I was abroad visiting; and just as I 'was about to return home, I received 'a letter from my father, importing, 'that since I had acted so undutifully 'and meanly, as to marry a beggar, 'without his privity or consent, to 'the disgrace of his family, as well as 'the disappointment of his hopes, he 'renounced me to the miserable fate I 'had entailed upon myself, and charg-'ed me never to set foot within his 'doors again. This rigid sentence 'was confirmed by my mother; who, 'in a postscript, gave me to understand, 'that her sentiments were exactly con-'formable to those of my father, and 'that I might save myself the trouble 'of making any applications, for her 'resolutions were unalterable. Thun-'der-struck with my evil fortune, I 'called a coach, and drove to my hus-

'band's lodgings, where I found him 'waiting the event of his letter. 'Though he could eaſily divine by 'my looks the iſſue of his declaration, 'he read with great ſteadineſs the 'epiſtle I had received; and with a 'ſmile full of tenderneſs, which I ſhall 'never forget, embraced me, ſaying, "I believe the good lady your mother "might have ſpared herſelf the trouble "of the laſt part of her poſtſcript. "Well, my dear Betty, you muſt lay "aſide all thoughts of a coach, till I "can procure the command of a re-"giment." This unconcerned be-'haviour, while it enabled me to ſup-'port my reverſe of fortune, at the 'ſame time endeared him to me the 'more, by convincing me of his diſin-'tereſted views in eſpouſing me. I 'was next day boarded in company 'with the wife of another officer, who 'had long been the friend and confi-'dant of my huſband, at a village not 'far from London, where they parted 'with us in the moſt melting manner, 'went to Flanders, and were killed in 'ſight of one another at the battle of 'the Wood. Why ſhould I tire you 'with a deſcription of our unutterable 'ſorrow at the fatal news of this event, 'the remembrance of which now fills 'my aged eyes with tears! When our 'grief ſubſided a little, and reflection 'came to our aid, we found ourſelves 'deſerted by the whole world, and in 'danger of periſhing by want: where-'upon we made application for the 'penſion, and were put upon the liſt. 'Then vowing eternal friendſhip, ſold 'our jewels and ſuperfluous cloaths, 'retired to this place, (which is in the 'county of Suſſex) bought this little 'houſe, where we lived many years in 'a ſolitary manner, indulging our mu-'tual ſorrow, till it pleaſed Heaven to 'call away my companion two years 'ago, ſince which time I have lingered 'out an unhappy being, in hopes of a 'ſpeedy diſſolution, when I promiſe 'myſelf the eternal reward of all my 'cares. In the mean time,' conti-nued ſhe, 'I muſt inform you of the 'character I bear among my neigh-'bours. My converſation being dif-'ferent from that of the inhabitants of 'the village; my recluſe way of life; 'my ſkill in curing diſtempers, which 'I acquired from books ſince I ſettled 'here; and laſtly, my age; have made 'the common people look upon 'ſomething preternatural, and 'actually at this hour believed t 'witch. The parſon of the 'whoſe acquaintance I have n 'at much pains to cultivate, 'umbrage at my ſuppoſed diſr 'has contributed not a little t 'the confirmation of this opini 'dropping certain hints to my 'dice among the vulgar, who a 'very much ſcandalized at my 'taining this poor tabby-cat wi 'collar about her neck, which 'favourite of my deceaſed comp

The whole behaviour of this rable perſon was ſo primitive, cent, ſenſible, and humane, that tracted a filial reſpect for he begged her advice with regard future conduct, as ſoon as I w condition to act for myſelf. S ſuaded me from a deſign I had of travelling to London, in he retrieving my cloaths and pay, turning to my ſhip, which, by th I read in the newſpaper, was arrived in the River Thames: 'cauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'you run t 'zard of being treated not on 'deſerter in quitting the ſloc 'alſo as a mutineer in aſſaultin 'commanding officer, to the m 'whoſe revenge you will more 'expoſed.' She then promiſed commend me as a ſervant to a lady of her acquaintance, who l the neighbourhood with her n who was a young fox-hunter o fortune, where I might be very provided I could bear the diſ and manners of my miſtreſs, were ſomewhat whimſical and p lar. But above all things ſhe ſelled me to conceal my ſto knowledge of which would eff poiſon my entertainment; for it maxim among moſt people of co that no gentleman in diſtreſs oug admitted into a family, as a dor leſt he ſhould become proud, la inſolent. I was fain to embra humble propoſal, becauſe my were deſperate; and in a few d hired by this lady, to ſerve in of her footman; having been ſented by my hoſteſs as a you who was bred up to the ſea by lations againſt his will, and h fered ſhipwreck, which had i

to that way of life ſo much,
ier choſe to go to ſervice on
enter himſelf on board any
Before I took poſſeſſion of
ce, ſhe gave me a ſketch of
s's character, that I might
r how to regulate my con-
'our lady,' ſaid ſhe, 'is a
of forty years; not ſo re-
for her beauty as her learn-
taſte, which is famous all
country. Indeed, ſhe is a
male virtuoſo, and ſo eager
purſuit of knowledge, that
ets her perſon even to a de-
luttiſhneſs: this negligence,
with her contempt of the
t of the creation, gives her
o great concern; as by thoſe
e will probably keep her
which is very conſiderable,
mily. He therefore permits
e in her own way, which is
g extraordinary, and grati-
n all her whimſical deſires.
rtment is at ſome diſtance
other inhabited parts of the
nd conſiſts of a dining-room,
nber, and ſtudy: ſhe keeps
naid, waiting woman, and
of her own, and ſeldom eats
rſes with any of the family
niece, who is a very lovely
and humours her aunt often
rejudice of her own health,
g up with her whole nights
; for your miſtreſs is too
f a philoſopher to be ſwayed
cuſtoms of the world, and
eps or eats like other people.
other odd notions, ſhe pro-
e principles of Roſicrucius;
ieves the earth, air, and ſea,
abited by inviſible beings,
hom it is poſſible for the hu-
ecies to entertain correſpon-
ind intimacy on the eaſy
n of living chaſte. As ſhe
ne day to be admitted into
uaintance of this kind, ſhe
ier heard of me and my cat,
e paid me a viſit, with a view,
hath ſince owned, to be in-
d to my familiar; and was
mortified to find herſelf diſ-
ed in her expectation. Be-
r this viſionary turn of mind,
ied as it were from the world,
not advert to the common oc-
es of life; and therefore is

'frequently ſo abſent as to commit very
'ſtrange miſtakes and extravagances,
'which you will do well to rectify
'and repair as your prudence ſhall
'ſuggeſt.'

CHAP. III.

MY RECEPTION BY THAT LADY—I BECOME ENAMOURED OF NARCISSA—RECOUNT THE PARTICULARS OF MY LAST MISFORTUNE—ACQUIRE THE GOOD OPINION OF MY MISTRESS—AN ACCOUNT OF THE YOUNG SQUIRE—I AM MADE ACQUAINTED WITH MORE PARTICULARS OF NARCISSA'S SITUATION—CONCEIVE A MORTAL HATRED AGAINST SIR TIMOTHY—EXAMINE MY LADY'S LIBRARY AND PERFORMANCES——HER EXTRAVAGANT BEHAVIOUR.

FRAUGHT with theſe uſeful inſtructions, I repaired to the place of her habitation, and was introduced by the waiting-woman, to the preſence of my lady, who had not before ſeen me. She ſat in her ſtudy, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high ſtool at ſome diſtance from her ſeat; her ſandy locks hung down in a diſorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of it's coif, for the benefit of ſcratching with one hand, while ſhe held the ſtump of a pen in the other. Her forehead was high and wrinkled; her eyes were large, grey, and prominent; her noſe was long, ſharp, and aquiline; her mouth of vaſt capacity; her viſage meagre and freckled; and her chin peeked like a ſhoemaker's paring-knife; her upper-lip contained a large quantity of plain Spaniſh, which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck, that was not naturally very white, and the breaſt of her gown, that flowed looſe about her with a negligence truly poetick, diſcovering linen that was very fine, and, to all appearance, never *waſhed but in Caſtalian ſtreams*. Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, teleſcopes, and other learned apparatus: her ſnuff-box ſtood at her right-hand; at her left-hand lay her handkerchief ſufficiently uſed; and a convenience to ſpit in, appeared on one

ſide of her chair. She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to diſturb her; ſo that we waited ſome minutes unobſerved; during which time, ſhe bit the quill ſeveral times, altered her poſition, made many wry faces, and at length, with an air of triumph, repeated aloud—

'Nor dare th'immortal gods my rage op-
'poſe!'

Having committed her ſucceſs to paper, ſhe turned towards the door, and perceiving us, cried—'What is the mat-
'ter?'—'Here is the young man,' replied my conductreſs, 'whom Mrs.
'Sagely recommended as a footman to
'your ladyſhip.' On this information ſhe ſtared in my face a conſiderable time, and then aſked my name, which I thought proper to conceal under that of John Brown. After having ſurveyed me with a curious eye, ſhe broke out into—'O aye! thou waſt ſhipwrecked, I
'remember. Whether didſt thou come
'on ſhore, on the back of a whale, or a
'dolphin?' To this I anſwered, I had ſwam aſhore without any aſſiſtance. Then ſhe demanded to know if I had ever been at the Helleſpont, and ſwam from Seſtos to Abydos. I replied in the negative. Upon which ſhe bade the maid order a ſuit of new livery for me, and inſtruct me in the articles of my duty; ſo ſaying, ſhe ſpit in her ſnuff-box, and wiped her noſe with her cap, which lay on the table, inſtead of a handkerchief. We returned to the kitchen, where I was regaled by the maids, who ſeemed to vie with each other in expreſſing their regard for me; and from them I underſtood that my buſineſs conſiſted in cleaning knives and forks; laying the cloth; waiting at table; carrying meſſages; and attending my lady when ſhe went abroad. There was a very good ſuit of livery in the houſe, which had belonged to my predeceſſor deceaſed, and it fitted me exactly; ſo that there was no occaſion for employing a taylor on my account. I had not long been equipped in this manner, when my lady's bell rung; upon which I ran up ſtairs, and found her ſtalking about the room in her ſhift and under-petticoat only: I would have immediately retired as became me, but ſhe bid me come in, and air a clean ſhift for her; which operation I having performed with ſome backwardneſs, ſhe put it on before me without any ceremony, and I verily believe was ignorant of my ſex all that time, as being quite abſorbed in contemplation. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was ordered to lay the cloth, and place two covers, which I underſtood were for my miſtreſs and her niece, whom I had not as yet ſeen. Though I was not very dextrous at this work, I performed it pretty well for a beginner; and when dinner was upon the table, ſaw my miſtreſs approach, accompanied by the young lady, whoſe name for the preſent ſhall be Narciſſa. So much ſweetneſs appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition, that my heart was captivated at firſt ſight; and while dinner laſted, I gazed upon her without intermiſſion. Her age ſeemed to be ſeventeen; her ſtature tall; her ſhape unexceptionable; her hair, that fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, black as jet; her arched eyebrows of the ſame colour; her eyes piercing, yet tender; her lips of the conſiſtence and hue of cherries; her complexion clear, delicate, and healthy; her aſpect noble, ingenuous, and humane; and her whole perſon ſo raviſhingly delightful, that it was impoſſible for any creature, endued with ſenſibility, to ſee without admiring, and admire without loving her to exceſs! I began to curſe the ſervile ſtation that placed me ſo far beneath the regard of this idol of my adoration! and yet I bleſſed my fate that enabled me to enjoy daily the ſight of ſo much perfection! When ſhe ſpoke, I liſtened with pleaſure; but when ſhe ſpoke to me, my ſoul was thrilled with an extaſy of tumultuous joy! I was even ſo happy as to be the ſubject of their converſation: for Narciſſa, having obſerved me, ſaid to her aunt—'I ſee your new footman is come.' Then, addreſſing herſelf to me, aſked, with ineffable complacency, if I was the perſon who had been ſo cruelly uſed by the robbers. When I ſatisfied her in this, ſhe expreſſed a deſire of knowing the other particulars of my fortune, both before and ſince my being ſhipwrecked: hereupon (as Mrs. Sagely had counſelled me) I told her that I had been bound apprentice to the maſter of a ſhip, contrary to my inclination, which ſhip had foundered at ſea; that I and four more, who chanced to be on deck, when

ent down, made ſhift to ſwim
:, when my companions, af-
overpowered me, ſtripped me
, and left me, as they ima-
l of the wounds I received
i defence. Then I related
ſtances of my being found
with the inhuman treatment
from the country people and
e deſcription of which, I
drew tears from the charm-
e's eyes. When I had finiſh-
al, my miſtreſs ſaid—'*Ma*
arçon eſt bien fait!' To
ion Narciſſa aſſented, with
ent to my underſtanding, in
anguage, that flattered my
emely.

verſation, among other ſub-
ed upon the young ſquire,
lady enquired after, under
f the ſavage; and was in-
her niece, that he was ſtill
pairing the fatigue of laſt
auch, and recruiting ſtrength
to undergo a fox-chace to-
orning, in company with Sir
Thicket, Squire Bumper,
it many other gentlemen of
amp, whom he had invited
:aſion; ſo that by day-break
houſe would be in an up-
is was a very diſagreeable
:ws to the virtuoſo, who pro-
would ſtuff her ears with
n ſhe went to bed, and take
opium to make her ſleep the
l, that ſhe might not be diſ-
l diſtracted by the clamour
tes.

the dinner was over, I and
ſervants ſet down to ours in
n, where I underſtood that
hy Thicket was a wealthy
the neighbourhood, between
Narciſſa a match had been
by her brother, who pro-
he ſame time to eſpouſe Sir
ſiſter; by which means, as
ines were pretty equal, the
ies would be provided for,
rothers be never the poorer;
e ladies did not concur in
, each of them entertaining
ntempt for the perſon allot-
for a huſband by this agree-
his information begat in me
averſion to Sir Timothy,
oked upon as my rival, and
my heart for his preſump-
tion. Next morning, by day-break, being awaked by the noiſe of the hunters and hounds, I roſe to view the cavalcade, and had a ſight of my competitor, whoſe accompliſhments (the eſtate excluded) did not ſeem brilliant enough to give me much uneaſineſs with reſpect to Narciſſa, who, I flattered myſelf, was not to be won by ſuch qualifications as he was maſter of, either as to perſon or mind. My miſtreſs, notwithſtanding her precaution, was ſo much diſturbed by her nephew's company, that ſhe did not riſe till five o'clock in the afternoon: ſo that I had an opportunity of examining her ſtudy at leiſure, to which examination I was ſtrongly prompted by my curioſity. Here I found a thouſand ſcraps of her own poetry, conſiſting of three, four, ten, twelve, and twenty lines, on an infinity of ſubjects, which, as whim inſpired, ſhe had begun, without conſtancy or capacity to bring to any degree of compoſition: but what was very extraordinary in a female poet, there was not the leaſt mention made of love in any of her performances. I counted fragments of five tragedies, the titles of which were, The Stern Philoſopher; The Double Murder; The Sacrilegious Traitor; The Fall of Lucifer; and, The Laſt Day. From whence I gathered that her diſpoſition was gloomy, and her imagination delighted with objects of horror. Her library was compoſed of the beſt Engliſh hiſtorians, poets, and philoſophers; of all the French criticks and poets; and of a few books in Italian, chiefly poetry, at the head of which were Taſſo and Arioſto, pretty much uſed. Beſides theſe, tranſlations of the claſſicks into French; but not one book in Greek or Latin; a circumſtance that diſcovered her ignorance in theſe languages. After having taken a full view of this collection, I retired, and at the uſual time was preparing to lay the cloth, when I was told by the maid that her miſtreſs was ſtill in bed, and had been ſo affected with the notes of the hounds in the morning, that ſhe actually believed herſelf a hare beſet by the hunters; and begged a few greens to munch for breakfaſt. When I expreſſed my ſurprize at this unaccountable imagination, ſhe gave me to underſtand, that her lady was very much ſubject to whims of this nature;

ſome-

ſometimes fancying herſelf an animal, ſometimes a piece of furniture; during which conceited transformations it was very dangerous to come near her, eſpecially when ſhe repreſented a beaſt; for that lately, in the character of a cat, ſhe had flown at her and ſcratched her face in a terrible manner: that ſome months ago ſhe propheſied the general conflagration was at hand, and nothing would be able to quench it but her water, which therefore ſhe kept ſo long that her life was in danger, and ſhe muſt needs have died of the retention, had they not found an expedient to make her evacuate, by kindling a bonfire under her chamber-window, and perſuading her that the houſe was in flames; upon which, with great deliberation, ſhe bade them bring all the tubs and veſſels they could find to be filled, for the preſervation of the houſe, into one of which ſhe immediately diſcharged the cauſe of her diſtemper. I was alſo informed, that nothing contributed ſo much to the recovery of her reaſon as muſick, which was always adminiſtered on thoſe occaſions by Narciſſa, who played perfectly well on the harpſichord, and to whom ſhe (the maid) was juſt then going to intimate her aunt's diſorder. She was no ſooner gone, than I was ſummoned by the bell to my lady's chamber, where I found her ſitting ſquat on her hams on the floor, in the manner of puſs when ſhe liſtens to the outcries of her purſuers. When I appeared, ſhe ſtarted up with an alarmed look, and ſprung to the other ſide of the room to avoid me, whom, without doubt, ſhe miſtook for a beagle thirſting after her life. Perceiving her extreme confuſion, I retired, and on the ſtair-caſe met the adorable Narciſſa coming up, to whom I imparted the ſituation of my miſtreſs: ſhe ſaid not a word, but ſmiling with unſpeakable grace, went into her aunt's apartment, and in a little time my ears were raviſhed with the effects of her ſkill. She accompanied the inſtrument with a voice ſo ſweet and melodious, that I did not wonder at the ſurprizing change it produced on the ſpirits of my miſtreſs, which were ſoon compoſed to peace and ſober reflection.

About ſeven o'clock the hunters arrived, with the ſkins of two foxes and one badger, carried before them as trophies of their ſucceſs: and when the about to ſit down to dinner (or Sir Timothy Thicket deſired tha ciſſa would honour the table w preſence: but this requeſt, n ſtanding her brother's threats treaties, ſhe refuſed, on pretence tending her aunt, who was indi ſo I enjoyed the ſatisfaction of my rival mortified. But this diſap ment made no great impreſſion o who conſoled himſelf with the of which the whole company ſo enamoured, that after a moſt uproar of laughing, ſinging, ſw dancing, and fighting, they were ried to bed in a ſtate of utter ob My duty being altogether detache the ſquire and his family, I led a eaſy and comfortable life, dr daily intoxicating draughts o from the charms of Narciſſa, brightened on my contemplation day more and more. Inglori my ſtation was, I became blind own unworthineſs, and even co hopes of one day enjoying this a creature, whoſe affability great couraged theſe preſumptuous tho

CHAP. IV.

MY MISTRESS IS SURPRIZE MY LEARNING—COMMUNI HER PERFORMANCES TO I IMPART SOME OF MIN HER—AM MORTIFIED AT FAINT PRAISE—NARCISS PROVES OF MY CONDU I GAIN AN INVOLUNTARY QUEST OVER THE COOK W AND DAIRY-MAID—THEI TUAL RESENTMENT AND NUATIONS—THE JEALOUS THEIR LOVERS.

DURING this ſeaſon of lo tranquillity, my muſe, whi lain dormant ſo long, awoke, an duced ſeveral ſmall performan the ſubject of my flame: but as i cerned me nearly to remain undi ed in my real character and ſenti I was under a neceſſity of mor my deſire of praiſe, by confinin works to my own peruſal and ap In the mean time, I ſtrove to in myſelf into the good opinion o ladies; and ſucceeded ſo well, dil

igence and dutiful behaviour, that a little time I was at leaſt a favour- ſervant, and frequently enjoyed the aſure of hearing myſelf mentioned French and Italian with ſome de- e of warmth and ſurprize, by the r object of all my wiſhes, as a per- who had ſo much of the gentleman my appearance and diſcourſe, that could not for her ſoul treat me like ommon lacquey. My prudence and deſty were not long proof againſt ſe bewitching compliments. One , while I waited at dinner, the con- ſation turned upon a knotty paſſage Taſſo's Gieruſalem, which it ſeems puzzled them both. After a great ny unſatisfactory conjectures, my ſtreſs taking the book out of her poc- , turned up to the place in queſtion, d read the ſentence over and over thout ſucceſs; at length, deſpairing finding the author's meaning, ſhe rned to me, ſaying, 'Come hither, Bruno, let us ſee what fortune will do for us; I will interpret to thee what goes before, and what follows, this obſcure paragraph, the particu- lar words of which I will alſo ex- plain, that thou mayeſt, by compar- ing one with another, gueſs the ſenſe of that which perplexes us.' I was oo vain to let ſlip this opportunity of iſplaying my talents; therefore, with- ut heſitation, read and explained the hole of that which had diſconcerted em, to the utter aſtoniſhment of both. arciſſa's face and lovely neck were erſpread with bluſhes, from which drew a favourable omen; while her unt, after having ſtared at me a good hile, with a look of amazement, ex- aimed, 'In the name of Heaven! who art thou?' I told her I had picked p a ſmattering of Italian, during a oyage up the Straits. At this expla- tion ſhe ſhook her head, and obſerved at no ſmatterer could read as I had one. She then deſired to know if I derſtood French. To which queſ- on I anſwered in the affirmative. She ked if I was acquainted with the La- and Greek. I replied, 'A little.' 'Oho!' continued ſhe, 'and with philoſophy and mathematicks, I ſup- poſe?' I owned I knew ſomething each. Then ſhe repeated her ſtare d interrogation. I began to repent my vanity; and in order to repair the lt I had committed, ſaid it was not to be wondered at if I had a tolerable education; for learning was ſo cheap in my country, that every peaſant was a ſcholar; but I hoped her ladyſhip would think my underſtanding no exception to my character. She was pleaſed to anſwer, 'No, no; God forbid!' But during the reſt of the time they ſat at table, they behaved with remarkable reſerve.

This alteration gave me great uneaſineſs, and I paſſed the night without ſleep, in melancholy reflections on the vanity of young men, which prompts them to commit ſo many fooliſh actions, contrary to their own ſober judgments. Next day, however, inſtead of profiting by this ſelf-condemnation, I yielded ſtill more to the dictates of the principle I had endeavoured to chaſtiſe; and if fortune had not befriended me more than prudence could expect, I ſhould have been treated with the contempt it deſerved. After breakfaſt, my lady, who was a true author, bade me follow her into the ſtudy, where ſhe expreſſed herſelf thus: 'Since you are ſo 'learned, you cannot be void of taſte; 'therefore I am to deſire your opi- 'nion of a ſmall performance in poe- 'try, which I lately compoſed. You 'muſt know I have planned a tragedy, 'the ſubject of which ſhall be the 'murder of a prince before the altar, 'where he is buſy at his devotions. 'After the deed is perpetrated, the re- 'gicide will harangue the people with 'a bloody dagger in his hand; and I 'have already compoſed a ſpeech 'which I think will ſuit the character 'extremely. Here it is.' Then tak- ing up a ſcrap of paper, ſhe read it with violent emphaſis and geſture, as follows.

'Thus have I ſent the ſimple king to hell,
'Without or coffin, ſhroud, or paſſing bell.
'To me, what are divine and human laws!
'I court no ſanction, but my own applauſe!
'Rapes, robb'ries, treaſons, yield my ſoul
'delight,
'And human carnage gratifies my ſight;
'I drag the parent by the hoary hair,
'And toſs the ſprawling infant on my
'ſpear,
'While the fond mother's cries regale
'mine ear.
'I fight, I vanquiſh, murder friends and
foes;
'Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage op-
'poſe.'

Though

Though I did great violence to my underſtanding in praiſing this unnatural rhapſody, I nevertheleſs extolled it as a production that of itſelf deſerved immortal fame; and beſought her ladyſhip to bleſs the world with the fruits of thoſe uncommon talents Heaven had beſtowed upon her. She ſmiled with a look of ſelf complacency; and, encouraged by the incenſe I had offered, communicated all her poetical works, which I applauded one by one, with as little candour as I had ſhewn at firſt. Satiated with my flattery, which I hope my ſituation juſtified, ſhe could not in conſcience refuſe me an opportunity of ſhining in my turn; and therefore, after a compliment to my nice diſcernment and taſte, obſerved, that doubtleſs I muſt have produced ſomething in that way myſelf, which ſhe deſired to ſee. This was a temptation I could by no means reſiſt. I owned, that while I was at college, I wrote ſome ſmall detached pieces, at the deſire of a friend who was in love; and at her requeſt repeated the following verſes, which, indeed, my love for Narciſſa had inſpired.

ON CELIA PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

I.

WHEN Sappho ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breaſt was all on fire;
And when ſhe rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away!

II.

But had the nymph poſſeſs'd, with theſe,
Thy ſofter, chaſter pow'r to pleaſe;
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth:

III.

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forſaken, love-ſick maid;
Nor had ſhe mourn'd an hapleſs flame,
Nor daſh'd on rocks her tender frame.

My miſtreſs paid me a cold compliment on my verſification, which, ſhe ſaid, was elegant enough, but the ſubject beneath the pen of a true poet. I was extremely nettled at her indifference, and looked at Narciſſa, who by this time had joined us, for her approbation; but ſhe declined giving her opinion, proteſting ſhe was no judge of theſe matters: ſo that I was forced to retire, very much baulked in my expectation, which was generally a little too ſanguine. In the afternoon, however, the waiting-maid aſſured me, that Narciſſa had expreſſed her approbation of my performance with great warmth, and deſired her to procure a copy of it, as for herſelf, that ſhe (Narciſſa) might have an opportunity to peruſe it at pleaſure. I was elated to an extravagant pitch at this intelligence, and immediately tranſcribed a fair copy of my ode, which was carried to the dear charmer, together with another on the ſame ſubject, as follows.

I.

THY fatal ſhafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I ſee thy ſoft, reſiſtleſs flame,
Glide ſwift through all my vital frame!

II.

For while I gaze, my boſom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of tranſports whelm my ſoul.

III.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In ſoothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue ſome ſecret magick ties,
My murmurs ſink in broken ſighs!

IV.

Condemn'd to nurſe eternal care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

Whether or not Narciſſa diſcovered my paſſion, I could not learn from her behaviour; which, though always benevolent to me, was henceforth more reſerved and leſs chearful. While my thoughts aſpired to a ſphere ſo far above me, I had unwittingly made a conqueſt of the cook-wench and dairy-maid, who became ſo jealous of each other, that if their ſentiments had been refined by education, it is probable

Plate III.

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one or other of them would have had recourse to poiſon or ſteel, to be avenged of their rival; but as their minds were ſomewhat adapted to their humble ſtation, their mutual enmity was confined to ſcratching and ſilly-cuffs, in which exerciſe they were both well ſkilled. My good fortune did not long remain a ſecret, for it was diſcloſed by the talkative heads of theſe heroines, who had no decorum in their encounters. The coachman and gardener, who paid their addreſs to my admirers, each to his reſpective choice, alarmed at my ſucceſs, laid their heads together, in order to concert a plan of revenge; and the latter having been educated at the academy of Tottenham Court, undertook to challenge me to ſingle combat. He accordingly, with many opprobrious epithets, bade me defiance, and offered to box me for twenty guineas. I told him, that although I believed myſelf a match for him, even at that work, I would not deſcend ſo far below the dignity of a gentleman as to fight like a porter; but if he had any thing to ſay to me, I was his man at blunderbuſs, muſket, piſtol, ſword, hatchet, ſpit, cleaver, fork, or needle; nay, I ſwore, that ſhould he give his tongue any more ſaucy liberties at my expence, I would crop his ears without any ceremony. This rhodomontade, delivered with a ſtern countenance, and reſolute tone, had the deſired effect upon my antagoniſt, who with ſome confuſion ſneaked off, and gave his friend an account of his reception. The ſtory taking air among the ſervants, procured for me the title of Gentleman John, with which I was ſometimes honoured even by my miſtreſs and Narciſſa, who had been informed of the whole affair by the chamber-maid. In the mean time, the rival queens expreſſed their paſſion by all the ways in their power: the cook entertained me with choice bits, the dairy-maid with ſtroakings; the firſt would often encourage me to diſcover myſelf, by complimenting me upon my courage and learning, and obſerving, that if ſhe had a huſband like me to maintain order and keep accompts, ſhe could make a great deal of money by ſetting up an eating-houſe at London, for gentlemen's ſervants on board-wages. The other courted my affection, by ſhewing her own importance, and telling me, that many a ſubſtantial farmer in the neighbourhood would be glad to marry her; but ſhe was reſolved to pleaſe her eye, if ſhe ſhould plague her heart. Then ſhe would launch out into the praiſe of my proper perſon, and ſay, ſhe was ſure I would make a good huſband, for I was very good-natured. I began to be uneaſy at the importunities of theſe inamoratas, whom at another time, perhaps, I might have pleaſed without the diſagreeable ſauce of matrimony; but at preſent, my whole ſoul was engroſſed by Narciſſa, and I could not bear the thoughts of doing any thing derogatory of the paſſion I entertained for her.

CHAP. V.

NARCISSA BEING IN DANGER FROM THE BRUTALITY OF SIR TIMOTHY, IS RESCUED BY ME, WHO REVENGE MYSELF ON MY RIVAL —I DECLARE MY PASSION, AND RETREAT TO THE SEA-SIDE— AM SURROUNDED BY SMUGGLERS, AND CARRIED TO BULLOIGN—FIND MY UNCLE, LIEUTENANT BOWLING, IN GREAT DISTRESS, AND RELIEVE HIM— OUR CONVERSATION.

AT certain intervals, my ambition would revive; I would deſpiſe myſelf for my tame reſignation to my ſordid fate, and revolve an hundred ſchemes for aſſuming the character of a gentleman, to which I thought myſelf entitled by birth and education. In theſe fruitleſs ſuggeſtions time ſtole away unperceived, and I had already remained eight months in the ſtation of a footman, when an accident happened, that put an end to my ſervitude, and for the preſent baniſhed all hopes of ſucceeding in my love.

Narciſſa went one day to viſit Miſs Thicket, who lived with her brother within leſs than a mile of our houſe, and was perſuaded to walk home in the cool of the evening, accompanied by Sir Timothy; who, having a good deal of the brute in him, was inſtigated to uſe ſome unbecoming familiarities with her, encouraged by the ſolitarineſs of a field through which they paſſed. The lovely creature was incenſed at his

rude behaviour, for which ſhe reproached him in ſuch a manner, that he loſt all regard to decency, and actually offered violence to this pattern of innocence and beauty. But Heaven would not ſuffer ſo much goodneſs to be violated; and ſent me, who paſſing by accident near the place was alarmed with her cries, to her ſuccour. What were the emotions of my ſoul, when I beheld Narciſſa, almoſt ſinking beneath the brutal force of this ſatyr! I flew like lightning to her reſcue, and he perceiving me, quitted his prey, and drew his hanger to chaſtiſe my preſumption. My indignation was too high to admit one thought of fear, ſo that ruſhing upon him, I ſtruck his weapon out of his hand, and uſed my cudgel ſo ſucceſsfully, that he fell to the ground, and lay, to all appearance, without ſenſe. Then I turned to Narciſſa, who had ſwooned, and ſitting down by her, gently raiſed her head, and ſupported it on my boſom, while, with my hand around her waiſt, I kept her in that poſition. My ſoul was thrilled with tumultuous joy, at feeling the object of my deareſt wiſhes within my arms; and while ſhe lay inſenſible, I could not refrain from applying my cheek to her's and raviſhing a kiſs. In a little time, the blood began to reviſit her face, ſhe opened her enchanting eyes, and having recollected her late ſituation, ſaid, with a look full of tender acknowledgment, 'Dear 'John, I am eternally obliged to you!' So ſaying, ſhe made an effort to riſe, in which I aſſiſted her, and ſhe proceeded to the houſe, leaning upon me all the way. I was a thouſand times tempted by this opportunity to declare my paſſion, but the dread of diſobliging her, reſtrained my tongue. We had not moved an hundred paces from the ſcene of her diſtreſs, when I perceived Sir Timothy riſe and walk homeward; a circumſtance which, though it gave me ſome ſatisfaction, inaſmuch as I thereby knew I had not killed him, filled me with juſt apprehenſion of his reſentment, which I found myſelf in no condition to withſtand; eſpecially when I conſidered his intimacy with our ſquire, to whom I knew he could juſtify himſelf for what he had done, by imputing it to his love, and deſiring his brother Bruin to take the ſame liberty with his ſiſter, without any fear of offence. When we arrived at the
Narciſſa aſſured me, ſhe would e
her influence in protecting me fr
revenge of Thicket,' and likew
gage her aunt in my favour.
ſame time, pulling out her pu
fered it as a ſmall conſideratior
ſervice I had done her. But I ſt
much upon the punctilios of lov
cur the leaſt ſuſpicion of being
nary, and refuſed the preſent,
ing, I had merited nothing b
doing my duty. She ſeemed af
at my diſintereſtedneſs, and blu
felt the ſame ſuffuſion, and
down-caſt eye, and broken acce
her, I had one requeſt to make,
if her generoſity would grant,
think myſelf fully recompenſe
age of miſery. She changed c
this preamble, and, with gre
fuſion, replied, ſhe hoped m
ſenſe would hinder me from aſ
thing ſhe was bound in honou
fuſe, and therefore bade me ſig
deſire. Upon which I kneel
begged to kiſs her hand. Sh
diately with an averted look,
it out; I imprinted on it ar
kiſs, and bathing it with m
cried, 'Dear Madam, I am
'fortunate gentleman, and l
'to diſtraction, but would h
'a thouſand deaths rather tha
'this declaration under ſuch
'appearance, were I not deter
'yield to the rigour of my fa
'from your bewitching preſer
'bury my preſumptuous pa
'eternal ſilence.' With the
I roſe and went away, be
could recover her ſpirits ſo fa
make any reply. My firſt car
go and conſult Mrs. Sagely, wi
I had maintained a friendly co
dence ever ſince I left her houſe
ſhe underſtood my ſituation, t
woman, with real concern, c
me on my unhappy fate, and a
of my reſolution to leave the
as being perfectly well acquain
the barbarous diſpoſition of m
'who, by this time,' ſaid ſh
'no doubt meditated a ſchen
'venge. Indeed, I cannot ſee
'will be able to elude his ven
'being himſelf in the commiſ
'will immediately grant warr
'apprehending you; and as a
'the people in this country

t on him or his friend, it will
ossible for you to find shelter
them: if you should be ap-
led, he will commit you to
here you may possibly lan-
n great misery till the next
and then be transported
ulting a magistrate.' While
warned me of my danger, we
nocking at the door, which
both into great consternation,
probability, it was occasioned
irsuers; whereupon this ge-
l lady putting two guineas
iand, with tears in her eyes,
for God's sake, get out at
door, and consult my safety
ence should direct me. There
me for deliberation. I fol-
advice, and escaped by the
a dark night, to the sea-side,
ile I ruminated on my next ex-
was all of a sudden surrounded
men, who having bound my
feet, bade me make no noise,
f being shot, and carried me
of a vessel, which I soon per-
be a smuggling cutter. This
gave me some satisfaction at
use I concluded myself safe
resentment of Sir Timothy.
I found myself in the hands
s, who threatened to execute
by, I would have thought my-
ly quit for a year's imprison-
ven transportation. It was in
me to protest my innocence:
ot persuade them that I had
olitary walk to their haunt,
n. hour, merely for my own
it; and I did not think it my
disclose the true cause of my
cause I was afraid they would
e their peace with justice by
ing me to the penalty of the
hat confirmed their suspicion
appearance of a custom-house
hich gave them chace, and
igh made a prize of their ves-
they were delivered from their
a thick fog, which effectually
hem, and favoured their ar-
alloign. But before they got
ht of their pursuer, they held
of war about me, and some
ost ferocious among them,
ve thrown me over-board as
who had betrayed them to their
but others more considerate,
that if they put me to death,
and should afterwards be taken, they could expect no mercy from the legislature, which would never pardon outlawry aggravated by murder. It was therefore determined by a plurality of votes, that I should be set on shore in France, and left to find my passage back to England as I should think proper, this being punishment sufficient for the bare suspicion of a crime in itself not capital. Although this favourable determination gave me great pleasure, the apprehension of being robbed would not suffer me to be perfectly at ease. To prevent this calamity, as soon as I was untied in consequence of the aforesaid decision, I tore a small hole in one of my stockings, into which I dropped six guineas, reserving half a piece and some silver in my pocket, that finding something, they might not be tempted to make any farther enquiry. This was a very necessary precaution, for when we came within sight of the French shore, one of the smugglers told me, I must pay for my passage. To this declaration I replied, that my passage was none of my own seeking; therefore they could not expect a reward from me for transporting me into a strange country by force. 'Damme!' said the outlaw, 'none of your pala-
'ver; but let me see what money you
'have got.' So saying, he thrust his hand into my pocket without any ceremony, and emptied it of the contents: then casting an eye at my hat and wig, which captivated his fancy, he took them off, and clapping his own on my head, declared, that a fair exchange was no robbery. I was fain to put up with the bargain, which was by no means favourable to me; and a little while after we went all on shore together.

I resolved to take my leave of these desperadoes, without much ceremony, when one of them cautioned me against appearing to their prejudice if ever I returned into England, unless I had a mind to be murdered; for which service, he assured me, the gang never wanted agents. I promised to observe his advice, and departed for the Upper Town, where I enquired for a cabaret or public-house, into which I went, with an intention of taking some refreshment. In the kitchen, five Dutch sailors sat at breakfast, with a large loaf, a firkin of butter, and a cag of brandy, the bung of which they often

applied to their mouths with great perſeverance and ſatisfaction. At ſome diſtance from them I perceived another perſon in the ſame garb, ſitting in a penſive ſolitary manner, entertaining himſelf with a whiff of tobacco, from the ſtump of a pipe as black as jet. The appearance of diſtreſs never failed to attract my regard and compaſſion; I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my aſſiſtance, and notwithſtanding the alteration of dreſs, and diſguiſe of a long beard, I diſcovered in him my long loſt and lamented uncle and benefactor, Lieutenant Bowling! Good Heaven, what were the agitations of my ſoul, between the joy of finding again ſuch a valuable friend, and the ſorrow of ſeeing him in ſuch a low condition! The tears guſhed down my cheeks, I ſtood motionleſs and ſilent for ſome time; at length, recovering the uſe of ſpeech, exclaimed, 'Gracious God! Mr. 'Bowling!' My uncle no ſooner heard his name mentioned, than he ſtarted up, crying with ſome ſurprize, 'Hol-'loa!' and after having looked at me ſtedfaſtly, without being able to recollect me, ſaid, 'Did you call me, bro-'ther?' I told him I had ſomething extraordinary to communicate, and deſired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room; but he would by no means conſent to this propoſal, ſaying, 'Avaſt there, friend; 'none of your tricks upon travellers: 'if you have any thing to ſay to me, 'do it above-board; you need not be 'afraid of being overheard; here are 'none who underſtand our lingo.'— Though I was lothe to diſcover myſelf before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him, I was his own nephew Roderick Random. On this information, he conſidered me with great earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and recalling my features, which though enlarged, were not entirely altered ſince he had ſeen me, came up and ſhook me by the hand very cordially, proteſting he was glad to ſee me well. After ſome pauſe, he went on thus: 'And yet, my lad, I am ſorry to ſee 'you under ſuch colours; the more ſo, 'as it is not in my power, at preſent; 'to change them for the better, times 'being very hard with me.' With theſe words, I could perceive a tear *trickle* down his furrowed cheeks, which affected me ſo much, that I bitterly. Imagining my ſorrow w effect of my own misfortunes, he forted me, with obſerving, th was a voyage in which we muſt to meet with all weathers; ſom it was calm, ſometimes rough; fair gale often ſucceeded a ſtorm the wind did not always ſit on and that deſpair ſignified nothing reſolution and ſkill were better ſtout veſſel: for why! becauſe th quire no carpenter, and grow ſt the more labour they undergo. I up my tears, which I aſſured him not ſhed for my own diſtreſs, h his, and begged leave to accor him into another room, where we converſe more at our eaſe. I recounted to him the unge uſage I had met with from Potic which relation he ſtarted up, f acroſs the room three or four tim a great hurry, and graſping his gel, cried, 'I would I were alon 'of him, that's all; I would I 'along-ſide of him!' I then ga a detail of all my adventures an ferings, which affected him mor I could have imagined; and con with telling him that Captain hum was ſtill alive, and that he return to England when he wo ſolicit his affairs, without dan moleſtation. He was wonderfully ed with this piece of informati which, however, he ſaid, he cou at preſent avail himſelf, for w money to pay for his paſſage to don. This objection I ſoon rem by putting five guineas into his and telling him, I thought myſ tremely happy in having an op nity of manifeſting my gratitude in his neceſſity. But it was w utmoſt difficulty I could prevail him to accept of two, which firmed were more than ſufficient fray the neceſſary expence. Aft friendly conteſt was over, he pr we ſhould have a meſs of ſome 'For,' ſaid he, 'it has been t 'day with me a great while. Yo 'know I was ſhipwrecked fiv 'ago, near a place called Lifie 'company with thoſe Dutchme 'are now drinking below; an 'ing but little money when 'aſhore, it was ſoon ſpent, be 'let them have ſhare and ſhare

Howſomever, I ſhould have
ıred the old ſaying, *Every*
own apple: for when they
ıy hold unſtowed, they went
; to ſhooling and begging,
auſe I would not take a
the ſame duty, refuſed to
the leaſt aſſiſtance; ſo that
not broke bread theſe two
I was ſhocked at the ex-
f his diſtreſs, and ordered
l, cheeſe, and wine, to be
ımediately, to allay his hun-
a fricaſſee of chickens could
d. When he had recruited
with this homely fare, I de-
ow the particulars of his pe-
ı, ſince the accident at Cape
; which were briefly theſe:
y he had about him being all
'ort Louis, the civility and
of the French cooled to ſuch
hat he was obliged to liſt on
ne of their king's ſhips as a
›remaſt-man, to prevent him-
ſtarving on ſhore. In this
e continued two years, during
: he had acquired ſome know-
ıeir language, and the repu-
ı good ſeamen: the ſhip he
to was ordered home to
ıere ſhe was laid up, as unfit
:, and he was received on
›ne of Monſieur D'Antin's
in quality of a quarter-maſ-
h office he performed in a
the Weſt Indies, where they
ith our ſhip as before related;
nſcience upbraiding him for
: enemies of his country, he
: ſhip at the ſame place where
ed, and got to Curaſoa in a
el; there he bargained with
ound to Europe, to work for
to Holland, from whence he
es of hearing from his friends
d; but he was caſt away, as
ned before, by the French
l muſt have been reduced to
ity of travelling on foot to
ınd begging for his ſubſiſtence
ıd, or of entering on board
r French man of war, at the
being treated as a deſerter, if
e had not ſent me to his ſuc-
ınd now, my lad,' continued
nk I ſhall ſteer my courſe di-
› London, where I do not
f being replaced, and of hav-
R taken off me by the lords
' of the admiralty, to whom I intend
' to write a petition, ſetting forth my
' caſe: if I ſucceed, I ſhall have where-
' withal to give you ſome aſſiſtance,
' becauſe when I left the ſhip, I had
' two years pay due to me; therefore I
' deſire to know whither you are bound;
' and beſides, perhaps, I may have in-
' tereſt enough to procure a warrant
' appointing you ſurgeon's mate of the
' ſhip to which I ſhall belong. For the
' beadle of the admiralty is my good
' friend; and he and one of the under-
' clerks are ſworn brothers, and that
' under-clerk has a good deal to ſay
' with one of the upper-clerks, who is
' very well known to the under-ſecre-
' tary, who, upon his recommendation,
' I hope will recommend my affair to
' the firſt ſecretary; and he again will
' ſpeak to one of the lords in my be-
' half: ſo that you ſee I do not want
' friends to aſſiſt me on occaſion. As
' for the fellow Crampley, tho'f I know
' him not, I am ſure he is neither ſea-
' man nor officer, by what you have
' told me, or elſe he could never be ſo
' much miſtaken in his reckoning, as
' to run the ſhip on ſhore on the coaſt
' of Suſſex, before he believed himſelf
' in ſoundings: neither, when that ac-
' cident happened, would he have left
' the ſhip until ſhe had been ſtove to
' pieces, eſpecially when the tide was
' making; wherefore by this time I do
' ſuppoſe he has been tried by a court-
' martial, and executed for his cow-
' ardice and miſconduct.' I could not help ſmiling at the deſcription of my uncle's ladder, by which he propoſed to climb to the attention of the board of admiralty; and though I knew the world too well to confide in ſuch dependance myſelf, I would not diſcourage him with doubts; but aſked if he had no friend in London who would advance a ſmall ſum of money to enable him to appear as he ought, and make a ſmall preſent to the under-ſecretary, who might poſſibly diſpatch his buſineſs the ſooner on that account. He ſcratched his head; and, after ſome recollection, replied, ' Why, yes, I be-
' lieve Daniel Whipcord, the ſhip-
' chandler in Wapping, would not re-
' fuſe me ſuch a ſmall matter. I know
' I can have what credit I want for
' lodging, liquor, and clothes; but as
' to money, I won't be poſitive: had ho-
' neſt Block been living, I ſhould not

' have

'have been at a loss.' I was heartily sorry to find a worthy man so destitute of friends, when he had such need of them; and looked upon my own situation as less miserable than his, because I was better acquainted with the selfishness and roguery of mankind; consequently less liable to disappointment and imposition.

CHAP. VI.

HE TAKES HIS PASSAGE IN A CUTTER FOR DEAL—WE ARE ACCOSTED BY A PRIEST, WHO PROVES TO BE A SCOTCHMAN—HIS PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP—HE IS AFFRONTED BY THE LIEUTENANT, WHO AFTERWARDS APPEASES HIM BY SUBMISSION—MY UNCLE EMBARKS—I AM INTRODUCED BY A PRIEST TO A CAPUCHIN, IN WHOSE COMPANY I SET OUT FOR PARIS—THE CHARACTER OF MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER—AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD—I AM SHOCKED AT HIS BEHAVIOUR.

WHEN our repast was ended, we walked down to the harbour, where we found a cutter that was to sail for Deal in the evening, and Mr. Bowling agreed for his passage: in the mean time we sauntered about the town to satisfy our curiosity, our conversation turning on the subject of my designs, which were not as yet fixed: neither can it be supposed that my mind was at ease, when I found myself reduced to almost extreme poverty, in the midst of foreigners, among whom I had not one acquaintance to advise or befriend me. My uncle was sensible of my forlorn condition, and pressed me to accompany him to England, where he did not doubt of finding some sort of provision for me: but besides the other reasons I had for avoiding that kingdom, I looked upon it, at this time, as the worst country in the universe for a poor honest man to live in; and therefore determined to remain in France at all events. I was confirmed in this resolution by a reverend priest, who passing by at this time, and over-hearing us speak English, accosted us in the same language, telling us he was our countryman, and wishing it might be in his power to do us any servi thanked this grave person for h teous offer, and invited him to glass with us, which he did n proper to refuse, and we went ther into a tavern of his recomm After having drank to our hea bumper of good Burgundy, h to enquire into our situation, larly the place of our nativity we no sooner named, than he sta and wringing our hands with g vour, shed a flood of tears, cry 'come from the same part of t 'try! perhaps you are my o 'tions.' I was on my guard ag caresses, which I suspected ver when I remembered the adve the money-dropper; but with appearance of diffidence, obser as he was born in that part country, he must certainly kno milies, which (howsoever mean sent appearance might be) were the most obscure or inconsi Then I discovered our names, I found he was no stranger; known my grandfather personal notwithstanding an absence years from Scotland, recounte ny particulars of the familie neighbourhood, that my scru entirely removed, and I thoug happy in his acquaintance. course of our conversation, I my condition without reserve, played my talents to such ad that the old father looked upon admiration, and assured me t staid in France, and listened t I could not fail of making my to which he would contribute power.

My uncle began to be jealo priest's insinuation, and very declared, that if ever I should my religion, he would breal connection and correspondence for it was his opinion, that man would swerve from the p in which he was bred, whether Protestant, or Roman. The affronted at this declaration, w vehemence, began a long disco ting forth the danger of obstin shutting one's eyes against t he said that ignorance would b towards justification, when we portunities of being better in and that if the minds of peopl

been open to conviction, the Chriſtian religion could not have been propagated in the world; and we ſhould now be in a ſtate of Pagan darkneſs and barbarity: he endeavoured to prove, by ſome texts of ſcripture, and many quotations from the fathers, that the Pope was the ſucceſſor of St. Peter, and vicar of Jeſus Chriſt; that the church of Rome was the true, holy, catholic church; and that the proteſtant faith was an impious hereſy, and damnable ſchiſm, by which many millions of ſouls would ſuffer everlaſting perdition. When he had finiſhed his ſermon, which I thought he pronounced with more zeal than diſcretion, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle, and deſired to know his objections to what had been ſaid. The lieutenant, whoſe attention had been wholly engroſſed by his own affairs, took the pipe out of his mouth, and replied, 'As for me, friend, d'ye 'ſee, I have no objection to what you 'ſay, it may be either true or falſe for 'what I know; I meddle with nobo-'dy's affairs but my own: the gunner 'to his linſtock, and the ſteerſman to 'the helm, as the ſaying is. I truſt to 'no creed but the compaſs, and do un-'to every man as I would be done by; 'ſo that I defy the pope, the devil, and 'the pretender; and hope to be ſaved 'as well as another.' This aſſociation of perſons gave great offence to the friar, who proteſted in a mighty paſſion, that if Mr. Bowling had not been his countryman, he would have cauſed him to be impriſoned for his inſolence. I ventured to diſapprove of my uncle's raſhneſs, and appeaſed the old gentleman, by aſſuring him there was no offence intended by my kinſman, who by this time, ſenſible of his error, ſhook the injured party by the hand, and aſked pardon for the freedom he had taken. Matters being amicably compromiſed, he invited us to come and ſee him in the afternoon at the convent to which he belonged, and took his leave for the preſent; when my uncle recommended it ſtrongly to me to perſevere in the religion of my forefathers, whatever advantages I might propoſe to myſelf by a change, which could not fail of diſgracing myſelf, and diſhonouring my family. I aſſured him no conſideration ſhould induce me to forfeit his friendſhip and good opinion on that ſcore; at which aſſurance he diſcovered great ſatisfaction, and put me in mind of dinner, which we immediately beſpoke, and when it was ready ate together.

I imagined my acquaintance with the Scottiſh prieſt, if properly managed, might turn out to my advantage, and therefore reſolved to cultivate it as much as I could. With this view we viſited him at his convent, according to his invitation, where he treated us with wine and ſweetmeats, and ſhewed us every thing that was remarkable in the monaſtery. Having been thus entertained, we took our leave, though not before I had promiſed to ſee him next day; and the time fixed for my uncle's embarking being come, I accompanied him to the harbour, and ſaw him on board. We parted not without tears, after we had embraced and wiſhed one another all manner of proſperity; and he entreated me to write to him often, directing to Lieutenant Bowling, at the ſign of the Union Flag, near the Hermitage, London.

I returned to the houſe in which we had met, where I paſſed the night in a very ſolitary manner, reflecting on the ſeverity of my fate, and endeavouring to project ſome likely ſcheme of life for the future; but my invention failed me; I ſaw nothing but inſurmountable difficulties in my way, and was ready to deſpair at the miſerable proſpect! That I might not, however, neglect any probable means, I got up in the morning, and went directly to the father, whoſe advice and aſſiſtance I implored. He received me very kindly, and gave me to underſtand that there was one way of life in which a perſon of my talents could not fail of making a great figure. I gueſſed his meaning, and told him once for all, I was fully determined againſt any alteration in point of religion, therefore if his propoſal regarded the church, he might ſave himſelf the trouble of explaining it. He ſhook his head, and ſighed, ſaying, 'Ah! ſon, ſon, 'what a glorious proſpect is here ſpoil-'ed by by your ſtubborn prejudice! 'Suffer yourſelf to be perſuaded by rea-'ſon, and conſult your temporal wel-'fare, as well as the concerns of your 'eternal ſoul. I can, by my intereſt, 'procure your admiſſion as a noviciate 'into this convent, where I will ſu-'perintend and direct you with a truly 'paternal affection.' Then he launched out into the praiſes of a monaſtic life,

life, which no noiſe diſturbs, no cares moleſt, and no danger invades; where the heart is weaned from carnal attachments, the groſſer appetites ſubdued and chaſtiſed, and the ſoul wafted to divine regions of philoſophy and truth, on the wings of ſtudious contemplation. But his eloquence was loſt upon me, whom two conſiderations enabled to withſtand his temptations; namely, my promiſe to my uncle, and my averſion to an eccleſiaſtical life; for as to the difference of religion, I looked upon it as a thing of too ſmall moment to come in competition with a man's fortune. Finding me immoveable on this head, he told me he was more ſorry than offended at my noncompliance, and ſtill ready to employ his good offices in my behalf. 'The 'ſame erroneous maxims,' ſaid he, 'that obſtruct your promotion in the 'church, will infallibly prevent your 'advancement in the army; but if 'you can brook the condition of a ſer-'vant, I am acquainted with ſome 'people of rank at Verſailles, to whom 'I can give you letters of recommen-'dation, that you may be entertained 'by ſome one of them in quality of '*maitre d' hotel*; and I do not doubt 'that your qualifications will ſoon en-'title you to a better proviſion.' I embraced his offer with great eagerneſs, and he appointed me to come back in the afternoon, when he would not only give me letters, but likewiſe introduce me to a capuchin of his acquaintance, who intended to ſet out for Paris next morning, in whoſe company I might travel, without being at the expence of one livre during the whole journey. This piece of good news gave me infinite pleaſure; I acknowledged my obligation to the benevolent father in the moſt grateful expreſſions; and he performed his promiſe to a tittle, in delivering the letters, and making me acquainted with the capuchin, with whom I departed next morning by break of day.

It was not long before I diſcovered my fellow-traveller to be a merry facetious fellow, who, notwithſtanding his profeſſion and appearance of mortification, loved good eating and drinking better than his roſary, and paid more adoration to a pretty girl than to the Virgin Mary, or St. Genevieve. He was a thick brawny young man, with red eye-brows, a hook-noſe, a face vered with freckles; and his name Frere Balthazar. His order did permit him to wear linen, ſo that ing little occaſion to undreſs him he was none of the cleanlieſt ani in the world; and his conſtitution naturally ſo ſtrongly ſcented, t always thought it convenient to to the windward of him in our ma As he was perfectly well known o road, we fared ſumptuouſly wit any coſt, and the fatigue of our jou was much alleviated by the good mour of my companion, who ſur infinite number of catches on the jects of love and wine. We too our lodging the firſt night at a peaſ houſe, not far from Abbeville, we were entertained with an e lent ragout, cooked by our landl daughters, one of whom was handſome: after having eaten hea and drank a ſufficient quantity of wine, we were conducted to a where we found a couple of ca ſpread upon clean ſtraw for our r tion. We had not lain in this tion above half an hour, when heard ſomebody knock ſoftly a door, upon which Balthazar ge and let in our hoſt's two daugh who wanted to have ſome private verſation with him in the dark; they had whiſpered together ſome the capuchin came to me, and aſ I was inſenſible to love, and ſo hearted as to refuſe a ſhare of m to a pretty maid, who had a for me. I muſt own, to my ſh that I ſuffered myſelf to be over by my paſſion, and with great ea neſs ſeized the occaſion, when derſtood that the amiable Nanett to be my bedfellow. In vain di reaſon ſuggeſt the reſpect that I to my dear miſtreſs, Narciſſa; th of that lovely charmer rather incr than allayed the ferment of my ſp and the young Paiſanne had no ſon to complain of my remembr Early in the morning, the kind tures left us to our repoſe, which till eight o'clock, when we got up were treated at breakfaſt with c late and *l'eau de vie*, by our mours, of whom we took a leave, after my companion had feſſed and given them abſol While we proceeded on our jou

ion turned upon the night's
eing introduced by the ca-
aſked me how I liked my
:clared my ſatisfaction, and
pture of the agreeable Na-
ich he ſhook his head, and
ſhe was a *morceau pour la*
'. 'I never valued my-
nued he, 'upon any thing
the conqueſt of Nanette;
y apart, I have been pret-
te in my amours.' This
ſhocked me not a little, as
:onvinced of his intimacy
r; and though I did not
m with downright inceſt,
ıy aſtoniſhment at his laſt
:e, when, I ſuppoſed, the
t his devotion. To this
red, that beſides his natu-
nce to the ſex, he had ano-
to diſtribute his favours
reen them, namely, to
e in the family, which
herwiſe be maintained;
r Nanette had conceived
or me, and he loved her
ılk her inclination; more
ıen he had an opportunity
s friend at the ſame time.
n for this inſtance of his
ough I was extremely diſ-
ant of delicacy, and curſ-
that threw me in his way.
I was, I could not bear
ehave ſo wide of the cha-
ned: I looked upon him
very little worth or ho-
uld have even kept a wary
ocket, if I had thought
any temptation to ſteal.
ot conceive the uſe of mo-
:hin, who is obliged, by
s order, to appear like a
njoys all other neceſſaries
beſides, my fellow-tra-
to be of a complexion too
anguine, to give me any
on that ſcore; ſo that I
ı great confidence, in ex-
being ſoon at my jour-

I A P. VII.

AT A HOUSE NEAR WHERE I AM ROBBED CAPUCHIN, WHO ES- ILE I AM ASLEEP—I GO TO NOYONS IN SEARCH OF HIM, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS— MAKE MY CONDITION KNOWN TO SEVERAL PEOPLE, BUT FIND NO RELIEF—GROW DESPERATE —JOIN A COMPANY OF SOL- DIERS—ENLIST IN THE REGI- MENT OF PICARDY——WE ARE ORDERED INTO GERMANY——I FIND THE FATIGUES OF THE MARCH ALMOST INTOLERABLE —QUARREL WITH MY COMRADE IN A DISPUTE ABOUT POLI- TICKS—HE CHALLENGES ME TO THE FIELD, WOUNDS AND DIS- ARMS ME.

THE third night of our pilgrimage, we paſſed at a houſe near Amiens, where Balthazar being unknown, we ſupped upon indifferent fare, and ſour wine, and were fain to lie in a garret upon an old mattras, which, I believe, had been in the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand myriads of fleas, time out of mind. We did not invade their territory with impunity; in leſs than a minute we were attacked by ſtings innumerable; in ſpite of which, however, we fell faſt aſleep, being exceſſively fatigued with our day's march, and did not wake till nine next morning; when, ſeeing myſelf alone, I ſtarted up in a terrible fright, and examining my pockets, found my preſaging fear too true! My companion had made free with my caſh, and left me to ſeek my way to Paris by myſelf! I ran down ſtairs immediately; and with a look full of grief and amazement, enquired for the mendicant; who, they gave me to underſtand, had ſet out four hours before, after having told them I was a little indiſpoſed, and deſired I might not be diſturbed, but be informed when I ſhould wake that he had taken the road for Noyons, where he would wait for my coming, at the Coq d'Or. I ſpoke not a word, but with a heavy heart directed my courſe to that place, at which I arrived in the afternoon, fainting with wearineſs and hunger: but learned, to my utter confuſion, that no ſuch perſon had been there! It was happy for me, that I had a good deal of reſentment in my conſtitution, which animated me on ſuch occaſions againſt the villainy of mankind, and enabled me to bear misfortunes otherwiſe intolerable. Boiling with indig-

nation, I discovered to the host my deplorable condition, and inveighed with great bitterness against the treachery of Balthazar: at which he shrúgged up his shoulders; and, with a peculiar grimace in his countenance, said, he was sorry for my misfortune; but there was no remedy like patience. At that instant some guests arrived, to whom he hastened to offer his service, leaving me mortified at his indifference, and fully persuaded that an inn-keeper is the same sordid animal all the world over. While I stood in the porch, forlorn and undetermined, venting ejaculations of curses against the thief who robbed me, and the old priest who recommended him to my friendship, a young gentleman richly dressed, attended by a valet de chambre and two servants in livery, arrived at the inn. I thought I perceived a great deal of sweetness and good-nature in his countenance; therefore he had no sooner alighted than I accosted him, and in a few words explained my situation: he listened with great politeness, and when I had made an end of my story said, 'Well, monsieur, what would you 'have me to do?' I was effectually abashed at this interrogation, which I believed no man of common sense or generosity could make, and made no other reply than a low bow: he returned the compliment still lower, and tript into an apartment, while the landlord let me know, that my standing there to interrupt company, gave offence, and might do him infinite prejudice. He had no occasion to repeat his insinuation; I moved from the place immediately; and was so much transported with grief, anger, and disdain, that a torrent of blood gushed from my nostrils. In this extasy, I quitted Noyons, and betook myself to the fields, where I wandered about like one distracted, till my spirits were quite exhausted, and I was obliged to throw myself down at the root of a tree, to rest my wearied limbs. Here my rage forsook me; I began to feel the importunate cravings of nature, and relapsed into silent sorrow, and melancholy reflection. I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that Providence, which, after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign where I had not one friend o tance to close my eyes, and offices of humanity to my carcase. A thousand time myself a bear, that I migh woods and deserts, far fr hospitable haunts of man could live by my own talents dent of treacherous friends, cilious scorn.

As I lay in this manne over my hapless fate, I hear of a violin; and raising my ceived a company of men a dancing on the grass at so from me. I looked upon t favourable season for distres compassion, when every sel is banished, and the heart mirth and social joy; whe up and approached those ha whom I soon discovered to of soldiers, with their wive dren, unbending and diver selves at this rate, after th a march. I had never such a parcel of scare-crow neither could I reconcile th gaunt looks, their squallid attire, and every other ext tom of extreme woe, with ance of festivity. I saluted ever, and was received wit liteness; after which the ring, and danced around jollity had a wonderful effe spirits! I was infected wi ety, and in spite of my dism forgot my cares, and join extravagance. When we h ourselves a good while at sion, the ladies spread thei on the ground, upon whic tied their knapsacks of so coarse bread, and a few fla wine: being invited to a banquet, I sat down with t in the whole course of m made a more comfortable m our repast was ended, we g to dance; and now that I self refreshed, I behaved t ration of every body: I with a thousand complimen fessions of friendship; the mended my person and agil women were loud in praise grace; the serjeant in pa pressed so much regard

l the pleaſures of a ſoldier's life, uch art, that I began to liſten ropoſal of enliſting me in the and the more I conſidered my idition, the more I was con- of the neceſſity I was under to a ſpeedy determination. herefore maturely weighed the inces *pro* and *con*, I ſignified nt, and was admitted into the of Picardy, ſaid to be the rps in Europe. The company this command belonged, was l at a village not far off, whi- narched next day, and I was to my captain, who ſeemed l pleaſed with my appearance, a crown to drink, and ordered accommodated with clothes, nd accoutrements. Then I livery ſuit, purchaſed linen, was at great pains to learn the in a very ſhort time became a ſoldier.

not long before we received join ſeveral more regiments, ch with all expedition into , in order to reinforce Mar- ic de Noailles, who was then d with his army on the ſide rer Mayne, to watch the mo- the Engliſh, Hanoverians, s, and Heſſians, under the d of the Earl of Stair. We r march accordingly, and then e acquainted with that part of 's life to which I had been hi- ſtranger. It is impoſſible to the hunger and thirſt I ſuf- nd the fatigue I underwent in of ſo many hundred miles; which, I was ſo much chafed heat and motion of my limbs, very ſhort time the inſide of hs and legs were deprived of l I proceeded in the utmoſt This misfortune I owed to pneſs of my conſtitution, which and envied the withered con- my comrades, whoſe bodies t ſpare juice enough to ſupply n iſſue, and were indeed proof ll manner of friction. The pain I felt made me fretful, peeviſhneſs was increaſed by fication of my pride in ſeeing erable wretches, whom a hard wind would have ſcattered he air *like chaff, bear thoſe* toils with alacrity, under which I was ready to ſink.

One day while we enjoyed a halt, and the ſoldiers with their wives had gone out to dance, according to cuſtom, my comrade ſtaid at home with me on pretence of friendſhip, and inſulted me with his pity and conſolation! He told me, though I was young and tender at preſent, I would ſoon be ſeaſoned to the ſervice; and he did not doubt but I ſhould have the honour to contribute in ſome meaſure to the glory of the king. 'Have 'courage, therefore, my child,' ſaid he, 'and pray to the good God, that 'you may be as happy as I am, who 'have had the honour of ſerving Lewis 'the Great, and of receiving many 'wounds in helping to eſtabliſh his 'glory.' When I looked upon the contemptible object that pronounced theſe words, I was amazed at the infatuation that poſſeſſed him; and could not help expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at the abſurdity of a rational being, who thinks himſelf highly honoured in being permitted to encounter abject poverty, oppreſſion, famine, diſeaſe, mutilation, and evident death, merely to gratify the vicious ambition of a prince, by whom his ſufferings were diſregarded, and his name utterly unknown. I obſerved, that if his ſituation was the conſequence of compulſion, I would praiſe his patience and fortitude in bearing his lot; if he had taken up arms in defence of his injured country, he was to be applauded for his patriotiſm; or if he had fled to this way of life as a refuge from a greater evil, he was juſtifiable in his own conſcience, (though I could have no notion of miſery more extreme than that he ſuffered;) but to put his condition on the footing of conducing to the glory of his prince, was no more than profeſſing himſelf a deſperate ſlave, who voluntarily underwent the utmoſt wretchedneſs and peril, and committed the moſt flagrant crimes, to ſooth the barbarous pride of a fellow-creature, his ſuperior in nothing but the power he derived from the ſubmiſſion of ſuch wretches as him. The ſoldier was very much affronted at the liberty I took with his king, which he ſaid nothing but my ignorance could excuſe. He affirmed, that the characters of princes were ſacred, and ought

not to be profaned by the cenſure of their ſubjects, who were bound by their allegiance to obey their commands, of what nature ſoever, without ſcruple or repining: and adviſed me to correct the rebellious principles I had imbibed among the Engliſh; who, for their inſolence to their kings, were notorious all over the world, even to a proverb.

In vindication of my countrymen, I repeated all the arguments commonly uſed to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty; that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; that when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and ſubject to the penalty of the law; and that thoſe inſurrections of the Engliſh, which are branded with the name of rebellion, by the ſlaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to reſcue that independence which was their birthright from the ravenous claws of uſurping ambition. The Frenchman, provoked at the little deference I paid to the kingly name, loſt all patience, and reproached me in ſuch a manner, that my temper forſook me, and I clenched my fiſt, with an intention to give him a hearty box on the ear. Perceiving my deſign, he ſtarted back, and demanded a parley; upon which I checked my indignation, and he gave me to underſtand that a Frenchman never forgave a blow; therefore, if I was not weary of my life, I would do well to ſpare him that mortification, and do him the honour of meaſuring his ſword with mine like a gentleman. I took his advice, and followed him to a field hard by, where indeed I was aſhamed at the pitiful figure of my antagoniſt, who was a poor, little, ſhivering creature, decrepit with age, and blind of one eye. But I ſoon found the folly of judging from appearances; being at the ſecond paſs wounded in the ſword hand, and immediately diſarmed with ſuch a jerk, that I thought the joint was diſlocated. I was no leſs confounded than enraged at this event, eſpecially as my adverſary did not bear his ſucceſs with all the moderation that might have been expected; for he inſiſted upon my aſking pardon for affronting his king and him. This propoſal I would by no means comply with; but told him it was a mean condeſcenſion, which no gentleman circumſtances ought to propoſe any in my ſituation ought to perf and that if he perſiſted in his un rous demand, I would in my turn ſatisfaction with my muſket, wh ſhould be more upon a par that the ſword, of which he ſeemed ſo maſter.

CHAP. VIII.

IN ORDER TO BE REVENGI LEARN THE SCIENCE OF FENCE—WE JOIN THE M SCHAL DUC DE NOAILLES— ENGAGED WITH THE AI AT DETTINGEN, AND PU FLIGHT—THE BEHAVIOU THE FRENCH SOLDIERS ON OCCASION—I INDUSTRIO SEEK ANOTHER COMBAT THE OLD GASCON, AND VANC HIM IN MY TURN—OUR I MENT IS PUT INTO WI QUARTERS AT RHEIMS, W I FIND MY FRIEND STRAP— RECOGNITION—HE SUPPLI WITH MONEY, AND PROC MY DISCHARGE—WE TA TRIP TO PARIS; FROM WH BY THE WAY OF FLANDE SET OUT FOR LONDON, W WE SAFELY ARRIVE.

HE was diſconcerted at this ration, to which he made ply, but repaired to the dance mong whom he recounted his with many exaggerations and nades; while I, taking up my went to my quarters and examin wound, which I found was of n ſequence. The ſame day, an drummer, having heard of my fortune, viſited me, and after condoled me on the chance of gave me to underſtand, that h maſter of his ſword, and would very ſhort time inſtruct me ſo thor ly in that noble ſcience, that I be able to chaſtiſe the old Gaſc his inſolent boaſting at my ex This friendly office he proffered o tence of the regard he had f countrymen; but I afterwards k the true motive was no other t jealouſy he entertained of a corr dence between the Frenchman a

ich he did not think proper to
perſon. Be this as it will, I
his offer, and practiſed his
ith ſuch application, that I
ved myſelf a match for my
r. In the mean time we con-
ir march, and arrived at the
Mareſchal Noailles, the night
e battle of Dettingen. Not-
ling the fatigue we had un-
our regiment was one of thoſe
ordered next day to croſs the
der the command of the Duc
ont, to take poſſeſſion of a nar-
e, through which the allies
neceſſity have paſſed at a great
age, or remain where they
d periſh for want of provi-
hey would not condeſcend to
at diſcretion. How they
hemſelves to be pent up in this
it is not my province to re-
hall only obſerve, that when
aken poſſeſſion of our ground,
n old officer in converſation
ther expreſs a ſurprize at the
of Lord Stair, who had the
n of a good general. But it
this time, that nobleman was
d, and only acted in an in-
racter; ſo that no part of the
uld be imputed to him, who
his diſapprobation of the ſtep,
quence of which the whole
s in the utmoſt danger; but
ce or deſtiny acted miracles in
alf, by diſpoſing the Duc de
to quit his advantageous poſt,
leſile, and attack the Engliſh,
e drawn up in order of battle
ain, and who handled us ſo
that after having loſt a great
of men, we turned our backs
eremony, and fled with ſuch
ion, that many hundreds pe-
the river through pure fear and
; for the enemy was ſo gene-
they did not purſue us one inch
d; and if our conſternation
ve permitted, we might have
with great order and deliberа-
nt notwithſtanding the royal
of the King of Great Britain,
ded the allies in perſon, and
put a ſtop to the carnage, our
unted to 5000 men, among
re many officers of diſtinction.
arriage opened a paſſage for
Hanau, whither they imme-
arched, leaving their ſick and
wounded to the care of the French, who next day took poſſeſſion of the field of battle, buried the dead, and treated the living with humanity. This circumſtance was a great conſolation to us, who thence took occaſion to claim the victory; and the genius of the French nation never appeared more conſpicuous than now, in the rhodomontades they uttered on the ſubject of their generoſity and courage: every man, by his own account, performed feats that eclipſed all the heroes of antiquity. One compared himſelf to a lion retiring at leiſure from his cowardly purſuers, who keep at a wary diſtance, and gall him with their darts. Another likened himſelf to a bear, that retreats with his face to the enemy, who dare not aſſail him; and the third aſſumed the character of a deſperate ſtag, that turns upon the hounds and keeps them at bay. There was not a private ſoldier engaged, who had not by the proweſs of his ſingle arm demoliſhed a whole platoon, or put a ſquadron of horſe to flight; and among others, the meagre Gaſcon extolled his exploits above thoſe of Hercules or Charlemagne. As I ſtill retained my reſentment for the diſgrace I ſuffered in my laſt rencontre with him, and now that I thought myſelf qualified, longed for an opportunity to retrieve my honour; I magnified the valour of the Engliſh with all the hyperboles I could imagine, and decried the puſillanimity of the French in the ſame ſtile, comparing them to hares flying before greyhounds, or mice purſued by cats; and paſſed an ironical compliment on the ſpeed he exerted in his flight, which, conſidering his age and infirmities, I ſaid, was ſurprizing. He was ſtung to the quick by this ſarcaſm, and with an air of threatening diſdain, bade me know myſelf better, and remember the correction I had already received from him for my inſolence; for he might not always be in the humour of ſparing a wretch who abuſed his goodneſs. To this inuendo I made no reply but by a kick in the breech, which overturned him in an inſtant. He ſtarted up with wonderful agility, and drawing his ſword, attacked me with great fury: ſeveral people interpoſed, but when he informed them of it's being an affair of honour, they retired and left us to decide the battle by ourſelves. I ſuſtained his onſet with little damage,

having

having only received a ſmall ſcratch on my right ſhoulder, and ſeeing his breath and vigour almoſt exhauſted, aſſaulted him in my turn, cloſed with him, and wreſted his ſword out of his hand in the ſtruggle. Having thus acquired the victory, I deſired him to beg his life; to which demand he made no anſwer, but ſhrugged up his ſhoulders to his ears, expanded his hands, elevated the ſkin on his forehead and eye-brows, and depreſſed the corners of his mouth in ſuch a manner, that I could ſcarce refrain from laughing aloud at his groteſque appearance. That I might, however, mortify his vanity, which triumphed without bounds over my misfortune, I thruſt his ſword up to the hilt in ſomething (it was not a tanſy) that lay ſmoaking on the plain, and joined the reſt of the ſoldiers with an air of tranquility and indifference.

There was nothing more of moment attempted by either of the armies during the remaining part of the campaign, which being ended, the Engliſh marched back to the Netherlands; part of our army was detached to French Flanders; and our regiment ordered into winter quarters in Champagne. It was the fate of the grenadier company, to which I now belonged, to lie at Rheims, where I found myſelf in the utmoſt want of every thing: my pay, which amounted to five ſols a day, far from ſupplying me with neceſſaries, being ſcarce ſufficient to procure a wretched ſubſiſtence, to keep ſoul and body together; ſo that I was by hunger and hard duty, brought down to the meagre condition of my fellow-ſoldiers, and my linen reduced from three tolerable ſhirts, to two pair of ſleeves and necks, the bodies having been long ago converted into ſpatter-daſhes; and after all I was better provided than any private man in the regiment. In this urgency of my affairs, I wrote to my uncle in England, though my hopes from that quarter were not at all ſanguine, for the reaſons I have already explained, and in the mean time had recourſe to my old remedy, patience; conſoling myſelf with the flattering ſuggeſtions of a lively imagination, that never abandoned me in my diſtreſs.

One day, while I ſtood centinel at a gate of a general officer, a certain nobleman came to the door, followed by a gentleman in mourning, to whom, at parting, I heard him ſay ‘ may depend upon my good This aſſurance was anſwered bow of the perſon in black, wl ing to go away, diſcovered t individual countenance of friend and adherent Strap. I much aſtoniſhed at the ſight, tl the power of utterance; and could recollect myſelf, he w without taking any notice of deed, had he ſtaid, I ſcarcel have ventured to accoſt him; though I was perfectly well acc with the features of his face, not be poſitively certain as to of his perſon, which was ve altered for the better, ſince he at London; neither could I by what means he was enable pear in the ſphere of a gentle which, while I knew him, he even the ambition to aſpire. was too much concerned in th to neglect farther informatio therefore took the firſt opport aſking the porter if he knew tleman to whom the marqui The Swiſs told me, his na Monſieur D'Eſtrapes, that he valet de chambre to an Engliſ man lately deceaſed, and tha very much regarded by the ma his fidelity to his maſter, betwe and that nobleman a very friendſhip had ſubſiſted. Nothi be more agreeable to me than of intelligence, which bani doubt of it's being my friend, found means to frenchify his well as his behaviour, ſince w As ſoon, therefore, as I was I went to his lodging, accor direction given me by the Sw and had the good fortune to home. That I might ſurpr the more, I concealed my n buſineſs, and only deſired th of the houſe, to tell Monſie ſtrapes, that I begged the h half an hour's converſation w He was confounded and diſn the meſſage, when he underſtoo ſent by a ſoldier: though he ſcious to himſelf of no crime, he had heard of the Baſtile ap his imagination with aggrava ror, and it was not before I h ed a conſiderable time, that h ſolution enough to bid the ſer

. When I entered his returned my bow with , and endeavoured, with laiſance, to diſguiſe his ppeared in the paleneſs of wildneſs of his looks, and of his limbs. I was di- conſternation, which re- en I told him in French, s for his private ear, and particular audience. The withdrawn, I aſked in the e, if his name was D'E- hich he anſwered with a ngue, 'The ſame, at your e.'—'Are you a French- I. 'I have not the ho- eing a Frenchman born,' 'but I have an infinite for the country.' I then ould do me the honour to which he no ſooner did, with my appearance, he , and cried in Engliſh, -ſure it can't! No, 'tis im- I ſmiled at his interjec- , 'I ſuppoſe you are too a gentleman to own your dverſity.' When he heard ce theſe words in our own leaped upon me in a tranſ- hung about my neck, om ear to ear, and blub- great ſchool-boy who had Then obſerving my dreſs, throat, crying, 'O Lord! hat ever I ſhould live to ireſt friend reduced to the of a foot ſoldier in the vice! Why did you con- leaving you? But I know you thought you had got itable friends, and grew my acquaintance. Ah! us! though I was a little ed, I was not altogether l though I did not com- ts not the leſs ſenſible of dneſs, which was indeed ning that induced me to oad, the Lord knows whi- I muſt own it has been a ible for me, and ſo I for- and may God forgive you. Lord! is it come to this?' d at the charge; which, I could not help thinking , and told him with ſome t whether his ſuſpicions r ill grounded, he might have choſen a more convenient opportunity of introducing them: and that the queſtion now was, whether or no he found himſelf diſpoſed to lend me any aſſiſtance. 'Diſpoſed!' replied he with great emotion, 'I thought 'you had known me ſo well, as to 'aſſure, yourſelf without aſking, that 'I, and all that belongs to me, are 'at your command. In the mean 'time, you ſhall dine with me, and I 'will tell you ſomething that, per- 'haps, will not be diſpleaſing unto 'you.' Then wringing my hand, he ſaid, 'It makes my heart bleed to ſee 'you in that garb!' I thanked him for his invitation, which I obſerved, could not be unwelcome to a perſon who had not eaten a comfortable meal theſe ſeven months: but I had another requeſt to make, which I begged he would grant before dinner, and that was the loan of a ſhirt; for although my back had been many weeks a ſtranger to any comfort of that kind, my ſkin was not yet familiarized to the want of it. He ſtared in my face, with a woeful countenance, at this declaration, which he could ſcarce believe, until I explained it, by unbuttoning my coat, and diſcloſing my naked body; a circumſtance that ſhocked the tender-hearted Strap, who, with tears in his eyes, ran to a cheſt of drawers, and taking out ſome linen, preſented to me a very fine ruffled holland ſhirt, and cambrick neckcloth, aſſuring me, he had three dozen of the ſame kind at my ſervice. I was raviſhed at this piece of good news, and having accommodated myſelf in a moment, hugged my benefactor for his generous offer, ſaying, I was overjoyed to find him undebauched by proſperity, which ſeldom fails to corrupt the heart. He beſpoke for dinner, ſome ſoup and bouillé, a couple of pullets roaſted, and a diſh of aſparagus, and in the interim entertained me with biſcuit and Burgundy; after which repaſt he entreated me to gratify his longing deſire of knowing every circumſtance of my fortune ſince his departure from London. This requeſt I complied with, beginning at the adventure of Gawky, and relating every particular event in which I had been concerned from that day to the preſent hour. During the recital, my friend was ſtrongly affected, according to the various ſituations deſcribed: he

ſtarted

ſtarted with ſurprize, glowed with indignation, gaped with curioſity, ſmiled with pleaſure, trembled with fear, and wept with ſorrow, as the viciſſitudes of my life inſpired theſe different paſſions; and when my ſtory was ended, ſignified his amazement on the whole, by lifting up his eyes and hands, and proteſting, that though I was a young man, I had ſuffered more than all the bleſſed martyrs.

After dinner, I deſired in my turn to know the particulars of his peregrination, and he ſatisfied me in a few words, by giving me to underſtand that he had lived a year at Paris with his maſter, who in that time having acquired the language, as well as the faſhionable exerciſes, to perfection, made a tour of France and Holland, during which excurſion, he was ſo unfortunate as to meet with three of his own countrymen on their travels, in whoſe company he committed ſuch exceſſes, that his conſtitution failed, and he fell into a conſumption; that by the advice of phyſicians he went to Montpelier for the benefit of good air, and recovered ſo well in ſix weeks, that he returned to Rheims, ſeemingly in good health, where he had not continued above a month, when he was ſeized with a looſeneſs that carried him off in ten days, to the unſpeakable ſorrow of all who knew him, and eſpecially of Strap; who had been very happy in his ſervice, and given ſuch ſatisfaction, that his maſter, on his death-bed, recommended him to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, for his diligence, ſobriety, and affection, and left him by will, his wearing apparel, gold watch, ſword, rings, ready money, and all the moveables he had in France, to the value of three hundred pounds; 'which I now,' ſaid he, 'in 'the ſight of God and man, ſurrender 'to your abſolute diſpoſal: here are 'my keys, take them, I beſeech you, 'and God give you joy of the poſ-'ſeſſion.' My brain was almoſt turned by the ſudden change of fortune, which I could ſcarce believe real; however, I poſitively refuſed this extravagant proffer of my friend, and put him in mind of my being a ſoldier; at which hint he ſtarted, crying, 'Odſo! 'that's true; we muſt procure your 'diſcharge. I have ſome intereſt with 'a nobleman who is able to do me 'that favour.' We conſulte this affair, and it was determin Monſieur D'Eſtrapes ſhould wi the marquis in the morning, him he had by accident fo brother, whom he had not ſ many years before, a private ſ the regiment of Picardy, and that nobleman's intereſt for charge. In the mean time we ourſelves over a bottle of go gundy, and ſpent the evening certing ſchemes for our future c in caſe I ſhould be ſo lucky a rid of the army. The buſineſ make ourſelves eaſy for life, b of his legacy, a taſk very diffic in the uſual methods of lay money, altogether impractica that after much canvaſſing, w come to no reſolution that nig when we parted, recommen matter to the ſerious attention other. As for my own part, I my imagination to no purpoſe; thought of turning merchant, th neſs of our ſtock, and the riſk enemies and markets, deterred r that ſcheme. If I ſhould ſet ſurgeon in my own country, I find the buſineſs already overſ or if I pretended to ſet up in E muſt labour under want of frie powerful oppoſition, obſtacles mountable by the moſt ſhining neither ſhould I ſucceed in my vours to riſe in the ſtate, inaſm I could neither flatter nor pi courtiers, nor proſtitute my defence of a wicked and conte adminiſtration. Before I cou any feaſible project, I fell aſle my fancy was bleſſed with the of the dear Narciſſa, who ſee ſmile upon my paſſion, and o hand as a reward for all my to

Early in the morning I wen lodgings of my friend, whom exulting over his happy inventi I no ſooner entered his apartmen he addreſſed himſelf to me i words, with a ſmile of ſelf-ap 'Well, Mr. Random, a lucky t 'may come into a fool's head 'times. I have hit it; I'll h 'a button my plan is better tha 'for all your learning. But y 'have the preference in this a 'other things; therefore proce 'let us know the effects of y

on, and then I will impart my ſimple excogitations.' I told at not one thought had occurne which deſerved the leaſt noſignified my impatience to be ted with the fruits of his re-

'As we have not,' ſaid he, ſufficient to maintain us durtedious expectation, it is my n, that a bold puſh muſt be and I ſee none ſo likely to d, as your appearing in the chaof a gentleman, (which is your and making your addreſſes to lady of fortune who can renu independent at once. Nay, bare: I affirm that this ſcheme h prudent and honourable; would not have you throw lf away upon an old toothwheezing dame, whoſe breath ſtink you into a conſumption than three months; neither I adviſe you to aſſume the chaof a wealthy ſquire, as your on fortune-hunters do, by means many a poor lady is d into matrimony, and inſtead oying the pomp and grandeur was promiſed, ſees her dowry by her huſband's rapacious rs, and herſelf reduced to mid deſpair. No, I know you ſoul that diſdains ſuch imn; and are maſter of qualifis both of mind and body, alone intitle you to a match will ſet you above the world. clothes in my poſſeſſion that need not be aſhamed to wear. ve they will fit you as they f not, there are plenty of tayı France. Let us take a ſhort Paris, and provide ourſelves all other neceſſaries, then ſet r England, where I intend to ſelf the honour of attending quality of a valet. This ext will ſave you the expence of nt, ſhaving and dreſſing; and ot not but, by the bleſſing of we ſhall bring matters to a and fortunate iſſue.' Extras this propoſal was, I liſtened h pleaſure, becauſe it flattered ty, and indulged a ridiculous egan to entertain of inſpiring with a mutual flame.

reakfaſt, Monſieur D'Eſtrapes ay his devoirs to the marquis, and was ſo ſucceſsful in his application, that I obtained a diſcharge in a few days; upon which we ſet out for Paris. Here I had time to reflect and congratulate myſelf upon this ſudden tranſition of fate; which, to bear with moderation, required ſome degree of philoſophy and ſelf-denial. This truth will be more obvious, if I give a detail of the particulars, to the quiet poſſeſſion of which I was raiſed in an inſtant, from the moſt abject miſery and contempt. My wardrobe conſiſted of five faſhionable coats full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with ſilver lace; two frocks, one of white drab with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold binding; one waiſtcoat of gold brocade; one of blue ſattin embroidered with ſilver; one of green ſilk trimmed with broad figured gold lace; one of black ſilk, with fringes; one of white ſattin; one of black cloth, and one of ſcarlet; ſix pair of cloth breeches; one pair of crimſon, and another of black velvet; twelve pair of white ſilk ſtockings, as many of black ſilk, and the ſame number of fine cotton; one hat, laced with gold *point d'Eſpagne*, another with ſilver-lace ſcolloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled ſhirts, as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, and the like number of ſilk. The other moveables which I poſſeſſed by the generoſity and friendſhip of Strap, were a gold watch with a chaſed caſe, two valuable diamond rings, two mourning ſwords, one with a ſilver handle, and a fourth cut ſteel inlaid with gold, a diamond ſtockbuckle, and a ſet of ſtone buckles for the knees and ſhoes; a pair of ſilver mounted piſtols with rich houſings; a gold-headed cane, and a ſnuff-box of tortoiſe-ſhell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady in the top. The gentleman left many other things of value, which my friend had converted into caſh before I met with him; ſo that over and above theſe particulars, our ſtock in ready money amounted to ſomething more than two hundred pounds.

Thus equipt, I put on the gentleman of figure, and attended by my honeſt friend, who was contented with the ſtation of my valet, viſited the Louvre,

examined the gallery of Luxemburgh, and appeared at Verſailles, where I had the honour of ſeeing his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty eat a conſiderable quantity of olives. During the month I ſpent at Paris, I went ſeveral times to court, the Italian comedy, opera, and play-houſe; danced at a maſquerade; and, in ſhort, ſaw every thing remarkable in and about that capital. Then we ſet out for England by the way of Flanders, paſſed through Bruſſels, Ghent, and Bruges, and took ſhipping at Oſtend, from whence in fourteen hours we arrived at Deal, hired a poſt-chaiſe, and in twelve hours more got ſafe to London; having diſpoſed of our heavy baggage in the waggon.

CHAP. IX.

I ENQUIRE FOR MY UNCLE, AND UNDERSTAND HE IS GONE TO SEA—TAKE LODGINGS AT CHARING CROSS—GO TO THE PLAY, WHERE I MEET WITH AN ADVENTURE—DINE AT AN ORDINARY; THE GUESTS DESCRIBED—BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH MEDLAR AND DOCTOR WAGTAIL.

AS ſoon as we alighted at the inn, I diſpatched Strap to enquire for my uncle, at the Union Flag in Wapping; and he returned in a little time, with an account of Mr. Bowling's having gone to ſea, mate of a merchantſhip, after a long and unſucceſsful application and attendance at the admiralty; where, it ſeems, the intereſt he depended upon was not ſufficient to reinſtate him, or recover the pay that was due to him when he quitted the Thunder.

Next day I hired very handſome lodgings not far from Charing Croſs; and in the evening, dreſſed myſelf in a plain ſuit of the true Paris cut, and appeared in a front box at the play, where I ſaw a good deal of company, and was vain enough to believe that I was obſerved with an uncommon degree of attention and applauſe. This ſilly conceit intoxicated me ſo much, that I was guilty of a thouſand ridiculous coquetries; and I dare ſay, how favourable ſoever the thoughts of the company might be at my firſt appearance, they were ſoon changed by my abſurd behaviour, into pity or contempt. I roſe and ſat covered and uncovered my head ty times between the acts; pul my watch, clapped it to my ear, it up, ſet it, gave it the hearing diſplayed my ſnuff box, affe take ſnuff, that I might have portunity of ſhewing my brillia wiped my noſe with a perfume kerchief; then dangled my ca adjuſted my ſword-knot; an many more fooleries of the ſam in hopes of obtaining the cha a pretty fellow; in the acqui which, I found two conſidera ſtructions in my diſpoſition; a natural reſerve, and jealous ſ ty. Fain would I have ente converſation with the people me; but I was reſtrained by of being cenſured for my aſſur well as by reflecting that I w entitled to a compliment of t from them, than they to ſuch ſcenſion from a ſtranger like m often did I redden at the f whiſpers and loud laughter of low beaus, which I imagined cited by me! and how often di the happy indifference of thoſ ſpirits, who beheld the diſtre ſcene without diſcovering t ſymptom of approbation or c My attention was engaged in myſelf, and I could not help with the heroine of the ſtage; I practiſed a great many ſhifts ceal this piece of unpolite w When the play was ended, I ing for an opportunity of handi lady to her coach; but every attended by ſuch a number of gallants, that for a long tim baulked in my expectation. A however, I perceived a very h creature, genteely dreſſed, ſi herſelf in a box, at ſome diſta me; upon which I went up to offered my ſervice. She ſeem in ſome confuſion, thanked my complaiſance, and with look declined giving me the looking at her watch, and t her ſurprize at the negligenc footman, whom ſhe had ordere a chair ready for her at that repeated my entreaty with all quence and compliment I wa of; and in the event, ſhe was upon to accept of a propoſal

ſervant for a chair or coach.
ly, Strap was detached for
e, and returned without ſuc-
iis time the play-houſe was
, and we were obliged to re-
ed her through the paſſage,
five or ſix young fellows of
inding in a corner, one of
I thought, tipt my charmer
and when we were paſt, I
ſet up a loud laugh. This
ted my attention, and I
ed to be fully ſatisfied of
character, before I ſhould
earer connexion with her.
venience appeared, I pro-
nduct her to a tavern, where
ay a few minutes, till my
ld fetch a coach from the
he ſeemed particularly ſhy
herſelf in a tavern with a
ut at laſt yielded to my pa-
nſtrances, rather than en-
health, by remaining in a
horough-fare. Having thus
ed, I begged to know what
would be pleaſed to drink a
ut ſhe profeſſed the greateſt
all ſorts of ſtrong liquors;
with much difficulty that I
ade her to eat a jelly. In
me, I endeavoured to alle-
neaſineſs ſhe diſcovered, by
he agreeable things I could
at which ſhe would often
egard me with a languiſhing
ſeemed however too near a
lewd leer of a courtezan.
very, added to my former
while it put me upon my
inſt her arts, diveſted me of
d enabled me to entertain
aiety and freedom. In the
her converſation, I preſſed
w me the honour of waiting
ext day, at her lodgings; a
ich ſhe, with many apolo-
ſed, leſt it ſhould give um-
ir John, who was of a diſ-
t to be fretted with trifles.
nnation, by which I was to
I that her huſband was a
id not check my addreſſes,
ame more and more impor-
d I was even hardy enough
kiſs. But, O heavens! in-
anqueting on the ambroſial
at her delicacy of complexion
I was almoſt ſuffocated with
of Geneva! An exhalation
of this kind, from a mouth which had juſt before declared an utter abhorrence of all ſpirituous liquors, not only changed my doubts into certainty, but my raptures into loathing; and it would have been impoſſible for me to have preſerved common complaiſance five minutes longer, when my ſervant returned with the coach. I took the advantage of this occaſion, and preſented my hand to the lady, who put in practice againſt me the whole artillery of her charms, ogling, languiſhing, ſighing, and ſqueezing, with ſo little reſerve, that Strap perceived her tenderneſs, and rubbed his hands with joy as he followed us to the door; but I was proof againſt all her endearments, and handed her into the coach with an intention to take my leave immediately. She gueſſed my deſign, and invited me to her houſe, whiſpering, that now Sir John was gone to bed, ſhe could have the pleaſure of my converſation for half an hour, without interruption. I told her there was no mortification I would not undergo, rather than endanger the repoſe of her ladyſhip; and bidding the coachman drive on, wiſhed her a good night. She loſt all temper at my indifference, and ſtopping the coach at the diſtance of about twenty yards from me, popped out her head, and bawled with the lungs of a fiſh-woman, 'Damn you, you dog, won't you pay 'the coach-hire?' As I made no anſwer, ſhe held forth againſt me with an eloquence peculiar to herſelf; calling me pitiful fellow, ſcoundrel, and an hundred ſuch appellations; concluding with an oath, that for all my appearance, ſhe believed I had got no money in my pocket.

Having thus vented her indignation, ſhe ordered the coachman to proceed, and I returned to the tavern, where I beſpoke ſomething for ſupper, very well pleaſed at the iſſue of this adventure. I diſpenſed with the attendance of the waiter at table, on pretence that my own ſervant was preſent; and when we were alone, ſaid to Strap, 'Well, 'Monſieur D'Eſtrapes, what do you 'think of this lady?' My friend, who had not opened his mouth ſince her departure, could make no other reply than the monoſyllable, 'Think!' which he pronounced with a note of fear and aſtoniſhment. Surprized at this emphaſis, I ſurveyed my valet, and per-

ceiving a wildneſs in his looks, aſked if he had ſeen his grandfather's ghoſt. 'Ghoſt!' ſaid he; 'I am ſure I have 'ſeen a devil incarnate! Who would 'have thought that ſo much deviliſh 'malice and Billingſgate could lurk 'under ſuch ſweetneſs of countenance 'and modeſty of behaviour? Ah, God 'help us! *Fronti nulla fides—nimium 'ne crede colori*; but we ought to down 'on our knees and bleſs God for deliver-'ing us from the jaws of that painted 'ſepulchre.' I was pretty much of Strap's opinion; and though I did not believe myſelf in any danger from the allurements of that ſiſterhood, I determined to act with great circumſpection for the future, and ſhun all commerce of that kind, as equally prejudicial to my purſe and conſtitution.

My next care was, to introduce myſelf into a ſet of good acquaintance; for which purpoſe I frequented a certain coffee-houſe, noted for the reſort of good company, Engliſh as well as foreigners, where my appearance procured all the civilities and advances I could deſire. As there was an ordinary in the ſame houſe, I went up ſtairs to dinner with the other gueſts, and found myſelf at a table with thirteen people, the greateſt part of whom were better dreſſed than myſelf. The converſation, which was moſtly carried on in the French, turned chiefly on politicks; and I ſoon found the whole company was in the French intereſt, myſelf excepted, and a teſty old gentleman, who contradicted every thing that was advanced in favour of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, with a ſurlineſs truly Engliſh. But this truſty patriot, who had never been out of his own country, and drew all his maxims and notions from prejudice and hearſay, was very unequal to his antagoniſts, who were ſuperior to him in learning and experience, and often took the liberty of travellers, in aſſerting things which were not ſtrictly true, becauſe they thought themſelves in no danger of being detected by him. The claim of the Queen of Spain to the Auſtrian dominions in Italy, was fully explained and vindicated by a perſon who ſat oppoſite to me, and by the ſolemnity of his manner, and the richneſs of his apparel, ſeemed to be a foreign ambaſſador. This diſſertation produced another on the pragmatic ſanction, handled with great warmth by gentleman at my right-hand, d a green frock trimmed with go juſtified the French King for hi of that contract; and affirmed could not have obſerved it, wit juring his own glory. Althou not at all convinced by this gen arguments, I could not help a his vivacity, which I imagined the effect of his illuſtrious bi noble education, and according him in my conjecture as a youn on his travels. The diſcourſe terwards ſhifted by an old ge of a very martial appearance, t campaign, when the battle of gen was fought over again, wit ny circumſtances to the honor French, and diſadvantage of t that I began to entertain ſom of my having been there in and took the liberty to menti objections to what he advance freedom introduced a diſput laſted a good while, to the m tion of all preſent; and was a ferred to the determination of perſon, whom they ſtiled doc who, under a ſhew of great tion, decided it againſt me, wi tle regard to truth, that I ta with partiality in pretty feve to the no ſmall entertainmen true Engliſh politician, who at my defence of a cauſe he often eſpouſed without ſucc opponent, pleaſed with the v had gained, affected a great de dour, and told me, he ſhould been ſo poſitive, if he had no great pains to inform himſelf particular. 'Indeed,' ſaid he 'convinced that, the previo 'conſidered, things could no 'otherwiſe; for we generals, 'ſeen ſervice, though we may 'the ſpot ourſelves, know 'leaſt ſketch of the diſpoſiti 'muſt be the event.' He then with great freedom, every circ of the conduct of thoſe who co ed the allies; from thence tranſition to the miniſtry, whi noured with many invectives, ploying people who had neith rience nor capacity, to the pre old officers who had been diſti for both; dropt many hints of

imp

ıce; and concluded with ob- that the French and Spaniards tter how to value generals of the good effects of which are he conquests they gain, and the le discipline of their troops, e at the same time better clothed l than any soldiers in the uni- These remarks furnished the night with an opportunity of ng out in the praise of the government in general, civil as nilitary; on which occasion he any odious comparisons to the ıtage of the English. Every lmost assented to the observa- made, and the doctor gave his , by saying, the people in were undoubtedly the happiest in the world. I was so much ed and confounded at their in- n and effrontery, that I had ver to utter one word in oppo- their assertions; but my mo- ociate could not put up with the ty that was offered to Old Eng- nd therefore with a satirical dressed himself to the general in ords: 'Sir, Sir, I have often l it said, *She's a villainous bird befouls her own nest.* As for those people who are foreign- ay, I don't mind it, they know etter; but you who were bred born, and have got your bread r the English government, should more regard to gratitude as as truth, in censuring your na- country. If the ministry have ght fit to lay you aside, I sup- they have their own reasons for oing, and you ought to remem- that you still live on the bounty his nation. As for these gen- ien,' (meaning the prince and am- or) 'who make so free with our titution, laws, and genius of our le, I think they might shew a more respect for their benefac- ; who, I must own, are to blame, arbouring, protecting, and en- raging, such ungrateful vagrants hey are.' At these words the lier in green started up in a great n, and laying his hand on the f his hanger, exclaimed, 'Ha, re!' The Englishman, on the hand, grasping his cane, cried, n't foutre me, sirrah, or by G—d, knock you down.' The com- pany interposed, the Frenchman sat down again, and his antagonist pro- ceeded: 'Look'e, Monsieur, you know 'very well, that had you dared to 'speak so freely of the administra- 'tion of your own country in Paris, 'as you have done of ours in London, 'you would have been sent to the Bas- 'tile without ceremony, where you 'might have rotted in a dungeon, and 'never seen the light of the sun again. 'Now, Sir, take my word for it, al- 'though our constitution skreens us 'from such oppression, we want not 'laws to chastise the authors of seditio- 'ous discourse; and if I hear another 'syllable out of your mouth, in con- 'tempt or prejudice of this kingdom, 'I will give you a convincing proof of 'what I advance, and have you laid 'by the heels for your presumption.' This declaration had an effect on the company as sudden as surprizing. The young prince became supple as a spa- niel, the ambassador trembled, the ge- geral sat silent and abashed, and the doctor, who, it seems, had felt the rod of power, grew pale as death, and as- sured us all, that he had no intention to affront any person or people. 'Your 'principles, doctor,' resumed the old gentleman, 'are no secret, I have no- 'thing to say upon that head; but am 'very much surprized, that a man, 'who despises us so much, should not- 'withstanding live among us, when 'he has no visible motive for so doing. 'Why don't you take up your habi- 'tation in your beloved France, where 'you may rail at England without 'censure?' To this remonstrance the doctor thought proper to make no re- ply; and an unsocial silence ensued: which I perceiving, took notice, that it was pity such idle disputes, main- tained very often through whim or di- version, should create any misunder- standing among gentlemen of good sense; and proposed to drink down all animosity in another bottle. This mo- tion was applauded by the whole com- pany. The wine was brought, and the English champion declaring he had no spleen against any man for differ- ing in opinion from him, any more than for difference of complexion, drank to the good health of all present; the compliment was returned, and the con- versation once more became unreserv- ed, though more general than before.

Among

Among other topicks, the ſubject of war was introduced; on which the general declaimed with great eloquence, recounting many of his own exploits by way of illuſtration. In the courſe of his harangue, he happened to mention the word epaulement, upon which the teſty gentleman aſked the meaning of that term. 'I'll tell you what an epaulement is,' replied he; 'I never ſaw an epaulement but once, and that was at the ſiege of Namur. In a council of war, Monſieur Cohorn, the famous engineer, affirmed that the place could not be taken. "Yes," ſaid the prince of Vaudemont, "it may be taken by an epaulement." This was immediately put in execution, and in twenty-four hours, Mareſchal Boufflers was fain to capitulate.' Here he made a full ſtop, and the old gentleman repeated the queſtion, 'But pray what is an epaulement?' To this interrogation the officer made no immediate reply, but rung the bell, and called for a bill; which being brought, he threw down his proportion of the reckoning, and telling the company he would ſhew them an epaulement when his majeſty ſhould think fit to entruſt him with the command of our army abroad, ſtrutted away with great dignity. I could not imagine why he was ſo ſhy of explaining one of the moſt ſimple terms of fortification; which I forthwith deſcribed, as a ſide-work compoſed of earth, gabions, or facines; but I was very much ſurprized, when I afterwards underſtood that his reſerve proceeded from his ignorance. Having paid our bill, we adjourned to the coffee-room, where my fellow-labourer inſiſted on treating me with a diſh, giving me to underſtand, at the ſame time, that I had acquired his good opinion, both with reſpect to my principles and underſtanding. I thanked him for his compliment, and profeſſing myſelf an utter ſtranger in this part of the world, begged he would have the goodneſs to inform me of the quality and characters of the people who dined above. This requeſt was a real favour to one of his diſpoſition, which was no leſs communicative than curious: he therefore complied with great ſatisfaction; and told me, to my extreme aſtoniſhment, that the ſuppoſed young prince was a dancer at one of the theatres; and the ambaſſador, no other than a fidler belonging to the opera. 'The ſ
ſaid he, 'is a Roman catholic
'who ſometimes appears in th
'racter of an officer, and aſſum
'name of captain; but more ge
'ly takes the garb, title, and b
'our of a phyſician; in which c
'ty he weedles himſelf into the
'dence of weak-minded peopl
'by arguments no leſs ſpecio
'falſe, converts them from thei
'gion and allegiance. He ha
'in the hands of juſtice more tha
'for ſuch practices; but he is
'dog, and manages matters w
'much craft, that hitherto he h
'caped for a ſhort impriſonment.
'for the general, you may ſee he h
'ed his promotion more to his i
'than his capacity; and now t
'eyes of the miniſtry are opene
'friends dead, or become incon
'ble, he is ſtruck off the liſt, and
'ed to put up with a yearly penſi
'conſequence of this reduction,
'become malcontent, and invei
'gainſt the government in all c
'nies, with ſo little diſcretion,
'am ſurprized at the lenity of
'miniſtration in overlooking hi
'lence; but the truth of the ma
'he owes his ſafety to his we
'and want of importance. H
'ſeen a little, and but a little ſe
'and yet, if you will take his w
'it, there has not been a great
'performed in the field ſince th
'volution, in which he was no
'cipally concerned. When a
'told of any great general, he
'diately matches it with one o
'ſelf, though he is often unha
'his invention, and commits ſuc
'blunders in the detail, that
'body is in pain for him.
'Pompey, and Alexander the
'are continually in his mout
'as he reads a good deal, with
'judgment to digeſt it, his id
'confuſed, and his harangues
'intelligible as infinite; for,
'begins, there is no chance of h
'ing off ſpeaking, while one
'remains to yield attention; th
'the only expedient I know fo
'ting a ſtop to his loquacity, i
'hold of ſome incongruity he
'tered, and demand an explan
'or aſk the meaning of ſome
'term that he knows by nam

od will effectually put him if not to flight, as it hapben I enquired about an nt. Had he been acquainhe ſignification of that word, ph would have been intoled we muſt have quitted the , or been worried with im-e.' Having thus gratified y, the old gentleman began his own, in queſtions relatſelf; to which I thought eturn ambiguous anſwers. e, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you have .' I anſwered, 'Yes.' I you will find it very expenid he. I replied, 'To be e cannot travel without mo-That I know by experience,' for I myſelf take a trip to Tunbridge every ſeaſon; muſt pay ſauce for what he the road, as well in other s as in this. That's a very one in your ring, give me r!—the French have attained rful ſkill in making compoſ this kind. Why, now, this moſt as well as a diamond.' ſt as well Sir!' ſaid I; 'why gether? I'm ſure, if you unany thing of jewels, you ceive at firſt ſight, that this a real diamond, and that of ne water. Take it in your nd examine it.' He did ſo, confuſion, and returned it, I aſk your pardon, I ſee it is rilliant of immenſe value.' d his reſpect for me increaſed enquiry; therefore, to capeſteem the more, I told him, ſhow him a ſeal of compograved after a very valuable upon which I pulled out my h a rich gold chain, adorned e ſeals ſet in gold, and an . He viewed each of them eagerneſs, handled the chain, he chaſed caſe, and obſerved, hole muſt have coſt me a vaſt ney. I affected indifference, d in a careleſs manner, 'ſome f ſixty or ſeventy guineas.' in my face for ſome time, ſked if I was an Engliſhman. d in the negative. 'You are eland, then, Sir, I preſume,' I made the ſame reply. 'O! ,' ſaid he, 'you was born in 'one of our ſettlements abroad.' I ſtill anſwered, 'No.' He ſeemed very much ſurprized; and ſaid, he was ſure I was not a foreigner. I made no reply, but left him upon the tenter-hooks of impatient uncertainty. He could not contain his anxiety, but aſked pardon for the liberties he had taken, and to encourage me the more to diſcloſe my ſituation, diſplayed his own without reſerve. 'I am,' ſaid he, 'a ſin-'gle man, have a conſiderable annu-'ity, on which I live according to my 'own inclination; and make the ends 'of the year meet very comfortably. 'As I have no eſtate to leave behind 'me, I am not troubled with the im-'portunate officiouſneſs of relations, 'or legacy hunters, and I conſider 'the world as made for me, not me 'for the world: it is my maxim, 'therefore, to enjoy it while I can, and 'let futurity ſhift for itſelf.' While he thus indulged his own talkative vein, and at the ſame time, no doubt, expected a retaliation from me; a young man entered, dreſſed in black velvet and an enormous tye-wig, with an air in which natural levity and affected ſolemnity were ſo jumbled together, that on the whole he appeared a burleſque on all decorum. This ridiculous oddity danced up to the table at which we ſat, and after a thouſand grimaces, aſked my friend, by the name of Mr. Medlar, if we were not engaged upon buſineſs. My companion put on a ſurly countenance, and replied, 'No great buſineſs, doc-'tor; but, however—' 'O! then,' cried the phyſician, 'I muſt beg your 'indulgence a little; pray pardon me, 'gentlemen.—Sir,' ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me, 'your moſt humble 'ſervant; I hope you will forgive me, 'Sir. I muſt beg the favour to ſit, 'Sir. Sir, I have ſomething of con-'ſequence to impart to my friend Mr. 'Medlar. Sir, I hope you will ex-'cuſe my freedom in whiſpering, Sir.' Before I had time to give this complaiſant perſon my permiſſion, Mr. Medlar cried, 'I'll have no whiſper-'ing; if you have any thing to ſay 'to me, ſpeak with an audible voice.' The doctor ſeemed a little diſconcerted at this exclamation, and turning again to me, made a thouſand apologies for pretending to make myſtery of any thing, a piece of caution

which,

which, he ſaid, was owing to his ignorance of my connexion with Mr. Medlar; but now he underſtood I was a friend, he would communicate what he had to ſay in my hearing. He then began, after two or three hems, in this manner: 'You muſt know, Sir, I am 'juſt come from dinner at my Lady 'Flareit's'—(then addreſſing himſelf to me) 'a lady of quality, Sir, at whoſe 'table I have the honour of dining 'ſometimes.—There was Lady Stately, and my Lady Larum, and Mrs. 'Dainty, and Miſs Biddy Gigler—'upon my word, a very good-natured 'young lady, with a very pretty for-'tune, Sir. There were alſo my Lord 'Straddle, Sir John Shrug, and maſter 'Billy Chatter, who is actually a very 'facetious young gentleman. So, Sir, 'her ladyſhip ſeeing me exceſſively fa-'tigued, for ſhe was the laſt of fifteen 'patients (people of diſtinction, Sir) 'whom I had viſited this forenoon, 'inſiſted upon my ſtaying dinner, 'though, upon my word, I proteſt I 'had no appetite; however, in com-'pliance with her ladyſhip's requeſt, 'Sir, I ſat down, and the converſa-'tion turning on different ſubjects, 'among other things Mr. Chatter 'aſked very earneſtly when I ſaw Mr. 'Medlar. I told him I had not had 'the pleaſure of ſeeing you theſe nine-'teen hours and a half: for you may 'remember, Sir, it was nearly about 'that time; I won't be poſitive as to 'a minute. "No!" ſays he; "then I "deſire you will go to his lodgings "immediately after dinner, and ſee "what's the matter with him, for he "muſt certainly be very bad from hav-"ing laſt night eat ſuch a vaſt quan-"tity of raw oyſters." The cruſty gentleman, who, from the ſolemnity of his delivery, expected ſomething extraordinary, no ſooner heard his concluſion, than he ſtarted up in a teſty humour, crying, 'Pſhaw, pſhaw! d—n 'your oyſters;' and walked away, after a ſhort compliment of, 'your ſervant, 'Sir,' to me. The doctor got up alſo, ſaying, 'I vow and proteſt, upon my 'word, I am actually amazed,' and followed Mr. Medlar to the bar, which was hard by, where he was paying for his coffee; there he whiſpered ſo loud, that I could overhear, 'Pray, who 'is this gentleman?' His friend replied haſtily, 'I might have 'that before now, if it had n 'for your impertinent intruſi walked off, very much diſap The ceremonious phyſician immediately, and ſat down aſking a thouſand pardons for me alone; and giving me to ſtand that what he had comm to Mr. Medlar at the bar wa fair of the laſt importance, tha admit of no delay. He the for ſome coffee, and launched the virtues of that berry; w ſaid, in cold phlegmatic conſti like his, dried up the ſuperfluo ſture, and braced the relaxed He told me it was utterly unk the ancients, and derived it's na an Arabian word, which I mi ly perceive by the ſound and t tion. From this topick he tra his diſquiſitions to the verb which he affirmed was improp plied to the taking of coffee, u as people did not drink, but ſi ple that liquor; that the genui ing of drinking is to quench one or commit a debauch by ſw wine; that the Latin word, wh veyed the ſame idea, was *biber tare*, and that of the Greeks *poteein*, though he was apt to they were differently uſed on occaſions. For example: to vaſt quantity, or, as the vulga it, to drink an ocean of liqu in Latin *potare*, and in Greek and on the other hand, to uſe rately, was *bibere* and *pinein*; was only a conjecture of his own however, ſeemed to be ſupport word *bibulous*, which is par applied to the pores of the ſk can only drink a very ſmall of the circumambient moiſture ſon of the ſmallneſs of their di whereas, from the verb *potei* rived the ſubſtantive *potamo* ſignifies a river, or vaſt quanti quor. I could not help ſm this learned and important i tion; and to recommend my more to my new acquaintance diſpoſition I was by this time formed of, I obſerved, that alledged did not, to the beſt o membrance, appear in the wri the ancients; for Horace uſes it

id *bibo* indifferently for the ſame
ſe, as in the twentieth ode of his
ook.

abis modicis ſabinum cantharis,
lo domitam caleno tu bibes uvam.

I had never heard of the verb
, but that *potamos*, *potema*, and
were derived from *pino*, *poſo*,
; in conſequence of which the
poets never uſe any other word
al drinking. Homer deſcribes
at his cups in theſe words:

d'ouk elathen jache pinonta *perempes.*

Anacreon mentions it on the ſame
n almoſt in every page,

nonti *de oinon bedun*
in pino *ton oinon.*
liz' ego de pino.

a thouſand other places. The
who, doubtleſs, intended by
iciſm, to give me a high idea of
dition, was infinitely ſuprized
himſelf ſchooled by one of my
nce; and after a conſiderable
cried, 'Upon my word, you
the right, Sir! I find I have
conſidered this affair with my
accuracy.' Then accoſting me
, which he ſpoke very well, the
ation was maintained full two
on a variety of ſubjects, in that
ge; and indeed, he ſpoke ſo ju-
y, that I was convinced, not-
nding his whimſical appearance,
ention to trifles, that he was a
extenſive knowledge, eſpecially
s; he looked upon me, as I af-
s underſtood from Mr. Medlar,
digy in learning, and propoſed
y night, if I was not engaged,
duce me to ſeveral young gen-
of fortune and faſhion, with
he had an appointment at the
l coffee-houſe.

CHAP. X.

AIL INTRODUCES ME TO A
OF FINE GENTLEMEN, WITH
M I SPEND THE EVENING
TAVERN—OUR CONVERSA-
—THE CHARACTERS OF MY
NEW COMPANIONS—THE DOC-
TOR IS ROASTED—THE ISSUE
OF OUR DEBAUCH.

I Accepted his offer with pleaſure, and we went thither in a hackney-coach, where I ſaw a great number of gay figures fluttering about, moſt of whom ſpoke to the doctor with great familiarity. Among the reſt ſtood a groupe of them around the fire, whom I immediately knew to be the very perſons who had the night before, by their laughing, alarmed my ſuſpicion of the lady who had put herſelf under my protection. They no ſooner perceived me enter with Dr. Wagtail (for that was my companion's name) than they tittered and whiſpered one to another; and I was not a little ſurprized to find that they were the gentlemen to whoſe acquaintance he deſigned to recommend me; for when he obſerved them together, he told me who they were, and deſired to know by what name he ſhould introduce me. I ſatisfied him in that particular, and he advanced with great gravity, ſaying, 'Gentlemen, your moſt obedient: give me 'leave to introduce my friend Mr. 'Random to your ſociety.' Then turning to me, 'Mr. Random, this 'is Mr. Bragwell—Mr. Banter, Sir—'Mr. Chatter—my friend Mr. Slyboot, and Mr. Ranter, Sir.' I ſaluted each of them in order, and when I came to take Mr. Slyboot by the hand, I perceived him thruſt his tongue in his cheek, to the no ſmall entertainment of the company; but I did not think proper to take any notice of it on this occaſion. Mr. Ranter, too, (who I afterwards learned was a player) diſplayed his talents, by mimicking my air, features, and voice, while he returned my compliment: this feat I ſhould not have been ſo ſenſible of, had I not ſeen him behave in the ſame manner to my friend Wagtail, when he made up to them at firſt. But for once I let him enjoy the fruits of his dexterity without queſtion or controul, reſolved, however, to chaſtiſe his inſolence at a more convenient opportunity. Mr. Slyboot gueſſing I was a ſtranger, aſked if I had been lately in France: and when I anſwered in the affirmative, enquired if I had ſeen the Luxemburgh gallery. I told him I had conſidered it more than once, with great attention:

upon this a converſation enſued, in which I diſcovered him to be a painter. While we were diſcourſing upon the particulars of this famous performance, I overheard Banter aſk Dr. Wagtail, where he had picked up this Mr. Random. To which queſtion the phyſician anſwered, 'Upon my word, a 'mighty pretty ſort of a gentleman; a 'man of fortune, Sir; he has made 'the grand tour, and ſeen the beſt 'company in Europe, Sir.'—'What, 'he told you ſo, I ſuppoſe?' ſaid the other; 'I take him to be neither more 'nor leſs than a French valet de cham-'bre.'—'Oh! barbarous, barbarous!' cried the doctor; 'this is actually, 'upon my word, altogether unac-'countable. I know all his family 'perfectly well, Sir; he's of the Ran-'doms of the north; a very ancient 'houſe, Sir; and a diſtant relation of 'mine.' I was extremely nettled at the conjecture of Mr. Banter, and began to entertain a very indifferent opinion of my company in general; but as I might poſſibly by their means acquire a more extenſive and agreeable acquaintance, I determined to bear theſe little mortifications as long as I could without injuring the dignity of my character. After having talked for ſome time on the weather, plays, politicks, and other coffee-houſe ſubjects, it was propoſed that we ſhould ſpend the evening at a noted tavern in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired in a body. Having taken poſſeſſion of a room, called for French wine, and beſpoke ſupper, the glaſs went about pretty freely, and the characters of my aſſociates opened upon me more and more. It ſoon appeared that the doctor was entertained as a but for the painter and player to exerciſe their wit upon, for the diverſion of the company. Mr. Ranter began the game, by aſking him what was good for a hoarſeneſs, lowneſs of ſpirits and indigeſtion, for he was troubled with all theſe complaints to a very great degree. Wagtail immediately undertook to explain the nature of his caſe, and in a very prolix manner harangued upon prognoſticks, diagnoſticks, ſymptomaticks, therapeuticks, inanition, and repletion; then calculated the force of the ſtomach and lungs in their reſpective operations; aſcribed the player's malady to a diſorder in theſe organs, proceeding from *hard drinking* and vociferation, and preſcribed a courſe of ſtomachicks, with abſtinence from venery, wine, and loud ſpeaking, laughing, ſinging, coughing, ſneezing, or hollowing. 'Pah! pah,' cried Ranter, interrupting him, 'the remedy is worſe than the 'diſeaſe. I wiſh I knew where to 'find ſome tinder-water.'—'Tinder-'water!' ſaid the doctor; 'upon my 'word I don't apprehend you, Mr. 'Ranter.'—'Water extracted from 'tinder,' replied the other; 'an 'univerſal ſpecifick for all diſtempers 'incident to man. It was invented 'by a learned German monk, who, 'for a valuable conſideration, impart-'ed the ſecret to Paracelſus.'—'Par-'don me,' cried the painter, 'it was 'firſt uſed by Solomon, as appears by 'a Greek manuſcript, in his own hand-'writing, lately found at the foot of 'mount Lebanon, by a peaſant who 'was digging for potatoes.'—'Well,' ſaid Wagtail, 'in all my vaſt read-'ing, I never met with ſuch a prepa-'ration! neither did I know till this 'minute, that Solomon underſtood 'Greek, or that potatoes grew in Pa-'leſtine.' Here Banter interpoſed, ſaying, he was ſurprized that Doctor Wagtail ſhould make the leaſt doubt of Solomon's underſtanding Greek, when he is repreſented to us as the wiſeſt and beſt educated prince in the world; and as for potatoes, they were tranſplanted thither from Ireland, in the time of the Cruſades, by ſome knights of that country. 'I profeſs,' ſaid the doctor, 'there is nothing more 'likely; I would actually give a vaſt 'ſum for a ſight of that manuſcript, 'which muſt be ineſtimable: and if I 'underſtood the proceſs, would ſet 'about it immediately.' The player aſſured him, the proceſs was very ſimple; that he muſt cram a hundred weight of dry tinder into a glaſs retort, and diſtilling it by the force of animal heat, it would yield half a ſcruple of inſipid water, one drop of which is a full doſe. 'Upon my in-'tegrity!' exclaimed the credulous doctor, 'this is very amazing and 'extraordinary! that a *caput mortuum* 'ſhall yield any water at all. I muſt 'own I have always been an enemy to 'ſpecificks, which I thought incon-'ſiſtent with the nature of the animal 'œconomy; but certainly the autho-'rity of Solomon is not to be queſ-'tioned. I wonder where I ſhall find 'a glaſs

retort large enough to con-
uch a vaſt quantity of tinder,
nſumption of which muſt un-
edly raiſe the price of paper;
ere ſhall I find animal heat ſuf-
, even to warm ſuch a maſs.'
informed him, that he might
etort blown for him as big as
; and that the eaſieſt method of
the vapour by animal heat,
e to place it in the middle of
nary for feveriſh patients, who
upon mattraſſes around, and
t with it. He had no ſooner
ced theſe words, than Wag-
aimed in a rapture, 'An ad-
e expedient, as I hope to be
I will poſitively put it in
e.' This ſimplicity of the
furniſhed excellent diverſion
ompany, who, in their turns,
t him in ironical compliments,
is vanity ſwallowed as the
ſentiments of their hearts.
tter, impatient of ſo long a
ow broke out, and entertain-
th a catalogue of all the peo-
danced at the laſt Hampſtead
, with a moſt circumſtantial
of the dreſs and ornaments of
m the lappets of the ladies to
buckles of the men; con-
with telling Bragwell, that his
Melinda was there, and ſeem-
iſs him; and ſoliciting his
at the next occaſion of that
No, no, damme,' ſaid Brag-
have ſomething elſe to mind,
angle after a parcel of giddy-
girls; beſides, you know my
is ſo unruly, that I am apt to
myſelf in ſcrapes, when a
is concerned. The laſt time
there, I had an affair with
Trippet.'—'O! I remember
cried Banter; 'you lugged
fore the ladies; and I com-
you for ſo doing, becauſe you
opportunity of ſhewing your
od without running any riſk.'
!' ſaid the other with a fierce
nce, 'damn my blood! I fear
s. I an't afraid of lugging
gainſt any man that wears a
damme! 'tis well known I
rawn blood more than once,
ſt ſome too; but what does
gnify?' The player begged
mpion to employ him as his
he next time he intended to
kill, for he wanted to ſee a man die of a ſtab, that he might know how to act ſuch a part the more naturally on the ſtage. 'Die!' replied the hero: 'No, 'by God! I know better things than 'to incur the verdict of a Middleſex 'jury; I ſhould look upon my fencing-'maſter to be an ignorant ſon of a 'bitch, if he had not taught me to 'prick any part of my antagoniſt's 'body that I pleaſe to diſable.'— 'Oho!' cried Slyboot, 'if that be the 'caſe, I have a favour to aſk: you 'muſt know I am employed to paint a 'Jeſus on the croſs; and my purpoſe 'is to repreſent him at that point of 'time when the ſpear is thruſt into his 'ſide. Now I ſhould be glad you 'would, in my preſence, pink ſome 'impertinent fellow into convulſions, 'without endangering his life, that I 'may have an opportunity of taking a 'good clever agony from nature: the 'doctor will direct you where to enter, 'and how far to go; but pray let it 'be as near the left ſide as poſſible.' Wagtail, who took this propoſal ſeriouſly, obſerved, that it would be a very difficult matter to penetrate into the left ſide of the thorax, without hurting the heart, and of conſequence killing the patient; but he believed it was poſſible for a man of a very nice hand, and exact knowledge of anatomy, to wound the diaphragma ſomewhere about the ſkirts, which might induce a ſingultus, without being attended with death: that he was ready to demonſtrate the inſertion of the muſcle to Mr. Bragwell; but deſired to have no concern with the experiment, which might eſſentially prejudice his reputation in caſe of a miſcarriage. Bragwell was as much impoſed upon by the painter's waggery as the doctor, and declined engaging in the affair, ſaying, he had a very great regard for Mr. Slyboot, but had laid it down as a maxim, never to fight except when his honour was engaged. A thouſand jokes of this kind were uttered; the wine circulated, ſupper was ſerved in, we ate heartily, returned to the bottle, Bragwell became noiſy and troubleſome, Banter grew more and more ſevere, Ranter rehearſed, Slyboot made faces at the whole company, I ſung French catches, and Chatter kiſſed me with great affection; while the doctor, with a woeful countenance, ſat ſilent

like a diſciple of Pythagoras. At length it was propoſed by Bragwell, that we ſhould ſcour the hundreds, ſweat the conſtable, maul the watch, and then reel ſoberly to bed.

While we deliberated on this expedition, the waiter came into the room, and aſked for Doctor Wagtail; when he underſtood he was preſent, he told him there was a lady below to enquire for him; at which meſſage the phyſician ſtarted from his melancholy contemplation, and with a look of extreme confuſion, aſſured the company he could not poſſibly be the perſon wanted, for he had no connexion with any lady whatever, and bade the drawer tell her ſo. 'For ſhame!' cried Banter, 'would 'you be ſo impolite as to refuſe a lady 'the hearing; perhaps ſhe comes for 'a conſultation. It muſt be ſome ex-'traordinary affair that brings a lady 'to a tavern at this time o'night. Mr. 'Ranter, pray do the doctor's baiſe-'mains to the lady, and ſquire her hi-'ther.' The player immediately ſtaggered out, and returned, leading in with much ceremony, a tall ſtrapping wench, whoſe appearance proclaimed her occupation. We received her with the utmoſt ſolemnity, and with a good deal of intreaty ſhe was perſuaded to ſit, when a profound ſilence enſued, during which ſhe fixed her eyes; with a diſconſolate look, upon the doctor, who was utterly confounded at her behaviour, and returned her melancholy four-fold; at length, after a good many piteous ſighs, ſhe wiped her eyes, and accoſted him 'thus: What! not one word of comfort? 'Will nothing ſoften that ſtony heart 'of thine? Not all my tears! not all 'my affliction! Not the inevitable ruin 'thou haſt brought upon me! Where 'are thy vows, thou faithleſs, perjured 'man? Haſt thou no honour; no con-'ſcience; no remorſe for thy perfidi-'ous conduct towards me! Anſwer 'me, wilt thou at laſt do me juſtice, or 'muſt I have recourſe to heaven or hell 'for my revenge!' If poor Wagtail was amazed before ſhe ſpoke, what muſt his confuſion be on hearing this addreſs! His natural paleneſs changed into a ghaſtly clay colour, his eyes rolled, his lip trembled, and he anſwered in an accent not to be deſcribed, 'Up-'on my word, honour, and ſalvation, 'Madam, you are actually miſtaken in 'my perſon. I have a moſt particular 'veneration for your ſex, an[illegible] 'tually incapable of injuring a[illegible] 'in the ſmalleſt degree, Madam 'ſides, Madam, to the beſt of 'collection, I never had the hon 'ſeeing you before, as I hope 'ſaved, Madam!'—'How, tr cried ſhe, 'doſt thou diſown me 'Miſtaken! no, too well I kno 'fair bewitching face! too well 'that falſe enchanting tongue!— 'gentlemen, ſince the villain c 'me, by his unkindneſs, to 'myſelf and him, know that t 'trayer, under the ſpecious pret 'honourable addreſſes, won my 'and taking advantage of his co 'robbed me of my virgin treaſu 'afterwards abandoned me to m 'I am now four months gon 'child by him, turned out of do 'my relations, and left a prey to 'and want!—Yes, thou barbaria ſhe, turning to Wagtail, 'thou 'thou ſuccubus! too well thou 'eſt my ſituation; but I will t 'thy faithleſs heart, and deli 'world from ſuch a monſter.' ing, ſhe ſprung forward at the who, with incredible agility, over the table. and ran behind well, while the reſt of us endea to appeaſe the furious heroine though every body in the comp fected the utmoſt ſurprize, I co ſily perceive it was a ſcheme co among them to produce diverſio doctor's expence; and being u concern about the conſequence, tered into the confederacy, and the diſtreſs of Wagtail; who, wi in his eyes, begged the protec the company, declaring himſelf nocent of the crime laid to his as the *fœtus in utero*; and hi the ſame time, that nature had it in his power to be guilty of treſpaſs. 'Nature!' cried th 'there was no nature in the c 'abuſed me by the help of char 'ſpells; elſe how is it poſſible t 'woman could have liſtened to 'dreſſes of ſuch a ſcare-crow 'theſe owliſh eyes made for 'that carrion complexion to b 'red; or that mouth like a hor 'to be kiſſed? No, no, you ow 'ſucceſs to your philtres, to you 'and incantations; and not 'natural talents, which are i

ran and contemptible.' The
thought he had got an op-
of vindicating himself ef-
and desired the complainant
herself but for half an hour,
undertook to prove the ab-
believing in the power of in-
which were only idle dreams
ce and superstition. He ac-
pronounced a very learned
pon the nature of ideas, the
d independence of the mind,
ies of stimulating medicines,
ace between a proneness to
hich many simples would
l a passion limited to one ob-
h can only be the result of
reflection; and concluded
thetic remonstrance, setting
nhappiness in being persecu-
e resentment of a lady whom
er injured, nor even seen be-
ccasion, and whose faculties
ll likelihood, so much im-
her misfortunes, that an in-
son was in danger of being
her disorder. He had no
ished his harangue, than the
inces renewed her lamenta-
l cautioned the company a-
eloquence, which, she said,
to bias the most impartial
hristendom. Banter advised
ouse her immediately, as the
e to salve his reputation, and
accompany him to the Fleet
urpose; but Slyboot propo-
father should be purchased for
and a comfortable alimony
the mother. Ranter promi-
opt the infant gratis. Wag-
eady to worship him for his
; and though he persisted in
his innocence, condescended
hing rather than his unble-
aracter should be called in
The lady rejected the pro-
insisted on matrimony. Brag-
up the cudgels for the doctor,
took to rid him of her impor-
half a guinea; upon which
with great eagerness, pulled
urse, and put it into the hand
nd, who taking half a piece
gave it to the plaintiff, and
hank God for her good for-
When she had received this
affected to weep, and beg-
e the physician had renounced
ould at least vouchsafe her a
parting kiss; this he was prevailed up-
on to grant, with great reluctance, and
went up with his usual solemnity, to sa-
lute her; when she laid hold of his
cheek with her teeth, and held fast,
while he roared with anguish, to the
unspeakable diversion of all present.
When she thought proper to release him,
she dropped a low curtsey to the com-
pany, and quitted the room, leaving
the doctor in the utmost horror, not so
much on account of the pain, as the
apprehension of the consequence of the
bite; for by this time he was convinced
of her being mad. Banter prescribed
the actual cautery, and put the poker in
the fire to be heated, in order to sear
the place. The player was of opinion
that Bragwell should scoop out the part
affected with the point of his sword;
but the painter prevented both these
dreadful operations, by recommending
a balsam he had in his pocket, which
never failed to cure the bite of a mad
dog; so saying, he pulled out a small
bladder of black paint; with which he
instantly anointed not only the sore,
but the greatest part of the patient's
face, and left it in a frightful condition.
In short, the poor creature was so ha-
rassed with fear and vexation, that I pi-
tied him extremely, and sent him home
in a chair, contrary to the inclination
of every body present.

This freedom of mine gave umbrage
to Bragwell, who testified his displea-
sure, by swearing a few threats, with-
out making any application, which
being perceived by Slyboot, who sat
by me, he, with a view of promoting
a quarrel, whispered to me, that he
thought Bragwell used me very ill;
but every man was the best judge of
his own affairs. I answered aloud,
that I would neither suffer Mr. Brag-
well nor him to use me ill with im-
punity; and that I stood in no need of
his counsel in regard to the regulation
of my conduct. He thought proper
to ask a thousand pardons, and assure
me, he meant no offence; while Brag-
well feigned himself asleep, that he
might not be obliged to take notice of
what passed. But the player, who had
more animal spirits, and less discre-
tion than Slyboot, unwilling to let the
affair rest where he had dropt it, jog-
ged Mr. Bragwell, and told him softly,
that I called him names, and
threatened to cudgel him. This par-
ticular

ticular I underſtood by his ſtarting up and crying, 'Blood and wounds! you 'lye: no man durſt treat me ſo ignominiouſly.—Mr. Random, did you 'call me names, and threaten to drub 'me?' I denied the imputation, and propoſed to puniſh the ſcoundrel who endeavoured to foment diſturbance in the company. Bragwell ſignified his approbation, and drew his ſword; I did the ſame, and accoſted the actor in theſe words: 'Look'e, Mr. Ranter, 'I know you poſſeſs all the mimickry 'and miſchievous qualities of an ape, 'becauſe I have obſerved you put them 'all in practice more than once to-'night, on me and others; now I 'want to ſee if you reſemble one in 'nimbleneſs alſo, therefore I deſire 'you to leap over this ſword without 'heſitation.' So ſaying, I held it parallel to the horizon, at the diſtance of about three feet from the floor, and called, 'Once, twice, thrice, and a-'way;' but inſtead of complying with my command, he ſnatched his hat and hanger, and aſſuming the looks, ſwagger, and phraſe of Piſtol, burſt out in the following exclamation, 'Ha! muſt 'I then perform inglorious prank, of 'ſylvan ape in mountain foreſt caught! 'Death rock me aſleep, abridge my 'doleful days, and lay my hand in 'fury's lap. Have we not Hiren here?'. This buffoonery did not anſwer his expectation, for by this time the company was bent on ſeeing him in a new character. Mr. Banter deſired me to hold my ſword a foot or two higher, that he might have the better opportunity of exerting himſelf. The painter told him, if he performed well, he would recommend him as a vaulter to the proprietors of Sadler's Wells; and Bragwell crying, 'Leap for the king,' applied the point of his ſword to the player's poſteriors with ſuch ſucceſs, that he ſprung over in a trice, and finding the door unguarded, vaniſhed in a twinkling; glad, no doubt, of having paid his ſhare of the reckoning ſo eaſily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we diſcharged the bill, and ſallied out into the ſtreet. The painter ſunk away without taking his leave. Billy Chatter, being unable to ſpeak or ſtand, was ſent to a bagnio; and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-houſe, where, after he had kicked [illegible] dozen of hungry whores, we le[illegible] aſleep on a bench, and direct[illegible] courſe towards Charing Croſs, which place both he and I lodg[illegible]

The natural dryneſs of my c[illegible] nion being overcome by liqu[illegible] honoured me by the way with compliments and profeſſions of f[illegible] ſhip, for which I made ſuitab[illegible] knowledgments, and told hi[illegible] thought myſelf happy in havin[illegible] my behaviour, removed the unfa[illegible] able opinion he entertained of [illegible] firſt ſight. He was ſurprized a[illegible] declaration, and begged me to e[illegible] myſelf: upon which I mentioned [illegible] I had over-heard him ſay of [illegible] Wagtail in the coffee-houſe. [illegible] laughed, and made an apology [illegible] freedom, aſſuring me, that my a[illegible] ance had very much prepoſſeſſed [illegible] my favour; and what he ſaid [illegible] only intended as a joke on the d[illegible] ſolemnity. I was highly plea[illegible] being undeceived in this part[illegible] and not a little proud of the goo[illegible] nion of this wit, who ſhook me [illegible] hand at parting, and promiſed t[illegible] me next day at the ordinary.

CHAP. XI.

STRAP COMMUNICATES TO [illegible] CONQUEST HE HAD MADE [illegible] CHANDLER'S WIDOW——[illegible] HIMSELF MISERABLY MIST[illegible] —I GO TO THE OPERA—AD[illegible] MELINDA—AM CAUTIONE[illegible] BANTER—GO TO THE ASSE[illegible] AT HAMPSTEAD—DANCE [illegible] THAT YOUNG LADY—RE[illegible] AN INSOLENT MESSAGE [illegible] BRAGWELL, WHOSE MET[illegible] SOON COOLED—AM IN FA[illegible] WITH MY MISTRESS, WH[illegible] VISIT NEXT DAY, AND AM[illegible] BLEDOUT OF EIGHTEEN GU[illegible] AT CARDS—STRAP TRIUMP[illegible] MY SUCCESS, BUT IS ASTO[illegible] ED AT MY EXPENCE—BA[illegible] COMES TO MY LODGING, IS[illegible] SARCASTIC AT MY EXP[illegible] AND BORROWS FIVE GU[illegible] FROM ME, AS A PROOF O[illegible] FRIENDSHIP.

IN the morning, before I g[illegible] Strap came into my chambe[illegible] finding me awake, hemmed

atched his head, caſt his eyes
ground, and with a very fool-
f ſimper upon his face, gave
lerſtand he had ſomething to
cate. 'By your countenance,'
expect to hear good tidings.'
ferent,' replied he, tittering,
hereafter as it ſhall be. You
ow, I have ſome thoughts of
my condition.'—'What!'
aſtoniſhed; 'a matrimonial
? O rare Strap! thou haſt got
ls of me at laſt.'—'N'—no
aſſure you,' ſaid he, burſting
igh of ſelf-approbation: 'a
chandler's widow, that lives
, has taken a liking to me.
jolly dame, as plump as a
ge. She has a well furniſhed
a briſk trade, and a good deal
ready. I may have her for
ing. She told a friend of
a brother footman, that ſhe
take me out of a ſtinking
But I refuſed to give my
ſwer, till I knew your opi-
f the matter.' I congratu-
onſieur D'Eſtrapes upon his
, and approved of the ſcheme,
he could be aſſured of thoſe
nces of her fortune; but ad-
n to do nothing raſhly, and
an opportunity of ſeeing the
ore matters ſhould be brought
nclusion. He aſſured me he
o nothing without my conſent
obation, and that very morn-
ile I was at breakfaſt, intro-
is inamorata to my acquain-
She was a ſhort thick woman,
e age of thirty-ſix, and had a
r prominence of belly, which
red at firſt ſight, not without
picion of foul play. I deſired
vever, to ſit, and treated her
iſh of tea; the diſcourſe turn-
the good qualities of Strap,
repreſented as a prodigy of
, induſtry, and virtue. When
her leave, he followed her to
, and returned licking his lips,
ng if I did not think ſhe was
ns creature. I made no myſ-
my apprehenſion, but declar-
entiments of her without re-
t which he was not ſurprized,
ne, he had obſerved the ſame
n, but was informed by his
hat ſhe was only liver-grown,
uld in a few months be as ſmall
in the waiſt as ever. 'Yes,' ſaid I,
'a few weeks, I believe, will do the
'buſineſs. In ſhort, Strap, it is my
'opinion, that you are egregiouſly im-
'poſed upon; and that this friend is
'no other than a raſcal who wants to
'palm his trull upon you for a wife,
'that he may at once deliver himſelf
'from the importunities of the mo-
'ther, and the expence of her bant-
'ling; for which reaſon I would not
'have you truſt implicitly to the re-
'port he makes of her wealth, which
'is inconſiſtent with his behaviour;
'nor run your head precipitately into
'a nooſe, that you may afterwards
'wiſh exchanged for the hangman's.'
He ſeemed very much ſtartled at my
inſinuation, and promiſed to look twice
before he leaped; ſaying, with ſome
heat, 'Odds! if I find his intention
'is to betray me, we ſhall ſee which
'of us is the better man.' My pre-
diction was verified in leſs than a fort-
night; her great belly producing an
infant, to the unſpeakable amazement
of Strap, who was, before this hap-
pened, inclinable to believe I had re-
fined a little too much in my penetra-
tion. His falſe friend diſappeared, and
in a few days after an execution was
iſſued againſt her goods and houſhold-
furniture, which were ſeized by the
creditors.

Meanwhile I met my friend Banter
at the ordinary, and in the evening
went to the opera with him and Mr.
Chatter, who pointed out Melinda in
one of the boxes, and offered to intro-
duce me to her, obſerving at the ſame
time, that ſhe was a reigning toaſt
worth ten thouſand pounds. This
piece of information made my heart
bound with joy, and I diſcovered great
eagerneſs to accept the propoſal; upon
which he aſſured me I ſhould dance
with her at the next aſſembly, if he
had any influence in that quarter; ſo
ſaying, he went round, ſpoke to her
ſome minutes, and, as I imagined,
pointed at me; then returning, told
me, to my inexpreſſible pleaſure, that
I might depend upon what he had pro-
miſed, for ſhe was now engaged as my
partner. Banter, in a whiſper, gave
me to underſtand, that ſhe was an in-
corrigible coquette, who would grant
the ſame favour to any young fellow
in England, of a tolerable appear-
ance, merely to engage him among the

herd

herd of her admirers, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them daily increase; that she was of a cold insensible disposition, dead to every passion but vanity, and so blind to merit, that he would lay any wager, the wealthiest fool should carry her at last. I attributed a good deal of this intelligence to the satirical turn of my friend, or resentment, for having himself suffered a rebuff from the lady in question; and, at any rate, trusted so much to my own accomplishments, as to believe no woman could resist the ardour of my addresses.

Full of this confidence, I repaired to Hampstead, in company with Billy Chatter, my Lord Hobble, and doctor Wagtail. There I saw a very brilliant assembly, before whom I had the honour to walk a minuet with Melinda, who charmed me with her frank manner and easiness of behaviour. Before the country dances began, I received a message by a person I did not know, from Bragwell, who was present, importing, that nobody who knew him, presumed to dance with Melinda, while he was there in person; and that I would do well to relinquish her without noise, because he had a mind to lead up a country dance with her. This extraordinary intimation, which was delivered in the lady's hearing, did not at all discompose me, who by this time was pretty well acquainted with the character of my rival. I therefore, without the least symptom of concern, bade the gentleman tell Mr. Bragwell, that since I was so happy as to obtain the lady's consent, I should not be solicitous about his; and desired the bearer himself to bring me no such impertinent messages for the future. Melinda affected a sort of confusion, and pretended to wonder that Mr. Bragwell should give himself such liberties with regard to her, who had no manner of connection with the fellow. I laid hold of this opportunity to display my valour, and offered to call him to an account for his insolence, a proposal which she absolutely refused, under pretence of consulting my safety; though I could perceive by the sparkling of her eyes, that she would not have thought herself affronted in being the subject of a duel. I was by no means pleased with this discovery of her thoughts, which not only argued the most unjustifiable vanity, l wise the most barbarous indif however, I was allured by her and resolved to gratify her p making her the occasion of a quarrel between me and Br who, I was pretty certain, wo ver drive matters to a danger tremity.

While we danced together served this formidable rival at of the room, encircled with a of beaus, to whom he talked wi vehemence, casting many big me, from time to time: I gue subject of his discourse, and as I had handed my partner to l strutted up to the place where h and cocking my hat in his f manded aloud, if he had any say to me. He answered with tone, 'Nothing at present, Si turned about upon his heel. said I, 'you know where I a 'found at any time.' His com stared at one another, and I to the lady, whose features bri at my approach, and immed whisper run through the whole after which so many eyes wer upon me, that I was ready to s confusion. When the ball br I led her to her coach; and, lik French gallant, would have go hind it, in order to protect h violence on the road; but she al ly refused my offer, and expr concern that there was not an seat for me within the vehicle.

Next day in the afternoon I on her at her lodgings, by per in company with Chatter, a very civilly received by her with whom she lived; there good many fashionable people chiefly young fellows, and imm ly after tea a couple of car were set, at one of which I had nour to play with Melinda, wh than three hours made shift to me of eight guineas. I wa enough content to lose a little with a good grace, that I mig an opportunity in the mean tim soft things, which are still m come, when attended with goo but I was by no means satisfied fair play, a circumstance that me not a little, and greatly i my opinion of her disinterested

d

. However, I was resolved to
/ this behaviour, and treat her
turn with less ceremony; ac-
y, I laid close siege to her, and
her not at all disgusted with
's incense I offered, that very
ıade a declaration of love in
ms. She received my addresses
eat gaiety, and pretended to
em off, but at the same time
ne with such particular com-
, that I was persuaded I had
conquest of her heart, and con-
nyself the happiest man alive.
l with these flattering ideas, I
ı again to cards, after supper,
great chearfulness suffered my-
e cheated of ten guineas more.
ı late before I took my leave,
ng favoured with a general in-
; and when I got into bed, the
res of the day hindered me from
. Sometimes I pleased myself
: hopes of possessing a fine wo-
h ten thousand pounds; then
l ruminate on the character I
ırd of her from Banter, and
: it with the circumstances of
luct towards me, which seem-
ır too great a resemblance to the
ıe had drawn. This introduced
holy reflection on the expence
ıdergone, and the smallness of
ls to support it, which, by the
re none of my own; in short,
myself involved in doubts and
ties, that kept me awake the
part of the night.
e morning, Strap, with whom
ıt converted for two days, pre-
ımself with the utensils for
me; upon which, I asked his
of the lady whom he had seen
luct to her coach at Hampstead.
she's a delicious creature,' cried
nd, as I am informed, a great
ıe. I am sorry you did not in-
going home with her. I dare
ıe would not have refused your
ıny; for she seems to be a
humoured soul.'—'There's a
for all things,' said I. 'You
know, Strap, I was in com-
with her till one o'clock this
ing.' I had no sooner pro-
l these words, than he began
about the room, and snap his
crying in a transport, 'The
our own! the day's our own!'
ım to understand that his tri-
umph was a little premature, and that I had more difficulties to surmount than he was aware of; then I recounted to him the intelligence I had received from Banter. At which he changed colour, shook his head, and observed there was no faith in woman. I told him, I was resolved to make a bold push notwithstanding, although I foresaw it would lead me into a great expence; and bade him guess the sum I had lost last night at cards. He scratched his chin, and professed his abhorrence of cards, the very name of which being mentioned made him sweat with vexation, as it recalled the money-dropper to his remembrance; 'But 'however,' said he, 'you have to do 'with other-guess people now. Why, 'I suppose, if you had a bad run last 'night, you would scarce come off for 'less than ten or twelve shilling.' I was mortified at this piece of simplicity, which I imagined, at that time, was all affected, by way of reprimand for my folly; and asked with some heat, if he thought I spent the evening in a cellar with chairmen and bunters; giving him to know, at the same time, that my expence had amounted to eighteen guineas. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news; the bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin, dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immovable in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station; but remembering my disposition, which was touchy and impatient of controul, he smothered his chagrin, and attempted to recollect himself. With this view he endeavoured to laugh; but in spite of his teeth, broke out into a whimper, took up his wash-ball and pewter-pot, scrubbed my beard with the one, and discharged the other upon my face. I took no notice of his confusion, but after he had fully recovered himself, put him in mind of his right, and assured him of my readiness to surrender his effects whenever he should think proper to demand them. He was nettled at my insinuation, which he thought proceeded from my distrust of his friendship: and begged I would never talk to him in that strain again, unless I had a mind to break his heart.

This good creature's unalterable friendſhip for me affected me with the moſt grateful ſentiments, and acted as a ſpur to my reſolution of acquiring a fortune, that I might have it in my power to manifeſt my generoſity in my turn. For this purpoſe, I determined to bring matters to a ſpeedy concluſion with Melinda; well knowing that a few ſuch nights as the laſt, would effectually incapacitate me from proſecuting that or any other advantageous amour.

While my meditation was buſied in planning out my future conduct, Mr. Banter favoured me with a viſit; and after breakfaſt, aſked how I had paſſed the preceding evening. I anſwered, I was very agreeably entertained at a private houſe.—'Yes,' ſaid he, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, 'you deſerved 'ſomething extraordinary for the price 'you paid.' I was ſurprized at this remark, and pretended ignorance of his meaning. 'Come, come, Ran-'dom,' continued he, 'you need not 'make a myſtery of it to me, when 'the whole town has it. I wiſh 'that fooliſh affair between you and 'Bragwell at Hampſtead had been 'leſs public.—It has ſet all the buſy 'bodies at work to find out your real 'character and ſituation; and you can-'not imagine what conjectures have 'already circulated at your expence. 'One ſuſpects you to be a Jeſuit in 'diſguiſe; another thinks you are an 'agent from the Pretender; a third 'believes you to be an upſtart game-'ſter, becauſe nobody knows any 'thing of your family or fortune; a 'fourth is of opinion, that you are an 'Iriſh fortune-hunter.' This laſt hypotheſis touched me ſo nearly, that to conceal my confuſion, I was fain to interrupt his detail; and damn the world for an envious meddling community, that would not ſuffer a gentleman to live without moleſtation. He took no notice of this apoſtrophe, but went on: 'For my own part, I 'neither know, nor deſire to know, 'who, or what you are; this I am 'certain of, that few people make a 'myſtery of their origin or ſituation, 'who can boaſt of any thing advanta-'geous in either; and my own opi-'nion of the matter is, that you have 'raiſed yourſelf by your induſtry, *from nothing*, to the appearance you 'now maintain, and which you e 'vour to ſupport by ſome matrin 'ſcheme.' Here he fixed his ſtedfaſtly upon me, and perceivi face covered with bluſhes, tol now he was confirmed in his op 'Look ye, Random,' ſaid he, ' 'divined your plan, and am con 'it will never ſucceed. You a 'honeſt and too ignorant of the 'to practiſe the neceſſary che 'your profeſſion, and detect th 'ſpiracies that will be formed a 'you. Beſides you are downrigh 'ful—what the devil! ſet up 'fortune-hunter before you hav 'quered the ſenſe of ſhame! P 'you are entitled by your meri 'I believe you are, to a richer an 'ter wife than Melinda; but ta 'word for it, ſhe is not to be 'that rate; or, if you are ſo lu 'to carry her, between you an 'you may ſay as Teague did, '*ſoul I have gained a loſs!* She 'take care to ſpend her fortun 'twinkling, and ſoon make y 'of her extravagance.' I was ed by his diſcourſe, while I reſen freedom of it, and expreſſed guſt, by telling him, he was m in my intentions, and deſiring he give me leave to regulate my c according to the dictates of m reaſon. He made an apology liberty he had taken, and aſcr to the warmth of his friendſhip as an uncommon inſtance of he borrowed five guineas, aſſuri there were very few people in th whom he would ſo far favour w confidence. I gave him the and profeſſed myſelf ſo well co of his ſincerity, that he had n fion to put it to ſuch extrao proofs for the future. 'I th ſaid he, 'to have aſked five 'more, but hearing you was bub 'eighteen laſt night, I preſum 'might be out of caſh, and 'to model my demand accor I could not help admiring the behaviour of this ſpark, of who fired to know his reaſon for ſa was bubbled. He then gave underſtand, that before he cam lodgings, he had beat up Tom who having been preſent, i him of the particulars, rehea the fine things I ſaid to Melind

he proposed to entertain the ; and among other circumstances, d him, my mistress cheated with tle art, that nobody but a mere e could have been imposed upon. e thoughts of becoming a subject illery for coxcombs, and losing noney to boot, stung me to the ; but I made a virtue of my in- tion, and swore that no man d, with impunity, either asperse naracter of Melinda, or turn my viour into ridicule. He replied in manner, that I would find it an ulean task, to chastise every body should laugh at my expence; and r the character of Melinda, he did ee how it could suffer by what was o her charge; for that cheating at , far from being reckoned a ble- among people of fashion, was ed upon as an honourable indica- of superior genius and address. t let us wave this subject,' said and go to the coffee-house, in ler to make a party for dinner.'

CHAP. XII.

REPAIR TO THE COFFEE-OUSE, WHERE WE OVERHEAR CURIOUS DISPUTE BETWEEN AGTAIL AND MEDLAR, WHICH REFERRED TO OUR DECISION -THE DOCTOR GIVES AN AC-OUNT OF HIS EXPERIMENT— EDLAR IS ROASTED BY BAN-ER, AT THE ORDINARY—THE LD GENTLEMAN'S ADVICE TO E.

EING as willing to drop the theme, as he to propose it, I ac- panied him thither, where we found Medlar and Doctor Wagtail, dis- ing upon the word Custard, which physician affirmed should be spelt h a G, because it was derived from Latin verb *gustare*, 'to taste.' Medlar pleaded custom in behalf C, observing, that by the doctor's e we ought to change pudding into *dding*, because it is derived from French word *boudin*; and in that e why not retain the original ortho- phy and pronunciation of all the reign words we have adopted; by ich means our language would be- me a dissonant jargon, without stan- dard or propriety. The controversy was referred to us; and Banter, notwithstanding his real opinion to the contrary, decided it in favour of Wagtail: upon which the peevish annuitant arose, and uttering the monosyllable, *pish!* with great emphasis, removed to another table.

We then enquired of the doctor, what progress he had made in the experiment of distilling tinder-water; and he told us he had been at all the glass-houses about town, but could find nobody who would undertake to blow a retort large enough to hold the third part of the quantity prescribed; but he intended to try the process on as much as would produce five drops, which would be sufficient to prove the specific, and then he would make it a parliamentary affair; that he had already purchased a considerable weight of rags, in reducing which to tinder, he had met with a misfortune, which had obliged him to change his lodgings: for he had gathered them in a heap on the floor, and set fire to them with a candle, on a supposition that the boards would sustain no damage, because it is the nature of flame to ascend; but by some very extraordinary accident, the wood was invaded, and began to blaze with great violence, which disordered him so much, that he had not presence of mind enough to call for assistance, and the whole house must have been consumed with him in the midst of it, had not the smoke that rolled out of the windows in clouds, alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought people to his succour. That he had lost a pair of black velvet breeches, and a tye-wig, in the hurry, besides the expence of the rags, which were rendered useless by the water used to quench the flame, and the damage of the floor, which he was compelled to repair. That his landlord believing him distracted, had insisted on his quitting his apartment at a minute's warning, and he was put to incredible inconvenience; but now he was settled in a very comfortable house, and had the use of a large paved yard for preparing his tinder: so that he hoped in a very short time to reap the fruits of his labour.

After having congratulated the doctor on his prospect, and read the papers, we repaired to an auction of pictures,

where we entertained ourſelves an hour or two; from thence we adjourned to the Mall, and after two or three turns, went back to dinner, Banter aſſuring us, that he intended to roaſt Medlar at the ordinary; and, indeed, we were no ſooner ſet, than this cynic began to execute his purpoſe by telling the old gentleman, he looked extremely well, conſidering the little ſleep he had enjoyed laſt night. To this compliment Medlar made no reply, but by a ſtare accompanied with a ſignificant grin; and Banter went on thus: 'I don't 'know whether moſt to admire the 'charity of your mind, or the vigour 'of your body. Upon my ſoul, Mr. 'Medlar, you do generous things 'with the beſt taſte of any man I 'know! You extend your compaſſion 'to real objects, and exact only ſuch re-'turns as they are capable of making. 'You muſt know, gentlemen,' ſaid he, turning to the company, 'I had been 'up moſt part of the night with a 'friend who is ill of a fever, and on my 'return home this morning chanced 'to paſs by a gin-ſhop ſtill open, 'whence iſſued a confuſed ſound of 'mirth and jollity: upon which, I 'popped in my head, and perceived 'Mr. Medlar dancing bare-headed in 'the midſt of ten or twenty ragged 'bunters, who rejoiced at his expence. 'But indeed, Mr. Medlar, you ought 'not to ſacrifice your conſtitution to 'your benevolence. Conſider, you 'grow old apace: and therefore have 'a reverend care of your health, which 'muſt certainly be very much impaired 'by theſe nocturnal expeditions.' The teſty ſenior could no longer contain himſelf, but cried haſtily, 'Tis well 'known that your tongue is no ſlan-'der.'—'I think,' ſaid the other, 'you might ſpare that obſervation, as 'you are very ſenſible, that my tongue 'has done you ſignal ſervice on 'many occaſions. You may remem-'ber, that when you made your ad-'dreſſes to the fat widow, who kept a 'public-houſe at Iſlington, there was 'a report ſpread very much to the pre-'judice of your manhood, which com-'ing to the ears of your miſtreſs, 'you was diſcarded immediately; and 'I brought matters to a reconciliation, 'by aſſuring her that you had three baſ-'tards at nurſe in the country: how you 'ruined your own affair afterwards, it 'is neither my buſineſs nor incl 'to relate.' This anecdote, had no other foundation than i ter's own invention, afforded deal of mirth to every perſon and provoked Mr. Medlar bey ſufferance; ſo that he ſtarted mighty paſſion, and forgetting mouth was full, beſpattered th ſat next to him, while he diſcha indignation in a volley of oat called Banter inſignificant pup pertinent jackanapes, and an ſuch appellations: telling the co he had invented theſe falſe and ous aſperſions, becauſe he wo lend him money to ſquande upon rooks and whores. 'likely ſtory,' ſaid Banter, 'ſhould attempt to borrow m 'a man who is obliged to p 'thouſand ſhifts to make his 'allowance hold out to Sa 'night. Sometimes he ſlee 'and twenty hours at a ſtr 'which means he ſaves thre 'beſides coffee-houſe expence. 'times he is fain to put up wi 'and cheeſe and ſmall-beer for 'and ſometimes he regales 'penny worth of ox cheek in —' You are a lying miſcrean Medlar, in an extaſy of rage; 'always command money e 'pay your taylor's bill, whi 'ſure is no trifle: and I hav 'mind to give you a convinci 'of my circumſtances, by pro 'you for defamation, ſirrah.' time the violence of his wrath prived him of his appetite, a ſilent, unable to ſwallow one ful, while his tormentor enj mortification, and increaſed grin, by adviſing him to lay i fully for his next day's faſt.

Dinner being ended, we ca ſtairs to the coffee-room, an went away to keep an appo ſaying, he ſuppoſed he ſhould tail and me in the evening at ford coffee-houſe. He was n gone, than the old gentleman aſide, and ſaid, he was ſorry ſo intimate with that fellow, one of the moſt graceleſs rak town, and had already waſte eſtate and conſtitution upon that he had been the ruin a young man, by introducing t de

d company, and ſetting a lewd
of all manner of wickedneſs;
unleſs I was on my guard,
ſtrip me in a ſhort time, both
oney and reputation. I thank-
or his information, and pro-
conduct myſelf accordingly;
nowever, his caution had been
ours more early, by which
might have ſaved five guineas.
tanding this intelligence, I
nable to impute ſome part of
ge to Medlar's revenge for the
taken with him at dinner;
efore, as ſoon as I could diſ-
yſelf, applied to Wagtail for
on of the character in queſtion;
to compare their accounts,
for the prejudice of each, and
ny judgment upon both, with-
ring ſtrictly to either. The
ſured me that he was a very
entleman of family and for-
ſcholar, a wit, a critic, and
well acquainted with the
hat his honour and courage
queſtionable, though ſome ex-
ces he had been guilty of, and
it for ſatire, had procured him
and made ſome people ſhy of
aintance. From theſe different
, I concluded that Banter was
fellow of ſome parts, who had
fortune, but retained his ap-
and fallen out with the world,
he could not enjoy it to his

t to the Bedford coffee-houſe
ening, where I met my friends,
nce proceeded to the play, and
ds carried them home to my
s, where we ſupped in great
mour.

CHAP. XIII.

IVE A CHALLENGE—THE
EQUENCES OF IT——THE
RREL BEING MADE UP, AM
IN ARREST, BY THE CARE
AFFECTION OR STRAP—
IMMEDIATELY RELEASED
N EXPLAINING MY AFFAIR
IE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. ORE-
AND HIS TWO FRIENDS—I
ELINDA, WHOM I DIVERT
H AN ACCOUNT OF THE
L—PROPOSE MARRIAGE—
REFERS THE MATTER TO HER MOTHER, OF WHOM I MAKE A SOLEMN DEMAND OF HER DAUGHTER—THE OLD LADY'S BEHAVIOUR—I AM DISCARDED—RESENT THEIR DISDAIN.

WHEN I was ready to go abroad next day, Strap brought me a letter, *To Mr. Random, Eſq. Theſe*—— Which, upon opening, I found contained a challenge conceived in theſe very extraordinary terms:

'SIR,

'WHEREAS I am informed that you make love to Miſs 'Melinda Gooſetrap, This is to let 'you know, that ſhe is under promiſe 'of marriage to me; and that I am at 'this preſent waiting at the back of 'Montague Houſe, with a pair of 'good piſtols in my hand; and if you 'will keep your appointment, I will 'make your tongue confeſs (after the 'breath is out of your body) that you 'do not deſerve her as well as

'Yours, &c.

'ROURK OREGAN.'

I gueſſed from the ſtile and ſubſcription of this billet, that my rival was a true Mileſian, and was not a little uneaſy at the contents, eſpecially that part in which he aſſerted his right to my miſtreſs by promiſe, a circumſtance I did not know how to reconcile to her good ſenſe and penetration. However, this was no time for me to decline the defiance, becauſe the ſucceſs of my addreſſes might in a great meaſure depend upon my behaviour in that affair. I therefore immediately loaded my piſtols, and betook myſelf in a hackney-coach to the place appointed, where I found a tall raw-boned man, with a hard-featured countenance, and black buſhy beard, walking by himſelf, wrapped up in a ſhabby great-coat, over which his own hair deſcended in a leathern queue from his head, that was covered with a greaſy hat trimmed with a tarniſhed *point d' Eſpagne*. He no ſooner perceived me advancing, than he pulled a piſtol from his boſom, and preſenting at me, ſnapt it without the leaſt preamble. Alarmed at this rude ſalutation, I made a ſtand, and before he could adjuſt his other piece, fired one

of mine at him, without doing any damage. By this time he was ready with his ſecond, that flaſhed in the pan without going off: upon which he called, with a true Tipperary cadence, 'Fire away, honey;' and began to hammer his flint with great deliberation. But I was reſolved to make uſe of the advantage fortune had given me; and therefore ſtept up, without throwing away my fire, deſiring him to aſk his life, or prepare for another world; but this ſtout Hibernian refuſed to condeſcend, and complained bitterly of my having quitted my ground before he could return my ſhot; ſaying I ought to go back to my ſtation, and let him have an equal chance with me. I endeavoured to perſuade him that I had given him a double chance already; and it was my buſineſs to prevent him from enjoying a third! but now, ſince I had an opportunity, I demanded a parley, and deſired to know his condition, and reaſon for calling me to the field, who, to the beſt of my remembrance, far from having done him any injury, had never before ſeen him. He told me that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had ſpent all he had, and hearing that Melinda had got ten thouſand pounds, he intended to make himſelf maſter of that ſum by eſpouſing her, and was determined, in an honourable way, to cut the throats of all thoſe who ſtood between him and his hopes. I then demanded to know the foundation of his hopes; and now that I had ſeen him, being more and more aſtoniſhed at the circumſtance of the promiſe, deſired that he would explain that myſtery: he gave me to underſtand, that he truſted entirely to his birth and perſonal merit; that he had frequently written to Melinda, ſetting forth his claim and pretenſions, but ſhe was never kind enough to ſend an anſwer, or even to admit him into her preſence; and that the promiſe he mentioned in his letter, was made by his friend Mr. Gahagan, who aſſured him, that no woman could reſiſt a man of his appearance. I could not forbear laughing to exceſs, at the ſimplicity of my rival, who did not ſeem to reliſh my mirth, but began to be very ſerious: upon which I endeavoured to appeaſe him, by giving him my word and honour, that far from prejudi his addreſſes to the lady, I wou preſent him to her in the moſt f able light I could chuſe with any to truth; but he muſt not b prized if ſhe ſhould remain blind deſerts, for nothing was more cious than a woman's mind, a affection of that ſex was ſeldom chaſed with virtue alone. Th declaration might have the better I took notice of his diſhabill profeſſing ſorrow at ſeeing a gent reduced, ſlipt two guineas in nand, at ſight of which he threw his piſtols, and hugging me arms, cried, 'Arrah, by Jeſu 'you are the beſt friend I ha 'with theſe ſeven long years.' I had ſuffered ſome minutes in b brace, he quitted me, and pick his ruſty arms, wiſhed the devil burn him if ever he ſhould give farther trouble about womankin

The quarrel being thus am compoſed, I begged leave to l his piſtols, which I found ſo cru ſo foul, that, I believe it was for him neither of them was di ed, for one of them would c have ſplit in the going off, would, in all probability, have hand in the exploſion; but wh me a lively idea of the man's cl was, to find, upon examinatio one of them had been loaded being primed, and the other without a charge.

While we walked home tog expreſſed a deſire of knowing friend's hiſtory; and he infor of his having ſerved in the Ger my as a volunteer againſt the that for his behaviour at the Belgrade, he had been honour an enſign's commiſſion, and aft promoted to the rank of lieute which ſtation, it was his mi to affront his captain, who ch him to the field, and was kille duel, upon which he was oblig treat! that he had been in ſome years ſoliciting his frie proviſion in the Britiſh army; ing hitherto unſucceſsful, wa by Mr. Gahagan to turn his to matrimony, and make [illegible]s by an advantageous match; i

of which advice, he had made
Melinda, and having heard by
f an Iriſh footman in the fami-
I was her chief favourite, had
e out in hopes of removing,
leath, the greateſt obſtruction
leſires; but now he was con-
of my honour and generoſity,
by the bleſſed virgin, he would
her no more, if there was not
woman in the world. As a
proof of his veracity, which I
at all doubt, he opened an old
ff-box, and pulled out his com-
in the imperial army, and his
s challenge, which he preſerv-
ſtimonials of his character. I
well convinced of this poor
oneſty and courage, that I de-
d to ſpeak in his behalf, to ſome
cquaintance, who might recom-
iis caſe to the conſideration of
ho could provide for him: and
ean time to accommodate him
few clothes, by which his ap-
e would be much mended, and
enabled to renew his ſolicita-
perſon.

ve walked along, converſing
together, we were met by a
muſqueteers, and Strap at their
who no ſooner approached, than
frantic look, he cried, 'Seize
! in the name of God, ſeize
!' We were accordingly ſur-
d, and I put in arreſt by the
d, who was commanding of-
out Captain Oregan diſengaged
, and ran with ſuch ſpeed to-
Tottenham-Court Road, that he
of ſight in a moment. When
s were delivered up, and my-
ured, Strap became a little more
ed, and aſked pardon for the
he had taken; which he hoped
l excuſe, as it proceeded from
ction. He then told me that,
ng the letter (which by the bye
ought by the author himſelf)
ed ſomething extraordinary, he
ped through the key-hole, and
load my piſtols; upon which
lown to Whitehall, and applied
officer on guard for a party to
in arreſt, but before he returned
one in a coach; that he had en-
which way I went, and having
nat duels were commonly fought
back of Montague Houſe, he
ked the guard to *this place*,
where he thanked God for having found me ſafe and ſound. I gave him to underſtand that I forgave his officious concern for once, but cautioned him in pretty ſevere terms for making me the ſubject of idle converſation for the future; then turning to the corporal, thanked him for his care, and gave him a crown to drink with his men, aſſuring him that the rencontre was over long before he came up, and every thing compromiſed, as he might have obſerved by our behaviour; as a farther proof of which, he would find upon examination, that one of my piſtols had been diſcharged; but this civil perſon, without giving himſelf or me any farther trouble, received the bounty with a thouſand bows and acknowledgments, and returning the piſtols, releaſed me immediately.

He was not gone a hundred yards, when my friend Oregan came up, in order to reſcue me, with two tatterdemalions whom he had engaged for that purpoſe, about the purlieus of St. Giles: one of them was armed with a muſket that wanted a lock, and another with a ruſty broad ſword; but their dreſs ſurpaſſed all deſcription. When he underſtood I was already free, he made apology for his abrupt departure, and introduced me to his two companions: firſt, to Counſellor Fitzclabber, who, he told me, was then employed in compiling a hiſtory of the kings of Munſter, from Iriſh manuſcripts; and then to his friend Mr. Gahagan, who was a profound philoſopher and politician, and had projected many excellent ſchemes for the good of his country. But it ſeems theſe literati had been very ill rewarded for their ingenious labours; for between them both, there was but one ſhirt and half a pair of breeches. I thanked them very kindly for their readineſs to aſſiſt me, and having offered my ſervice in my turn, bade them good morrow, deſiring Oregan to accompany me to my lodgings, where he was fitted with decent clothes from my wardrobe, ſo much to his ſatisfaction, that he ſwore eternal gratitude and friendſhip to me, and, at my requeſt, recounted all the adventures of his life.

In the afternoon I waited on Melinda, who received me with great kindneſs and familiarity, and laughed

exceſſively

exceſſively at my adventure with the Iriſhman, to whoſe wiſhes ſhe was no ſtranger, having more than a dozen letters in her poſſeſſion which he had wrote to her on the ſubject of love, and which, for my entertainment, ſhe ſubmitted to my peruſal. Having made ourſelves merry at the expence of this poor admirer, I ſeized the opportunity of her mother's going out of the room, and introduced my own paſſion, which I recommended to her with all the ardour and eloquence I was maſter of. I flattered, ſighed, ſwore, entreated, and acted a thouſand extravagancies, in hopes of making ſome impreſſion on her heart; but ſhe heard every thing I ſaid without diſcovering the leaſt emotion; and other company came in, before ſhe would vouchſafe one ſerious reply. After tea, the cards were brought in according to cuſtom, and it was my good fortune to have Melinda for my partner: by which means, inſtead of loſing, I came off with five guineas clear gain.

I ſoon became acquainted with a good many people of faſhion, and ſpent my time in the modiſh diverſions of the town, ſuch as plays, operas, maſquerades, drums, aſſemblies, and puppet-ſhows; chiefly in company with Melinda, whom I cultivated with all the eagerneſs and addreſs that my proſpect could inſpire, and my education afford: I ſpared neither my perſon nor my purſe to gratify her vanity and pride; my rivals were intimidated, and indeed outſhone; and after all, I began to fear that the dear creature had not a heart to loſe. At laſt, finding myſelf unable to ſupport the expence of this amour much longer, I was determined to bring the matter to a criſis; and one evening, while we were together by ourſelves, complained of her indifference, deſcribed the tortures of ſuſpence to a love-ſick mind, and preſſed her to diſcloſe her ſentiments of matrimony and me, with ſuch earneſtneſs, that ſhe could not, with all her art, ſhift the ſubject, but was obliged to come to an eccliarciſſement. She told me with a careleſs air, that ſhe had no objection to my perſon, and if I could ſatisfy her mother in other particulars, I ſhould not find her averſe to the match; but ſhe was reſolved to do nothing in ſuch a momentuous concern, without the advice and *conſent* of her parent. This was no very agreeable declaration to me, aim had been to win her incli firſt, and then ſecure my conqueſ private marriage, to which I fla myſelf ſhe would expreſs no reluc That I might not, however, deſe cauſe before it was deſperate, I on her mother, and with grea mality demanded the daughter in riage. The good lady, who wa ry notable woman, behaved with ſtate and civility; thanked me f honour I intended her family; ſaid, ſhe did not doubt that I all reſpects qualified to make a w happy; but it concerned her, a rent anxious about the welfare child, to enquire into the parti of my fortune, and know wha tlement I propoſed to make. T intimation, which would have u diſconcerted me, if I had not e ted it, I replied without heſitation though my fortune was very ſm was a gentleman by birth and e tion, would maintain her daugh the ſphere of a gentlewoman, and her own dowry on her and her he ever. This careful matron di ſeem to reliſh my propoſal, but ol ed with a demure countenance there was no neceſſity for ſettlin upon her child which was her ow ready: however, if I pleaſed, he yer ſhould confer with mine up matter; and in the mean time, f ſired I would favour her with t ruſal of my rent-roll. Notwith ing the vexation I was under, ſcarce forbear laughing in her at the mention of my rent-roll, was, indeed, a ſevere piece of upon my pretenſions. I frankly ed I had no landed eſtate; and her, that I could not exactly ſ the ſum I was maſter of, until regulated my affairs, which w preſent in ſome diſorder; but t would take an opportunity of ſa ing her on that head very ſoon.

It was not long before I took leave, and returned to my lodgin a very melancholy mood, perſu that I had nothing more to expect that quarter. I was confirmed i opinion next day, when I went with a view of explaining myſelf fully to the old gentlewoman; was told by the footman, that h dies were not at home, although

through the blinds at a
ow, as I went up to the
ed at this affront, I quit-
without saying one word,
sed the parlour, bowed
still remained in the same
urely screened, as she
i my view.
ointment gave me more
Strap's account, than my
is in no danger of dying
linda; on the contrary,
ice of my charming Nar-
ntinual check upon my
ring the whole course of
and perhaps contributed
ceſs of my scheme, by
y raptures and condemn-

i necessity for informing
i of every thing that hap-
, and I performed this
in an affected passion,
uld be his pack-horse no
esiring him to take the
f his affai into his own
finesse had the desired
ead of grumbling over
:, Strap was frightened
I feigned, and begged
of God to be appeased;
it although we had suf-
oſs, it was not irrepara-
ortune frowned to-day,
haps smile to-morrow.
o acquiesce in his re-
l his equanimity, and
nprove by misfortune.
er hand, pretended to be
itisfied with my conduct,
ie to follow the dictates
lection; but in spite of
on, I could perceive his
n, and his visage sen-
in longitude from that

A P. XIV.

E REVENGED ON ME-
PLY TO BANTER FOR
'ANCE —— HE CON-
SCHEME FOR THAT
VHICH IS PUT IN EX-
'ITH GREAT SUCCESS
AN ATTEMPT UPON
OF MISS GRIPEWELL,
SAPPOINTED—GROW
LY AT MY DISAP-
POINTMENT, AND HAVE RE-
COURSE TO THE BOTTLE—RE-
CEIVE A BILLET-DOUX—AM RA-
VISHED WITH THE CONTENTS—
FIND MYSELF INVOLVED IN AN
INTRIGUE, WHICH I IMAGINED
WOULD MAKE MY FORTUNE—
AM CONFOUNDED AT MY MIS-
TAKE, WHICH BANISHES ALL
THOUGHTS OF MATRIMONY.

IN the mean time, my attention was wholly engrossed in search of another mistress, and the desire of being revenged on Melinda, in both which schemes I was very much assisted by Billy Chatter, who was such a necessary creature among the ladies, that in all private dances he engaged the men. To him therefore I applied, desiring he would introduce me to a partner of some figure, at the next private assembly, for the sake of a frolick, the intention of which I would afterwards communicate. Billy, who had heard something of a difference between Melinda and me, immediately smoked part of my design, and thinking I only wanted to alarm her jealousy a little, promised to gratify my desire, by matching me with a partner worth thirty thousand pounds, whom the ladies of this end of the town had lately taken into their management and protection. Upon farther enquiry, I found this person's name was Miss Biddy Gripewell; that her father, who had been a pawnbroker, died intestate, by which means all his substance descended to his daughter, who was so little a favourite, that could the old man have prevailed with his own rapacious disposition, to part with as much money as would have paid the expence of a will, she would not have inherited a sixth part of his fortune; that during his life, far from being educated in a way suitable to such great expectations, she was obliged to live like a servant wench, and do the most menial offices in the family. But his funeral was no sooner performed, than she assumed the fine lady, and found so many people of both sexes, to flatter, caress, and instruct her, that for want of discretion and experience, she was grown insufferably vain and arrogant, and pretended to no less than a duke or earl at least, for her husband; that she had the misfortune to be neglected by the English

quality, but a certain poor Scottiſh lord was then making intereſt to be introduced to her acquaintance. In the mean time, ſhe was fallen into the hands of a notable lady, who had already diſpoſed of her to a lieutenant of foot, a diſtant relation of her ladyſhip's, though Miſs, as yet, knew nothing of the affair; and laſtly, that if I propoſed to dance with her, I muſt give him leave to repreſent me as a knight or foreign count at leaſt. I was raviſhed at this piece of information, and conſented, for one night, to perſonate a French marquis, that I might the eaſier fulfil my revenge.

Having made the appointment with Chatter, I went to Banter's lodgings, as I had by this time conceived a great opinion of his penetration and knowledge; and after I had enjoined ſecreſy, told him every circumſtance of my diſgrace with Melinda, and imparted the plan I had projected to mortify that proud coquette, deſiring his advice in improving, and aſſiſtance in executing the ſcheme. Nothing could be more agreeable to his miſanthropical temper, than an account of her behaviour and my reſentment. He applauded my reſolution, and propoſed that I ſhould not only provide myſelf with a proper partner, but alſo procure ſuch an one for Miſs Gooſetrap, as ſhould infallibly entail upon her the ridicule of all her acquaintance: for this purpoſe he mentioned his barber; who, he ſaid, was an exceeding coxcomb lately come from Paris, whoſe abſurd affectation and grimace would eaſily paſs upon her for the ſprightly politeſſe of a gentleman improved by travel. I hugged him for this hint; and he aſſured me it would be no difficult matter to make him believe, that Melinda having ſeen him by accident, was captivated by his appearance, and longed for his acquaintance. He actually engaged him on this pretence, and painted his good fortune in ſuch colours, that the poor ſhaver was quite beſide himſelf with joy. He was immediately fitted with a tawdry ſuit of clothes belonging to Banter, and by him recommended to Chatter, as a very pretty fellow juſt returned from his travels. Maſter Billy, who acted as gentleman-uſher to a great many of the fair-ſex in and about town, undertook, at once, to *beſpeak Melinda* in his behalf; and every thing happened according wiſh.

At the time appointed, I ap dreſſed to the beſt advantage; a the character of marquis, had t nour of opening the ball with th heireſs, who attracted the eyes whole company, by the prod number of jewels with which ſ adorned. Among others, I per Melinda, who could no more c her envy than aſtoniſhment at m ceſs: her curioſity was ſtill mo grant and tormenting, for ſhe h ver ſeen Miſs Gripewell before Chatter, who alone could give h ſatisfaction on that head, was en in converſation at the other end room. I obſerved her impatienc exulted in her chagrin; and a partner was ſet, took the oppo of paſſing by her to make a ſlig without ſtopping; which com my triumph and her indignation changed colour, bridled up, a an air of diſdain, and flirted with ſuch a fury, that it went t in a moment, to the no ſmal tainment of thoſe who ſat ne obſerved her.

At length the metamorphoſ ber took her out, and acted with ſuch ridiculous extravagan the mirth of the whole compa excited at his expence, and his ſo much aſhamed, that before th try dances began ſhe retired i confuſion, under pretence of be en ſuddenly ill, and was follo her gallant, who, no doubt, ed her indiſpoſition was noth love; and laid hold of the occ conducting her home, to com with an aſſurance of his entert reciprocal paſſion. They were er gone, than an inquiſitive wh 'Who is he?' ran round th and Chatter could give them no telligence about him, than that man of fortune, juſt returned travels. I, who alone was acc with his real quality, affecte rance; well knowing that fem rioſity would not reſt ſatisfied w a general account, and that th very would proceed with a bet from any body than me.

Meanwhile, I was tempted richneſs of the prize, to pract Miſs Gripewell's heart, but ſoo

ll fortified with pride and in-
e to yield to any efforts in
character, and I neither would
d preſerve the title I had bor-
nger than that night.

xpected, every thing came to
t day. The barber, in pure
y of heart, detected himſelf
da, and diſcovered the foun-
f his hopes; ſhe ſickened at
nt, and was aſhamed to ſhew
n public for many weeks after
lent. Poor Chatter found it
e to juſtify himſelf to her ſatis-
was in utter diſgrace with Miſs
ll, for having impoſed me up-
s a nobleman; and ſuffered
ch in his character and influ-
ng the ladies in general.

g my finances diminiſhed
n one half, and my project
dvanced as on the firſt day of
al in town, I began to deſpair
ıcceſs, and grew melancholy
roſpect of approaching want.
l the horrors of this fiend, I
urſe to the bottle, and kept
npany than ever. I became
rly attached to the play-houſe,
l with the actors behind the

grew acquainted with a body
lars, and in a ſhort time com-
profeſſed wit and critic. In-
ay ſay, without vanity, that
uch better qualified than any
y companions; who were, ge-
peaking, of all the creatures
nverſed with, the moſt igno-
aſſuming. By means of theſe
ns I got the better of care, and
o ſeparate my ideas in ſuch a
that whenever I was attacked
omy reflection, I could ſhove
and call in ſome agreeable re-
my aſſiſtance. This was not
with Strap, who practiſed a
l ſhifts to conceal the ſorrow
yed upon his carcaſe, and re-
ıim to the reſemblance of a
leton.

e I thus poſted, in a thought-
ıner, towards poverty, I one
ived, by the penny-poſt, a let-
ten in a woman's hand, con-
a great many high-flown com-
s, warm proteſtations of love,
in a very poetical ſtyle, an
leſire of knowing whether or
ıeart was engaged, by leaving
er at a certain place directed

to R. B. and the whole ſubſcribed, 'Your Incognita.' I was tranſported with joy on reading the contents of this billet-doux, which I admired as a maſter-piece of tenderneſs and elegance, and was already up to the ears in love with the author, whom my imagination repreſented as a lady of fortune in the bloom of youth and beauty. Elevated with this conjecture, I went to work, and exhauſted my invention in compoſing an anſwer ſuitable to the ſublimity of her ſtyle, and the ardour of her ſentiments. I expreſſed my admiration of her wit in terms the moſt hyperbolical, and while I acknowledged myſelf unworthy of her regard, declared myſelf enamoured of her underſtanding; and in the moſt pathetic manner, implored the honour of an interview. Having finiſhed this performance, and communicated it to Strap, who ſkipped about for joy, I diſpatched him with it to the place appointed, which was the houſe of a milliner not far from Bond Street, and deſired him to keep watch near the door for ſome time, that he might diſcover the perſon who ſhould call for it. In leſs than an hour he returned with a joyful countenance, and told me, that ſoon after he had delivered the letter, a chairman was called, to whom it was given with directions to carry it to the houſe of a rich gentleman in the neighbourhood, whither he (Strap) followed him, and ſaw it put into the hands of a waiting-woman, who paid the meſſenger and ſhut the door. That upon enquiry at an alehouſe hard by, where he called for a pint of beer, he underſtood, the gentleman to whom the houſe belonged had an only daughter, very handſome, who would inherit his whole eſtate; and who certainly was the author of the billet I had received. I was of the ſame opinion, and, hugging myſelf in the happy proſpect, dreſſed immediately, and paſſed in great ſtate by the houſe that contained my unknown admirer. Nor was my vanity diſappointed; for I perceived a beautiful young creature ſtanding at one of the windows of the dining-room, who, I imagined, obſerved me with more than common curioſity. That I might indulge her view, and at the ſame time feaſt my own, I affected to ſtop, and gave orders to Strap, in the ſtreet, juſt oppoſite

to her ſtation, by which means I had an opportunity of ſeeing her more diſtinctly, and of congratulating myſelf on having made a conqueſt of ſo much perfection. In a few minutes ſhe retired, and I betook myſelf to the ordinary, in a rapture of hope which deprived me of my appetite for that meal, and ſent me home in the evening to indulge my contemplation.

Early next day, I was favoured with another epiſtle from my unknown charmer, ſignifying her unutterable joy at the receipt of mine, which, while it made a tender of my heart, convinced her of the value of it. Above all things, ſhe profeſſed extreme pleaſure in finding me ſo much attached to her underſtanding, a circumſtance that not only flattered her in the moſt ſenſible part, but at the ſame time argued my own ſagacity. As for the interview I deſired, ſhe aſſured me, that I could not be more eager for ſuch an occaſion than ſhe; but ſhe muſt not only ſacrifice a little more to decorum, but be ſatisfied of my honourable intentions, before ſhe would grant that requeſt: meanwhile, ſhe gave me to underſtand, that although ſhe might owe ſome deference to the opinion of certain perſons, ſhe was reſolved, in an affair that ſo nearly concerned her happineſs, to conſult her own inclination, preferable to the advice of the whole world; eſpecially as ſhe was urged to ſuch condeſcenſion by no conſideration of fortune, what ſhe depended upon being her own without reſtriction or controul. Struck with admiration at the philoſophy and ſelf-denial of my miſtreſs, who ſeemed inſenſible of the beauty ſhe poſſeſſed; and in particular, raviſhed with that piece of intelligence, by which I learned her fortune was independent; I reſumed the pen, launched out into encomiums on the dignity of her ſentiments, affected to undervalue the charms of external beauty, pretended to ground my paſſion on the qualities of her mind; complained of her rigour in ſacrificing my repoſe to an over-ſcrupulous regard to decorum, and declared the purity of my deſigns in the moſt ſolemn and pathetic vows. This performance being ſealed and directed, was ſent to the place appointed by Strap; who, that we might be ſtill the more confirmed in our belief, *renewed his* watch, and in a little time brought back the ſame inform
before, with this addition, th
Sparkle (the name of my co
dent) looking out at the win
ſooner ſaw the meſſenger arri
ſhe ſhut the caſement in a ſort
tiful confuſion, and diſappeare
no doubt, to hear from the de
of her love.

My doubts now vaniſhed,
expected port appeared, and
upon myſelf as perfectly ſec
that happineſs I had been in
ſo long. After dinner, I ſaun
company with Doctor Wagtai
part of the town in which
morata lived; and, as he wa
regiſter, enquired of him into th
character and fortune, of eve
who poſſeſſed a good houſe in th
through which we paſſed;
came to his turn to mention
Sparkle, he repreſented him a
of an immenſe eſtate and nar
poſition, who mewed up his on
a fine young lady, from the c
tion of mankind, under the ſtri
and inſpection of an old gov
who was either ſo honeſt, env
inſatiable, that nobody had be
able to make her a friend, or
ceſs to her charge, though
attempted it every day; not
on account of her expectatio
her father, who, being a widow
marry again and have ſons,
fortune of twelve thouſand po
her by an uncle, of which
not be deprived. This piece
exactly tallying with the laſt
the letter I had been honoure
the morning, had ſuch an effe
that any man, except Wagtai
have obſerved my emotion;
attention was too much engr
the contemplation of his own
tance, to ſuffer him to be affe
the deportment of any oth
unleſs it happened to be ſo p
that he could not help takin
of it.

When I had diſengaged my
him, whoſe converſation gre
to me, I went home, and ma
acquainted with the fruit o
ſearches. This faithful ſq
almoſt choaked with tranſp
even wept with joy; but wh
account of himſelf or me, I
pretend to determine. Nex

let-doux was brought to me, g many expreſſions of tender- ingled with ſome affecting bout the artifice of man, the cy of youth, and the jealouſy nding the moſt ſincere paſſion; eſiring I would excuſe her, if d try me a little longer, before red herſelf beyond the power ting. Theſe intereſting ſcru- d fuel to my flame, and im- to my hope; I redoubled my its of her indifference, and r to an aſſignation with ſuch treaties, that in a few days ſhe d to meet me at the houſe of iner who had forwarded all my During the interval between of her promiſe, and the hour ntment, my pride ſoared be- reaſon and deſcription; I loſt abrance of the gentle Narciſſa, houghts were wholly employ- nning triumphs over the ma- contempt of the world.

gth the happy hour arrived, I he place of rendezvous, and nducted into an apartment, had not waited ten minutes, heard the ruſtling of ſilk and d of feet aſcending the ſtairs. t took the alarm, and beat ny cheeks glowed, my nerves and my knees ſhook with ex- erceived the door opening, ſaw rocade petticoat advance, and rward to embrace my charmer. nd earth! how ſhall I paint my , when I found Miſs Sparkle d into a wrinkled hag turned ty! I was ſtruck dumb with nt, and petrified with horror! cient Urganda perceived my and approaching with a lan- air, ſeized my hand, aſking in ing tone, if I was indiſpoſed. ſtrous affectation compleated aſt I had conceived for her at arance; and it was a long time could command myſelf ſo s to behave with common ci- t length, however, I recollect- f, and pronounced an apology behaviour, which, I ſaid, pro- rom a dizzineſs that ſeized me ſudden. My hoary dulcinea, doubt, had been alarmed at my n, no ſooner learned the cauſe h I now aſcribed it, than ſhe ed her joy in a thouſand amo- rous coquetries, and aſſumed the ſprightly airs of a girl of ſixteen. One while ſhe ogled me with her dim eyes, quenched in rheum; then, as if ſhe was aſhamed of that freedom, ſhe af- fected to look down, bluſh, and play with her fan, then toſs her head that I might not perceive a palſy that ſhook it, aſk ſome childiſh queſtions with a liſping accent, giggle and grin with her mouth ſhut, to conceal the ravages of time upon her teeth, leer upon me again, ſigh piteouſly, fling herſelf about in her chair to ſhew her agility, and act a great many more abſurdities that youth and beauty can alone excuſe. Shocked as I was at my diſappointment, my diſpo- ſition was incapable of affronting any perſon who loved me; I therefore en- deavoured to put a good face on the matter for the preſent, reſolved to drop the whole affair as ſoon as I ſhould get clear of her company; with this view I uttered ſome civil things, and in par- ticular deſired to know the name and condition of the lady who had honoured me ſo much. She told me her name was Withers, that ſhe lived with Sir John Sparkle in quality of governeſs to his only daughter, in which ſituation ſhe had picked up a comfortable ſuffici- ency to make her eaſy for life; that ſhe had the pleaſure of ſeeing me at church, where my appearance and deportment made ſuch an impreſſion upon her heart, that ſhe could enjoy no eaſe until ſhe had enquired into my character, which ſhe found ſo amiable in all reſpects, that ſhe yielded to the violence of her inclination, and ventured to declare her paſſion, with too little regard perhaps to the decorum of her ſex; but ſhe hoped I would forgive a treſpaſs of which I myſelf was in ſome meaſure the cauſe, and impute her intruſion to the irreſiſtible dictates of love. No de- cayed rake ever ſwallowed a bolus with more reluctance than I felt in making a reply ſuitable to this compliment, when, inſtead of the jewel, I found the crazy caſket only in my power; and yet my hopes began to revive a little, when I conſidered, that by carrying on the appearance of an intrigue with the duenna, I might poſſibly obtain acceſs to her charge. Encouraged by this ſug- geſtion, my temper grew more ſerene, my reſerve wore off, I talked *ex cava- lier*, and even made love to this anti- quated coquette, who ſeemed extremely

happy

happy in her adorer, and ſpread all her allurements to make her imagined conqueſt more ſecure. The good woman of the houſe treated us with tea and ſweetmeats, and afterwards withdrew, like a civil experienced matron as ſhe was. Left thus to our mutual endearments, Miſs Withers (for ſhe was ſtill a maiden) began to talk of matrimony, and expreſſed ſo much impatience in all her behaviour, that had ſhe been fifty years younger, I might poſſibly have gratified her longing without having recourſe to the church; but this ſtep my virtue as well as intereſt forbade. When the inclinations of an old maid ſettle upon a young fellow, he is perſecuted with her addreſſes; but ſhould he once grant her the favour, he will never be able to diſentangle himſelf from her importunities and reproaches. It was my buſineſs to defer the ceremony as long as poſſible, under the moſt ſpecious pretences, with a view of becoming acquainted with Miſs Sparkle in the mean time; and I did not deſpair of ſucceſs, when I conſidered, that in the courſe of our correſpondence I ſhould, in all probability, be invited to viſit my miſtreſs in her own apartment, and by theſe means have an opportunity of converſing with her charming ward. Pleaſed with this proſpect, my heart dilated with joy, I talked in raptures to the ſtale governante, and kiſſed her ſhrivelled hand with great devotion. She was ſo much tranſported with her good fortune, that ſhe could not contain her extaſy, but flew upon me like a tygreſs, and preſſed her ſkinny lips to mine; when (as it was no doubt concerted by her evil genius) a doſe of garlick ſhe had ſwallowed that morning, to diſpel wind I ſuppoſe, began to operate with ſuch a ſudden exploſion, that human nature, circumſtanced as I was, could not endure the ſhock with any degree of temper. I loſt all patience and reflection, flung away from her in an inſtant, ſnatched my hat and cane, and ran down ſtairs as if the devil had me in purſuit, and could ſcarce reſtrain the convulſion of my bowels, which were grievouſly offended by the perfume that aſſaulted me. Strap, who waited my return with impatience, ſeeing me arrive in the utmoſt diſorder, ſtood motionleſs with apprehenſion, and durſt not enquire into the cauſe.

After I had waſhed my mouth more than once, and recruited my ſpirits with a glaſs of wine, I recounted to him every particular of what had happened; to which he made no other reply for ſome time, than lifting up his eyes, claſping his hands, and uttering a hollow groan. At length he obſerved, in a melancholy tone, that it was a thouſand pities my organs were ſo delicate as to be offended with the ſmell of garlick: 'Ah! God help us,' ſaid he, 'tis 'not the ſteams of garlick, no, nor 'of ſomething elſe, that would give me 'the leaſt uneaſineſs; ſee what it is to 'be a cobler's ſon.' I replied haſtily, 'I wiſh then you would go and retrieve 'my miſcarriage.' At this ſuggeſtion he ſtarted, forced a ſmile, and left the room, ſhaking his head. Whether the old gentlewoman reſented my abrupt departure ſo much, that her love changed into diſdain, or was aſhamed to ſee me on account of her infirmity, I know not; but I was never troubled again with her paſſion.

CHAP. XV.

I CULTIVATE AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH TWO NOBLEMEN—AM INTRODUCED TO EARL STRUTWELL—HIS KIND PROMISE AND INVITATION—THE BEHAVIOUR OF HIS PORTER AND LACQUEY—HE RECEIVES ME WITH AN APPEARANCE OF UNCOMMON AFFECTION——UNDERTAKES TO SPEAK IN MY BEHALF TO THE MINISTER—INFORMS ME OF HIS SUCCESS, AND WISHES ME JOY—INTRODUCES A CONVERSATION ABOUT PETRONIUS ARBITER—FALLS IN LOVE WITH MY WATCH, WHICH I PRESS UPON HIM—I MAKE A PRESENT OF A DIAMOND RING TO LORD STRADDLE—IMPART MY GOOD FORTUNE TO STRAP AND BANTER, WHO DISABUSES ME, TO MY UTTER MORTIFICATION.

BAFFLED hitherto in my matrimonial ſcheines, I began to queſtion my talents for the ſcience of fortune-hunting, and to bend my thoughts towards ſome employment under the government. With the view of procuring which, I cultivated the acquaintance

ntance of Lord Straddle and
ot, whoſe fathers were men of
at court. I found theſe young
ien as open to my advances as I
deſire: I accompanied them in
idnight rambles, and often di-
:h them at taverns, where I had
our of paying the reckoning.
ie day took the opportunity,
: was loaded with proteſtations
ndſhip, to diſcloſe my deſire of
ſettled in ſome ſinecure; and to
their influence in my behalf.
ot ſqueezing my hand, ſaid I
lepend upon his ſervice, by God.
her ſwore that no man would be
roud than he to run my errands.
raged by theſe declarations, I
ed to expreſs an inclination to
roduced to their fathers, who
ible to do my buſineſs at once.
ot frankly owned he had not
to his father theſe three years;
raddle aſſured me his father hav-
tely diſobliged the miniſter, by
ibing his name to a proteſt in the
of peers, was thereby rendered
ble of ſerving his friends at pre-
but he undertook to make me
inted with Earl Strutwell, who
and and glove with a certain per-
ho ruled the roaſt. This offer
praced with many acknowledg-
, and plied him ſo cloſely, in
of a thouſand evaſions, that he
himſelf under a neceſſity of keep-
s word, and actually carried me
levee of this great man, where
t me in a crowd of fellow-de-
nts, and was uſhered to a parti-
cloſet audience; from whence,
w minutes, he returned with his
ip, who took me by the hand, af-
me he would do me all the ſervice
uld, and deſired to ſee me often.
charmed with my reception, and
gh I had heard that a courtier's
ſe is not to be depended upon, I
ht I diſcovered ſo much ſweet-
of temper and candour in this
countenance, that I did not
: of finding my account in his
tion. I reſolved therefore, to
by this permiſſion, and waited
im next audience day, when I
avoured with a particular ſmile,
ze of the hand, and a whiſper,
ying that he wanted half an hour's
rſation with me in private, when
he ſhould be diſengaged, and for that purpoſe deſired me to come and drink a diſh of chocolate with him to-morrow morning. This invitation, which did not a little flatter my vanity and expectation, I took care to obſerve, and went to his lordſhip's houſe at the time appointed. Having rapped at the gate, the porter unbolted and kept it half open, placing himſelf in the gap, like ſoldiers in a breach, to diſpute my paſſage. I aſked if his lord was ſtirring. He anſwered with a ſurly aſpect, 'No.'—'At what hour does he 'commonly riſe?' ſaid I. 'Some-'times ſooner, ſometimes later,' ſaid he, cloſing the door upon me by degrees. I then told him, I was come by his lordſhip's own appointment; to which intimation this Cerberus replied, 'I have received no orders 'about the matter;' and was upon the point of ſhutting me out; when I recollected myſelf all of a ſudden, and ſlipping a crown into his hand, begged as a favour that he would enquire, and let me know whether or not the Earl was up. The grim Janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with all the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and ſhewed me into a parlour, where, he ſaid, I might amuſe myſelf till ſuch time as his lord ſhould be awake. I had not ſat ten minutes in this place, when a footman entered, and without ſpeaking, ſtared at me; I interpreted this piece of his behaviour into 'Pray, Sir, what is your buſi-'neſs?' and aſked the ſame queſtion I had put to the porter, when I accoſted him firſt. The lacquey made the ſame reply, and diſappeared before I could get any farther intelligence. In a little time he returned, on pretence of poking the fire, and looked at me again with great earneſtneſs; upon which I began to perceive his meaning, and tipping him with half a crown, deſired he would be ſo good as to fall upon ſome method of letting the earl know that I was in the houſe. He made a low bow, ſaid, 'Yes, 'Sir,' and vaniſhed. This bounty was not thrown away, for in an inſtant he came back, and conducted me to a chamber, where I was received with great kindneſs and familiarity by his lordſhip, whom I found juſt riſen, in his morning gown and ſlippers. After

breakfaſt

breakfaſt, he entered into a particular converſation with me about my travels, the remarks I had made abroad, and examined me to the full extent of my underſtanding. My anſwers ſeemed to pleaſe him very much, he frequently ſqueezed my hand, and looking at me with a ſingular complacency in his countenance, bade me depend upon his good offices with the miniſtry in my behalf. 'Young men of your qualifications,' ſaid he, 'ought to be 'cheriſhed by every adminiſtration. 'For my own part, I ſee ſo little merit in the world, that I have laid it 'down as a maxim, to encourage the 'leaſt appearance of genius and virtue 'to the utmoſt of my power: you 'have a great deal of both; and will 'not fail of making a figure one day, 'if I am not miſtaken; but you muſt 'lay your account with mounting 'by gradual ſteps to the ſummit of 'your fortune: *Rome was not built 'in a day*. As you underſtand the 'languages perfectly well, how would 'you like to croſs the ſea as ſecretary 'to an embaſſy?' I aſſured his lordſhip, with great eagerneſs, that nothing could be more agreeable to my inclination: upon which he bade me make myſelf eaſy, my buſineſs was done, for he had a place of that kind in his view. This piece of generoſity affected me ſo much, that I was unable for ſome time to expreſs my gratitude, which at length broke out in acknowledgments of my own unworthineſs, and encomiums on his benevolence. I could not even help ſhedding tears, at the goodneſs of this noble lord, who no ſooner perceived them, than he caught me in his arms, and hugged and kiſſed me with a ſeemingly paternal affection. Confounded at this uncommon inſtance of fondneſs for a ſtranger, I remained a few moments ſilent and aſhamed, then roſe and took my leave, after he had aſſured me that he would ſpeak to the miniſter in my favour, that very day; and deſired that I would not for the future give myſelf the trouble of attending at his levee, but come at the ſame hour every day when he ſhould be at leiſure, that is, three times a week.

Though my hopes were now very ſanguine, I determined to conceal my proſpect from every body, even from *Strap*, until I ſhould be more certain of ſucceſs; and in the mean time, give my patron no reſpite from my ſolicitations. When I renewed my viſit, I found the ſtreet-door opened to me as if by enchantment; but in my paſſage towards the preſence-room, I was met by the valet de chambre, who caſt ſome furious looks at me, the meaning of which I could not comprehend. The earl ſaluted me at entrance with a tender embrace, and wiſhed me joy of his ſucceſs with the premier; who, he ſaid, had preferred his recommendation to that of two other noblemen very urgent in behalf of their reſpective friends, and abſolutely promiſed that I ſhould go to a certain foreign court in quality of ſecretary to an ambaſſador and plenipotentiary, who was to ſet out in a few weeks, on an affair of vaſt importance to the nation. I was thunder-ſtruck with my good fortune, and could make no other reply, than kneel and attempt to kiſs my benefactor's hand; which ſubmiſſion he would not permit, but raiſing me up, preſſed me to his breaſt with ſurprizing emotion, and told me he had now taken upon himſelf the care of making my fortune. What inhanced the value of the benefit ſtill the more, was his making light of the favour, and ſhifting the converſation to another ſubject: among other topicks of diſcourſe, that of the belles lettres was introduced, upon which his lordſhip held forth with great taſte and erudition, and diſcovered an intimate knowledge of the authors of antiquity. 'Here's a book,' ſaid he, taking one from his boſom, 'written 'with great elegance and ſpirit; and 'though the ſubject may give offence 'to ſome narrow-minded people, the 'author will always be held in eſteem 'by every perſon of wit and learning.' So ſaying, he put into my hand Petronius Arbiter, and aſked my opinion of his wit and manner. I told him, that in my opinion, he wrote with great eaſe and vivacity, but was withal ſo lewd and indecent, that he ought to find no quarter or protection among people of morals and taſte. 'I own,' replied the earl, 'that his taſte in love 'is generally decried, and indeed con'demned by our laws; but perhaps 'that may be more owing to prejudice 'and miſapprehenſion, than to true 'reaſon and deliberation. The beſt 'man among the ancients is ſaid to 'have entertained that paſſion; one of 'the

f their legiſlators has per-
: indulgence of it in his
ealth; the moſt celebrated
not ſcrupled to avow it:
it prevails not only over
, but in moſt parts of Eu-
our own country it gains
ace, and in all probability
ne in a ſhort time a more
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leed, there is ſomething to
vindication of it; for not-
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ſtards, who are either mur-
eir parents, deſerted to the
nt and wretchedneſs, or
prey upon the common-
nd it likewiſe prevents the
of many a young maiden,
oſtitution of honeſt men's
t to mention the conſidera-
alth, which is much leſs
e impaired in the gratifica-
s appetite, than in the ex-
ommon venery, which by
conſtitutions of our young
roduced a puny progeny,
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s another motive, perhaps
rful than all theſe; that in-
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amely, the exquiſite plea-
ling it's ſucceſs.'

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ired at this ſuppoſed ſu-
rgued againſt it with great
an appetite unnatural, ab-
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of it in theſe lines of the

my the wretch confound,
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s genial love, and manhood
e!"

The earl ſmiled at my indignation, told me he was glad to find my opinion of the matter ſo conformable to his own, and that what he advanced was only to provoke me to an anſwer, with which he profeſſed himſelf perfectly well pleaſed.

After I had enjoyed a long audience, I happened to look at my watch, in order to regulate my motions by it; and his lordſhip obſerving the chaſed caſe, deſired to ſee the device, and examine the execution, which he approved with ſome expreſſions of admiration. Conſidering the obligations I lay under to his lordſhip, I thought there could not be a fitter opportunity than the preſent, to manifeſt, in ſome ſhape, my gratitude; I therefore begged he would do me the honour to accept of the watch, as a ſmall teſtimony of the ſenſe I had of his lordſhip's generoſity; but he refuſed it in a peremptory manner, and ſaid he was ſorry I ſhould entertain ſuch a mercenary opinion of him; obſerving at the ſame time, that it was the moſt beautiful piece of workmanſhip he had ever ſeen; and deſiring to know where he could have ſuch another. I begged a thouſand pardons for the freedom I had taken, which I hoped he would impute to nothing elſe than the higheſt veneration for his perſon; told him that, as it came to my hand by accident in France, I could give him no information about the maker, for there was no name on the inſide; and once more humbly entreated that he would indulge me ſo far as to uſe it for my ſake. He was ſtill poſitive in refuſing it; but was pleaſed to thank me for my generous offer, ſaying it was a preſent that no nobleman need be aſhamed of receiving; though he was reſolved to ſhew his diſintereſtneſs with regard to me, for whom he had conceived a particular friendſhip; and inſiſted (if I was willing to part with the watch) upon knowing what it had coſt, that he might at leaſt indemnify me, by refunding the money. On the other hand, I aſſured his lordſhip that I ſhould look upon it as an uncommon mark of diſtinction, if he would take it without farther queſtion: and rather than diſoblige me, he was at laſt perſuaded to put it in his pocket, to my no ſmall ſatisfaction; who took my leave immediately, after having received

a kind ſqueeze, and an injunction to depend upon his promiſe.

Buoyed up with this reception, my heart opened, I gave away a guinea among the lacqueys; who eſcorted me to the door, flew to the lodgings of Lord Straddle, upon whom I forced my diamond ring, as an acknowledgment for the great ſervice he had done me, and from thence hied me home, with an intent of ſharing my happineſs with honeſt Strap. I determined, however, to heighten his pleaſure, by depreſſing his ſpirits at firſt, and then bringing in the good news with double reliſh. For this purpoſe, I affected the appearance of diſappointment and chagrin, and told him in an abrupt manner, that I had loſt the watch and diamond. Poor Hugh, who had been already haraſſed into a conſumption by intelligence of this ſort, no ſooner heard theſe words, than, unable to contain himſelf, he cried with diſtraction in his looks, 'God in heaven for-'bid!' I could carry on the farce no longer, but laughing in his face, told him every thing that had paſſed, as above recited. His features were immediately unbended, and the tranſition ſo affecting, that he wept with joy, calling my Lord Strutwell by the appellations of jewel, phœnix, *rara avis*; and praiſing God, that there was ſtill ſome virtue left among our nobility. Our mutual congratulations being over, we gave way to our imagination, and anticipated our happineſs, by proſecuting our ſucceſs through the different ſteps of promotion, till I arrived at the rank of a prime miniſter, and he to that of my firſt ſecretary.

Intoxicated with theſe ideas, I went to the ordinary, where, meeting with Banter, I communicated the whole affair in confidence to him, concluding with an aſſurance that I would do him all the ſervice in my power. He heard me to an end with great patience, then regarding me a good while with a look of diſdain, pronounced, 'So, your 'buſineſs is done, you think?'—'As 'good as done, I believe,' ſaid I, 'I'll tell you,' replied he, 'what will 'do it ſtill more effectually—a hal-'ter. 'Sdeath! if I had been ſuch a 'gull to two ſuch ſcoundrels as Strut-'well and Straddle, I would with-'out any more ado tuck myſelf up.' Shocked at this exclamation, I him, with ſome confuſion, to himſelf: upon which he gave underſtand, that Straddle was contemptible wretch, who li borrowing and pimping for his peers; that in conſequence of t capacity, he had doubtleſs intr me to Strutwell, who was ſo no for a paſſion for his own ſex, was amazed his character hac reached my ears; and that fa being able to obtain for me t he had promiſed, his intereſt a was ſo low, that he could ſcar vide for a ſuperannuated footm a year, in the cuſtoms or exciſ it was a common thing for amuſe ſtrangers, whom his jack down, with ſuch aſſurances and as he had beſtowed on me, u had ſtript them of their caſh an thing valuable about them; ver of their chaſtity; and then lea a prey to want and infamy; allowed his ſervants no other than that part of the ſpoil whi could glean by their induſtry; whole of his conduct towards ſo glaring, that nobody who kn thing of mankind could have b poſed upon by his inſinuations.

I leave the reader to judge ho liſhed this piece of information, precipitated me from the moſt pinnacle of hope to the loweſt a deſpondence; and well nigh mined me to take Banter's advi finiſh my chagrin with a halter. no room to ſuſpect the veracity friend, becauſe, upon recollec found every circumſtance of well's behaviour exactly tallyi the character he had deſcribe hugs, embraces, ſqueezes, an looks, were now no longer a m no more than his defence of Pet and the jealous frown of his chambre, who, it ſeems, had b favourite pathic of his lord.

CHAP. XVI.

I ATTEMPT TO RECOVE WATCH AND JEWEL, BUT PURPOSE—RESOLVE T VENGE MYSELF ON STRUT BY MY IMPORTUNITY—A DUCED TO MY LAST GUI OB

ED TO INFORM STRAP OF
ECESSITY, WHO IS ALMOST
ACTED WITH THE NEWS
NEVERTHELESS OBLIGED
AWN MY BEST SWORD FOR
NT SUBSISTENCE—THAT
L SUPPLY BEING EXHAUST-
AM ALMOST STUPIFIED
MY MISFORTUNES—GO
HE GAMING TABLE, BY
ADVICE OF BANTER, AND
OFF WITH UNEXPECTED
ESS—STRAP'S EXTASY—
AWKY WAITS UPON ME,
SSES REMORSE FOR HER
DY, AND IMPLORES MY
TANCE——I DO MYSELF A
OF JUSTICE BY HER
S, AND AFTERWARDS RE-
LE HER TO HER FATHER.

so confounded, that I could no reply to Banter, who re- me with great indignation g thrown away upon rascals, h, had it been converted into oney, would have supported of a gentleman for some and enabled me, at the same oblige my friends. Stupified , I could easily divine the f his concern, but sneaked a solitary manner, without he least answer to his expostu- and began to deliberate with what manner I should at- retrieve the moveables I had ly lost. I should have thought bery to take them again by uld I have done it without any f being detected; but as I e no such opportunity, I re- work by finesse, and go im- to the lodgings of Straddle, as so fortunate as to find him. d,' said I, 'I have just now ted, that the diamond I had our of presenting to you, is d a little in the socket, and a young fellow just arrived ris, who is reckoned the best in Europe; I knew him in , and if your lordship will leave, will carry the ring to be set to rights.' His lordship to be caught in this snare; d me for my offer, and told me, ng himself observed the defect, eady sent it to his own jeweller nded. And indeed, by this time I believe it was in the jeweller's hands; though not in order to be mend- ed, for it stood in need of no altera- tion.

Baulked in this piece of politicks, I cursed my simplicity; but resolved to play a surer game with the earl, which I thus devised. I did not doubt of being admitted into familiar conversa- tion with him, as before, and hoped by some means to get the watch into my hand, and then, on pretence of winding or playing with it, drop it on the floor, when in all probability the fall would disorder the work so as to stop it's mo- tion: this event would furnish me with an opportunity of insisting upon carry- ing it away in order to be repaired; and then I should have been in no hurry to bring it back. What pity it was I could not find an occasion of putting this fine scheme in execution! When I went to renew my visit to his lordship, my access to the parlour was as free as ever; but after I had waited some time, the valet de chambre came in with his lordship's compliments, and a desire to see me to-morrow at his levee, he being at present so much indisposed that he could not see company. I in- terpreted this message into a bad omen, and came away muttering curses against his lordship's politeness, and ready to go to logger-heads with myself for being so egregiously duped. But that I might have some satisfaction for the loss I had sustained, I besieged him closely at his levee, and persecuted him with my solicitations; not without faint hopes indeed of reaping some- thing more from my industry, than the bare pleasure of making him uneasy; though I could never obtain another private hearing, during the whole course of my attendance; neither had I resolution enough to undeceive Strap, whose looks in a little time were so whetted with impatience, that when- ever I came home, his eyes devoured me, as it were, with eagerness of at- tention.

At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was com- pelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavoured to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assu- rances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy suf- ficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the

lowneſs of my finances, than uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed; 'In 'the name of God, what ſhall we do?' In order to comfort him, I ſaid, that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worſe condition than we, ſupported, notwithſtanding, the character of gentlemen; and adviſing him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, propoſed he ſhould pawn my ſword of ſteel inlaid with gold, and truſt to my diſcretion for the reſt. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap; who, in ſpite of his invincible affection for me, ſtill retained notions of œconomy and expence ſuitable to the narrowneſs of his education; nevertheleſs he complied with my requeſt, and raiſed ſeven pieces on the ſword in a twinkling. This ſupply, inconſiderable as it was, made me as happy for the preſent, as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank; for by this time I was ſo well ſkilled in procraſtinating every troubleſome reflection, that the proſpect of want ſeldom affected me very much, let it be ever ſo near.' And now indeed it was nearer than I imagined; my landlord having occaſion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas in lodging; and telling me he had a ſum to make up, begged I would excuſe his importunity, and diſcharge the debt. Though I could ill ſpare ſo much caſh, my pride took the reſolution of diſburſing it. This I did in a cavalier manner, after he had written a diſcharge, telling him with an air of ſcorn and reſentment, I ſaw he was reſolved that I ſhould not be long in his books; while Strap, who ſtood by, and knew my circumſtances, wrung his hands in ſecret, gnawed his nether lip, and turned yellow with deſpair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderſtruck with this demand; which I had no ſooner ſatisfied, than I haſtened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with converſation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner, a party was accordingly made in the coffee-houſe, from whence we adjourned to the tavern, where, inſtead of ſharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good-humour as a damned ſoul in hell would be at a glimpſe of heaven. In vain did I ſwallow bumper after bumper! the wine had loſt it's effect upon me, and far from raiſing my dejected ſpirits, could not even lay me aſleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had, (Strap excepted) perceived my anxiety, and when we broke up, reproached me with puſillanimity, for being caſt down at any diſappointment that ſuch a raſcal as Strutwell could be the occaſion of. I told him I did not at all ſee how Strutwell's being a raſcal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to underſtand, that my preſent grief did not ſo much proceed from that diſappointment, as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was ſunk to ſomething leſs than two guineas. At this declaration, he cried, 'Pſha! is 'that all?' and aſſured me, there was a thouſand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himſelf having ſubſiſted many years entirely by his wit. I expreſſed an eager deſire of being acquainted with ſome of theſe methods; and he, without farther expoſtulation, bade me follow him. He conducted me to a houſe under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our ſwords to a grim fellow who demanded them at the foot of the ſtair-caſe, aſcended to the ſecond ſtory, where I ſaw multitudes of people ſtanding round two gaming tables, loaded in a manner with gold and ſilver. My conductor told me this was the houſe of a worthy Scotch lord, who uſing the privilege of his peerage, had ſet up public gaming tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *ſitters* and the *betters*; characterized the firſt as old rooks, and the laſt as bubbles; and adviſed me to try my fortune at the ſilver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture any thing, I conſidered the company more particularly, and there appeared ſuch a groupe of villainous faces, that I was ſtruck with horror and aſtoniſhment at the ſight! ſignified my ſurprize to Banter, who whiſpered in my ear, that the bulk of thoſe preſent were ſharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices, who having embezzled their maſters caſh, made a deſperate puſh in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my ſmall pittance; but at length, being teized by the importunities of my friend,

› assured me there was no being ill uſed, becauſe peo- red by the owner to ſee juſ- o every body, I began by e ſhilling, and in leſs than winning amounted to thir- nced by this time of the he game, and animated with ere was no need of farther o continue the play. I lent o ſeldom had any money in a guinea, which he car- gold table and loſt in a mo- would have borrowed ano- inding me deaf to his argu- nt away in a pet. Mean- ain advanced to ſix pieces, ire of more increaſed in pro- › that I moved to the higher re I laid half a guinea on v, and fortune ſtill favour- became a ſitter, in which remained till it was broad I found myſelf, after many , one hundred and fifty pocket.

g it now high time to retire ooty, I aſked if any body my place, and made a mo- ; upon which an old Gaſ- ſat oppoſite to me, and of d won a little money, ſtarted ury in his looks, crying, *outre, reſtez; il faut donner ravanchio!*' At the ſame w who ſat near the other, that I was more beholden to ortune, for what I had got; d obſerved me wipe the table , and that ſome of the divi- ed to be greaſy. This inti- oduced a great deal of cla- inſt me, eſpecially amongſt who threatened with many imprecations to take me up rant as a ſharper, unleſs I mpromiſe the affair by re- he greateſt part of my win- hough I was far from being this accuſation, I relied up- nocence, threatened in my oſecute the Jew for defama- boldly offered to ſubmit my ne examination of any juſtice inſter; but they knew them- well to put their characters ſue, and finding I was not to dated into any conceſſion, r plea, and made way for me w. I would not, however, ſtir from the table, until the Iſraelite had retracted what he ſaid to my diſ- advantage, and aſked pardon before the whole aſſembly.

As I marched out with my prize, I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked noſe, fierce eyes, black thick eye-brows, a pig-tail wig of the ſame colour, and a formidable hat pulled over his fore- head, who ſtood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no ſooner felt the application of my ſhoe-heel, than he roared out in a tremendous voice, 'Blood and wounds! you ſon of a 'whore, what's that for?' I aſked pardon with a great deal of ſubmiſſion, and proteſted I had no intention of hurting him; but the more I humbled myſelf the more he ſtormed, and in- ſiſted upon gentlemanly ſatisfaction, at the ſame time provoking me with ſcan- dalous names that I could not put up with; ſo that I gave a looſe to my paſ- ſion, returned his Billingſgate, and chal- lenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refuſed my invitation, ſaying, he would chuſe his own time, and returned towards the table, mut- tering threats, which I neither dread- ed, nor diſtinctly heard; but deſcend- ing with great deliberation, received my ſword from the door-keeper, whom I gratified with a guinea, according to the cuſtom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

My faithful valet, who had ſat up all night in the utmoſt uneaſineſs on my account, let me in with his face be- ſlubbered with tears, and followed me to my chamber, where he ſtood ſilent like a condemned criminal, in expectation of hearing that every ſhilling was ſpent. I gueſſed the ſituation of his thoughts, and aſſuming a ſullen look, bade him fetch me ſome water to waſh. He re- plied, without lifting his eyes from the ground, 'In my ſimple conjecture, 'you have more occaſion for reſt, not 'having, I ſuppoſe, ſlept theſe four 'and twenty hours.'—'Bring me ſome 'water!' ſaid I, in a peremptory tone: upon which he ſneaked away, ſhrugging his ſhoulders. Before he returned, I had ſpread my whole ſtock on the table in the moſt oſtentatious manner; ſo that when it firſt ſaluted his view, he ſtood like one intranced, and having rubbed his eyes more than

once,

once, to assure himself of his being awake, he broke out into, 'Lord have 'mercy upon us, what a vast treasure 'is here!'—'Tis all our own, Strap,' said I; 'take what is necessary, and 'redeem the sword immediately.' He advanced towards the table, stopt short by the way, looked at the money and me by turns, and with a wildness in his countenance, produced from joy checked by distrust, cried, 'I dare say 'it is honestly come by.' To remove his scruples, I made him acquainted with the whole story of my success; which when he heard, he danced about the room in an extasy, crying, 'God 'be praised! a white stone! God be 'praised! a white stone!' So that I was afraid the sudden change of fortune had disordered his intellects, and that he was run mad with joy. Extremely concerned at this event, I attempted to reason him out of his frenzy, but to no purpose; for, without regarding what I said, he continued to frisk up and down, and repeat his rhapsody of, 'God be praised! a white 'stone!' At last I rose in the utmost consternation, and laying violent hands upon him, put a stop to his extravagance, by fixing him down to a settee that was in the room. This constraint banished his delirium; he started, as if just awoke, and terrified at my behaviour, cried, 'What is the matter?' When he learned the cause of my apprehension, he was ashamed of his transports, and told me, that in mentioning the white stone, he alluded to the *Dies fasti* of the Romans, *albo lapide notati*.

Having no inclination to sleep, I secured my cash, dressed, and was just going abroad, when the servant of the house told me, there was a gentlewoman at the door, who wanted to speak with me. Surprized at this information, I bade Strap shew her up, and in less than a minute saw a young woman of a shabby decayed appearance enter my room. After half a dozen curtseys, she began to sob, and told me her name was Gawky; upon which information I immediately recollected the features of Miss Lavement, who had been the first occasion of my misfortunes. Though I had all the reason in the world to resent her treacherous *behaviour* to me, I was moved at her *distress*, and professing my sorrow at seeing her so reduced, desire sit, and enquired into the pa of her situation. She fell u knees, and implored my fo for the injuries she had done testing before God, that she wa against her inclination, into t lish conspiracy which had al prived me of my life, by the ties of her husband; who hav afterwards renounced by his f account of his marriage with unable to support a family on left his wife at her father's ho went with the regiment to G where he was broke for misb at the battle of Dettingen, sinc time she had heard no tidings She then gave me to understa many symptoms of penitence was her misfortune to bear a c months after marriage, by whi her parents were so incensed, was turned out of doors with fant that died soon after; and therto subsisted in a miserable manner on the extorted chari few friends, who were now qu of giving; that not knowing how to support herself one day she had fled for succour even who of all mankind had t cause to assist her, relying u generosity of my disposition, she hoped, would be pleased w opportunity of avenging itsel noblest manner on the wretch wronged me. I was very m fected with her discourse, and no cause to suspect the sincerit repentance, raised her up, fre doned all she had done against promised to befriend her as lay in my power.

Since my last arrival in Lo had made no advances to the cary, imagining it would be im for me to make my innocence so unhappily was my accusati cumstanced. Strap indeed had ed to justify me to the school- but far from succeeding in his a Mr. Concordance dropt all cor dence with him, because he ref quit his connexion with me. being in this situation, I tho fairer opportunity of vindicati character could not offer, tha which now presented itself; I fore stipulated with Mrs. Gawk

ld yield her the leaſt aſſiſ-
ould do me the juſtice to
putation, by explaining,
before a magiſtrate, the
conſpiracy as it had been
inſt me. When ſhe had
s ſatisfaction, I preſented
guineas; a ſum ſo much
pectation, that ſhe could
the evidence of her ſenſes,
dy to worſhip me for my
The declaration ſigned
n hand, I ſent to her fa-
pon recollecting and com-
rcumſtances of my charge,
ed of my integrity, and
ıe next day, in company
iend the ſchool-maſter, to
d communicated my vin-
After mutual ſalutation,
ıvement began a long apo-
e unjuſt treatment I had
ut I ſaved him a good deal
interrupting his harangue,
him, that far from enter-
eſentment againſt him, I
ſelf obliged to his lenity,
ed me to eſcape, after ſuch
mptions of guilt appeared
Mr. Concordance think-
iis turn to ſpeak, obſerved,
andom had too much can-
gacity to be diſobliged at
t, which, all things con-
ld not have been otherwiſe
oneſty of intention. 'In-
d he, 'if the plot had been
d to us by any ſurperna-
elligence; if it had been
by genii, communicated
m, or revealed by an angel
ıigh, we ſhould have been
in crediting ocular demon-
but as we were left in the
nortality, it cannot be ex-
e ſhould be incapable of
n. I do aſſure you, Mr.
no man on earth is more
ıan I am at this triumph of
racter; and as the news of
fortune panged me to the
ails, this manifeſtation of
ıocence makes my midriff
ith joy.' I thanked him
ıcern, deſired them to un-
ıoſe of their acquaintance
d harſhly of me; and hav-
l them with a glaſs of wine,
l to Lavement the deplorable
condition of his daughter, and pleaded her cauſe ſo effectually, that he conſented to ſettle a ſmall annuity on her for life; but could not be perſuaded to take her home, becauſe her mother was ſo much incenſed that ſhe would never ſee her.

CHAP. XVII.

I PURCHASE NEW CLOTHES —— REPRIMAND STRUTWELL AND STRADDLE—BANTER PROPOSES ANOTHER MATRIMONIAL SCHEME —I ACCEPT OF HIS TERMS—SET OUT FOR BATH IN A STAGE-COACH, WITH THE YOUNG LADY AND HER MOTHER—THE BEHAVIOUR OF AN OFFICER AND LAWYER—OUR FELLOW TRAVELLERS DESCRIBED—A SMART DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY MISTRESS AND THE CAPTAIN.

HAVING finiſhed this affair to my ſatisfaction, I found myſelf perfectly at eaſe, and looking upon the gaming table as a certain reſource for a gentleman in want, became more gay than ever. Although my clothes were almoſt as good as new, I grew aſhamed of wearing them, becauſe I thought every body by this time had got an inventory of my wardrobe. For which reaſon, I diſpoſed of a good part of my apparel to a ſaleſman in Monmouth Street for half the value, and bought two new ſuits with the money. I likewiſe purchaſed a plain gold watch, deſpairing of recovering that which I had ſo fooliſhly given to Strutwell, whom, notwithſtanding, I ſtill continued to viſit at his levee, until the ambaſſador he had mentioned, ſet out with a ſecretary of his own chuſing. I thought myſelf then at liberty to expoſtulate with his lordſhip, whom I treated with great freedom in a letter, for amuſing me with vain hopes, when he neither had the power nor inclination to provide for me. Nor was I leſs reſerved with Straddle, whom I in perſon reproached for miſrepreſenting to me the character of Strutwell, which I did not ſcruple to aver was infamous in every reſpect. He ſeemed very much enraged at my freedom, talked a great deal about his quality and honour, and

began

began to make ſome compariſons which I thought ſo injurious to mine, that I demanded an explanation with great warmth; and he was mean enough to equivocate, and condeſcended in ſuch a manner, that I left him with a hearty contempt of his behaviour.

About this time, Banter, who had obſerved a ſurprizing and ſudden alteration in my appearance and diſpoſition, began to enquire very minutely into the cauſe; and as I did not think fit to let him know the true ſtate of the affair, leſt he might make free with my purſe, on the ſtrength of having propoſed the ſcheme that filled it, I told him that I had received a ſmall ſupply from a relation in the country, who at the ſame time had promiſed to uſe all his intereſt, which was not ſmall, in ſoliciting ſome poſt for me that ſhould make me eaſy for life. 'If that be 'the caſe,' ſaid Banter, 'perhaps you 'wont care to mortify yourſelf a little, 'in making your fortune another way. 'I have a relation who is to ſet out for 'Bath next week, with an only daughter, who being ſickly and decrepit, 'intends to drink the waters for the 'recovery of her health. Her father, 'who was a rich Turkey merchant, 'died about a year ago, and left her 'with a fortune of twenty thouſand 'pounds, under the ſole management 'of her mother, who is my kinſwoman. I would have put in for the 'plate myſelf, but there is a breach 'at preſent between the old woman 'and me. You muſt know, that ſome 'time ago, I borrowed a ſmall ſum 'of her, and promiſed, it ſeems, to 'pay it before a certain time; but 'being diſappointed in my expectation of money from the country, the 'day elapſed, without my being able 'to take up my note, upon which ſhe 'wrote a peremptory letter, threatening 'to arreſt me, if I did not pay the debt 'immediately: nettled at this preciſe 'behaviour, I ſent a damned ſevere anſwer, which enraged her ſo much, 'that ſhe actually took out a writ againſt me. Whereupon, finding the 'thing grow ſerious, I got a friend to 'advance the money for me, diſcharged the debt, went to her houſe, and 'abuſed her for her unfriendly dealing. She was provoked by my reproaches, and ſcolded in her turn. 'The little deformed urchin joined her 'mother with ſuch virulence 'lubility of tongue, that I 'to make my retreat, after havi 'honoured with a great man 'dalous epithets, which gave m 'ly to underſtand that I had 'to hope from the eſteem of t 'or the affection of the othe 'they are both utter ſtrangers 'it is a thouſand to one that 'will be picked up by ſome ſc 'or other at Bath, if I don't 'for her otherwiſe. You are 'looking fellow, Random, a 'behave as demurely as a 'Now if you will give me an 'tion for five hundred pounds 'paid ſix months after your ma 'I will put you in a method o 'ing her in ſpite of all oppoſiti

This propoſal was too advant for me, to be refuſed: the was immediately drawn up and ed; and Banter giving me notic time when, and the ſtage-c which they were to ſet out, I a place in the ſame convenien having hired a horſe for Strap, w charmed with the proſpect, ſet f accordingly.

As we embarked before day, not the pleaſure for ſome time ing Miſs Snapper, (that was th of my miſtreſs) nor even of per the number and ſex of my fell vellers, although I gueſſed t coach was full, by the difficulty in ſeating myſelf. The firſt fi nutes paſſed in a general ſilence, all of a ſudden, the coach hee one ſide, a boiſterous voice pron 'To the right and left, cove 'flanks, damme! whiz!' I ea covered by the tone and matter exclamation, that it was utter ſon of Mars; neither was it conceive the profeſſion of anoth ſon who ſat oppoſite to me, a ſerved, that we ought to have be ſatisfied of the ſecurity, before tered upon the premiſes. Th ſallies had not the deſired effe continued a good while as mute fore; till at length, the gentle the ſword, impatient of longer made a ſecond effort, by ſwea had got into a meeting of q 'I believe ſo too,' ſaid a ſhrill voice, at my left-hand, 'for th 'of folly begins to move.'—

:n, Madam,' replied the
You ſeem to have no occa-
midwife,' cried the lady.
blood!' exclaimed the
an can't talk to a woman,
mediately thinks of a mid-
True, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I
delivered.'—'What! of
Madam?' ſaid he. 'No,
ſhe, 'of a fool.'—'Are
ne with a fool?' ſaid he.
e than two miles,' ſaid
Gad, you're a wit, Ma-
:d the officer. 'I wiſh I
any juſtice return the com-
aid the lady. 'Zounds,
e!' ſaid he. 'Your bolt
t; according to the old
ſaid ſhe. The warrior's
quite ſpent; the lawyer
to drop the proſecution,
natron, who ſat on the left
victorious wit, told her,
let her tongue run ſo faſt
gers. This reprimand,
the appellation of child,
that the ſatirical lady was
Miſs Snapper, and I re-
ılate my conduct accor-
e champion finding him-
ly handled, changed his
began to expatiate on his
. 'You talk of ſhot,
aid he; 'damme! I have
and received ſome ſhot in
I was wounded in the
a piſtol ball at Dettingen,
y nothing—but, by G—d!
t been for me—all's one
deſpiſe boaſting, d—me!
ſaying, he whiſtled one
mmed the other, of the
then addreſſing himſelf
went on thus: 'Would
nk it damned hard, after
he riſk of your life, reco-
ſtandard of a regiment
en loſt, to receive no pre-
your pains! I don't chuſe
o names, ſink me! but
r, this I will refer, by
that is this: a muſqueteer
ich guards having taken
from a certain cornet of
giment, damme! was re-
th the prize as faſt as his
ls could carry him, ſink
which, I ſnatched up a
belonged to a dead man,
hiz! and ſhot his horſe
'under him, d—n my blood! The
'fellow got upon his feet, and began
'to repoſe me; upon which I charged
'my bayonet breaſt high, and ran him
'through the body, by G—d! One of
'his comrades coming to his aſſiſtance,
'ſhot me in the ſhoulder, as I told
'you before; and another gave me a
'contuſion on the head with the butt
'end of his carbine; but, damme,
'that did not ſignify: I killed one,
'put the other to flight, and taking up
'the ſtandard, carried it off very deli-
'berately. But the beſt joke of all
'was, the ſon of a b—ch of a cornet,
'who had ſurrendered it in a coward-
'ly manner, ſeeing it in my poſſeſ-
'ſion, demanded it from me, in the
'front of the line. "D—n my blood,"
'ſays he, "where did you find my
"ſtandard?" ſays he. "D—n my
"blood," ſaid I; "where," ſaid I,
"did you loſe it!" ſaid I. "That's
"nothing to you," ſays he; "'tis my
"ſtandard," ſays he; "and by G—d
"I'll have it," ſays he. "D--n--ti--n
"ſeize me," ſays I, "if you ſhall,"
'ſays I; "till I have firſt delivered
"it to the general," ſays I. And
'accordingly I went to the head
'quarters, after the battle, and de-
'livered it to my Lord Stair, who
'promiſed to do for me; but I am no
'more than a poor lieutenant ſtill,
'd—n my blood.'

Having vented this repetition of expletives, the lawyer owned he had not been requited according to his deſerts; obſerved that the labourer is always worthy of his hire; and aſked if the promiſe was made before witneſſes, becauſe in that caſe the law would compel the general to perform it: but underſtanding that the promiſe was made over a bottle, without being reſtricted to time or terms, he pronounced it not valid in law, proceeded to enquire into the particulars of the battle, and affirmed, that although the Engliſh had drawn themſelves into a premunire at firſt, the French managed their cauſe ſo lamely in the courſe of the diſpute, that they would have been utterly nonſuited, had they not obtained a *noli proſequi*. In ſpite of theſe enlivening touches, the converſation was like to ſuffer another long interruption; when the lieutenant, unwilling to conceal any of his accompliſhments that could be diſplayed in

his preſent ſituation, offered to regale the company with a ſong; and interpreting our ſilence into a deſire of hearing, began to warble a faſhionable air, the firſt ſtanza of which he pronounced thus:

'Would you taſk the moon-ty'd hair,
'To yon flagrant beau repair;
'Where, waving with the popling vow,
'The bantling fine will ſhelter you.' &c.

The ſenſe of the reſt he perverted as he went on, with ſuch ſurprizing facility, that I could not help thinking he had been at ſome pains to burleſque the performance. Miſs Snapper aſcribed it to the true cauſe, namely, ignorance; and when he aſked her how ſhe reliſhed his muſick, anſwered, that in her opinion, the muſick and the words were much of a piece. 'O, d—n my blood!' ſaid he, 'I take that as a high compliment; 'for every body allows the words are 'damnable fine.'—'They may be ſo,' replied the lady, 'for aught I know, but 'they are above my comprehenſion.'—'I an't obliged to find you comprehenſion, Madam, curſe me!' cried he. 'No, nor to ſpeak ſenſe, neither,' ſaid ſhe. 'D—n my heart,' ſaid he, 'I'll 'ſpeak what I pleaſe.' Here the lawyer interpoſed, by telling him there were ſome things he muſt not ſpeak. And upon being defied to give an inſtance, mentioned treaſon and defamation. 'As for the king,' cried the ſoldier, 'God bleſs him; I eat his 'bread, and have loſt blood in his cauſe, 'therefore I have nothing to ſay to 'him; but, by G—d, I dare ſay any 'thing to any other man.'—'No,' ſaid the lawyer, 'you dare not call me a 'rogue.'—'Damme, for what?' ſaid the other. 'Becauſe,' replied the counſellor, 'I ſhould have a good action 'againſt you, and recover.'—'Well, 'well,' cried the officer, 'if I dare 'not call you rogue, I dare think you 'one, damme!' This ſtroke of wit he accompanied with a loud laugh of ſelf-approbation, which unluckily did not affect the audience, but effectually ſilenced his antagoniſt, who did not open his mouth for the ſpace of an hour, except to clear his pipes with three hems, which, however, produced nothing.

CHAP. XVIII.

DAY BREAKING, I HAVE THE
SURE OF VIEWING THE
SON OF MISS SNAPPER, W
I HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE—
SOLDIER IS WITTY UPON
IS OFFENDED, TALKS MUC
HIS VALOUR—IS REPRIMA
BY A GRAVE GENTLEWOM
WE ARE ALARMED WITH
CRY OF HIGHWAYMEN—I
OUT OF THE COACH,
STAND ON MY OWN DEFE
THEY RIDE OFF WITHOUT
ING ATTACKED US—I PU
THEM——ONE OF THE
THROWN FROM HIS HORS
TAKEN—I RETURN TO
COACH—AM COMPLIMENTI
MISS SNAPPER—THE CAPT
BEHAVIOUR ON THIS
SION—THE PRUDE REPROA
ME IN A SOLILOQUY—I UPI
HER IN THE SAME MAN
THE BEHAVIOUR OF MRS.
PER AT BREAKFAST, DIS
GES ME—THE LAWYER IS
TY UPON THE OFFICER,
THREATENS HIM.

IN the mean time, day break upon us, diſcovered to one ther the faces of their fellow-lers; and I had the good fort find my miſtreſs not quite ſo def nor diſagreeable as ſhe had been ſented to me. Her head, indeed ſome reſemblance to a hatchet, t being repreſented by her face; had a certain delicacy in her plexion, and a great deal of viva her eyes, which were very larg black; and though the protub of her breaſt, when conſidered ſeemed to drag her forwards, eaſy to perceive an equivalent back which balanced the othe kept her body in equilibrio. whole, I thought I ſhould hav reaſon to congratulate myſelf ſhould be my fate to poſſeſs thouſand pounds encumbered ſuch a wife. I began th to deliberate about the moſt ble means of acquiring the co and was ſo much engroſſed b

that I ſcarce took any notice
e reſt of the people in the
but revolved my proſpect in ſi-
while the converſation was
ined as before, by the object of
pes, the ſon of Mars, and the
er, who by this time had recol-
himſelf, and talked in terms as
as ever. At length a diſpute
ed, which ended in a wager, to
termined by me; who was ſo
abſorpt in contemplation, that I
r heard the reference nor the
on which was put to me by each
turn: affronted at my ſuppoſed
npt, the ſoldier with great voci-
n, ſwore, I was either dumb or
if not both, and that I looked as
uld not ſay *Bob to a gooſe*. A-
l at this obſervation, I fixed my
pon him, and pronounced with
ſis, the interjection *bob!* Upon
he cocked his hat in a fierce
r, and cried, 'Damme, Sir,
t d'ye mean by that?' Had I
ed to anſwer him, which by the
as not my deſign, I ſhould have
anticipated by Miſs, who told
ny meaning was to ſhew that I
cry boh! to a gooſe; and laugh-
y heartily at my laconic reproof.
planation and mirth did not help
eaſe his wrath, which broke out
ral martial inſinuations; ſuch as,
not underſtand ſuch freedoms,
me! D—n my blood! I'm a
leman, and bear the king's com-
on. 'Sblood! ſome people de-
to have their noſes pulled
heir impertinence.' I thought
e checked theſe ejaculations by a
; becauſe he had talked ſo much
valour, that I had long ago
him an aſs in a lion's ſkin;
is expedient did not anſwer my
ation; he took umbrage at the
ction of my brows, ſwore he did
lue my ſulky look a fig's end,
otefted he feared no man breath-
Miſs Snapper ſaid, ſhe was very
find herſelf in company with a
ſo much courage; who, ſhe did
ubt, would protect us all from
tempts of highwaymen during
urney. 'Make yourſelf per-
y eaſy on that head, Madam,'
the officer; 'I have got a pair
iſtols (here they are) which I
from a horſe officer at the battle
ringen; they are double load-
ed, and if any highwayman in Eng-
land robs you of the value of a pin
while I have the honour of being in
your company, d—n my heart.'
When he had expreſſed himſelf in this manner, a prim gentlewoman, who had ſat ſilent hitherto, opened her mouth, and ſaid, ſhe wondered how any man could be ſo rude as to pull out ſuch weapons before ladies. 'Damme, Madam,' cried the champion, 'if you are ſo much afraid at 'ſight of a piſtol, how d'ye propoſe to 'ſtand fire if there ſhould be occaſion.' She then told him, that if ſhe thought he could be ſo unmannerly as to uſe fire-arms in her preſence, whatever might be the occaſion, ſhe would get out of the coach immediately, and walk to the next village, where ſhe might procure a convenience to herſelf. Before he could make any anſwer, my dulcinea interpoſed, and obſerved, that far from being offended at a gentleman's uſing his arms in his own defence, ſhe thought herſelf very lucky in being along with one by whoſe valour ſhe ſtood a good chance of ſaving herſelf from being rifled. The prude caſt a diſdainful look at Miſs, and ſaid, that people who have but little to loſe, are ſometimes the moſt ſolicitous about preſerving it. The old lady was affronted at this inuendo, and took notice, that people ought to be very well informed before they ſpeak ſlightingly of other people's fortunes, leſt they diſcover their own envy, and make themſelves ridiculous. The daughter declared, that ſhe did not pretend to vie with any body in point of riches; and if the lady who inſiſted upon non-reſiſtance, would promiſe to indemnify us all for the loſs we ſhould ſuſtain, ſhe would be one of the firſt to perſuade the captain to ſubmiſſion, in caſe we ſhould be attacked. To this propoſal, reaſonable as it was, the reſerved lady made no other reply, than a ſcornful glance and a toſs of her head. I was very well pleaſed with the ſpirit of my miſtreſs; and even wiſhed for an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing my courage under her eye, which I believed could not fail of prepoſſeſſing her in my favour; when all of a ſudden, Strap rode up to the coach door, and told us in a great fright, that two men on horſeback were croſſing the heath, (for by this time we had paſſed Hounſlow) and

made directly towards us. This piece of information was no ſooner delivered, than Mrs. Snapper began to ſcream, her daughter grew pale, the other lady pulled out her purſe to be in readineſs, the lawyer's teeth chattered; while he pronounced, 'Tis no matter; we'll 'ſue the county, and recover.' The captain gave evident ſigns of confuſion; and I, after having commanded the coachman to ſtop, opened the door, jumped out, and invited the warrior to follow me. But finding him backward and aſtoniſhed, I took his piſtols, and giving them to Strap, who had by this time alighted, and trembled very much, I mounted on horſeback; and taking my own (which I could better depend upon) from the holſters, cocked them both, and faced the robbers, who were now very near us. Seeing me ready to oppoſe them on horſeback, and another man armed afoot, they made a halt at ſome diſtance to reconnoitre us, and after having rode round us twice, myſelf ſtill facing about as they rode, went off the ſame way they came, at a hand-gallop. A gentleman's ſervant coming up with a horſe at the ſame time, I offered him a crown to aſſiſt me in purſuing them, which he no ſooner accepted, than I armed him with the officer's piſtols, and we galloped after the thieves, who truſting to the ſwiftneſs of their horſes, ſtopped till we came within ſhot of them, and then firing at us, put their nags to the full ſpeed. We followed them as faſt as our beaſts could carry us, but not being ſo well mounted as they, our efforts would have been to little purpoſe, had not the horſe of one of them ſtumbled and thrown his rider with ſuch violence over his head, that he lay ſenſeleſs, when we came up, and was taken without the leaſt oppoſition: while his comrade conſulted his own ſafety in flight, without regarding the diſtreſs of his friend. We ſcarce had time to make ourſelves maſters of his arms, and tie his hands together, before he recovered his ſenſes; when learning his ſituation, he affected ſurprize, demanded to know by what authority we uſed a gentleman in that manner, and had the impudence to threaten us with a proſecution for robbery. In the mean time we perceived Strap coming up with a crowd of people, armed with different kinds of weapons; and among the reſt a who no ſooner perceived th whom we had ſecured, than with great emotion, 'There's 'low robbed me an hour ago, 'ty pounds in a canvas bag.' immediately ſearched, and the found exactly as it had been de upon which, we committed hi charge of the countryman, wh him to the town of Hounſlow it ſeems the farmer had alarm I, having ſatisfied the footman trouble, according to prom turned with Strap to the coach I found the captain and law in adminiſtering ſmelling bot cordials to the grave lady, gone into a fit at the noiſe of th

When I had taken my ſea Snapper, who from the coach every thing that happened, m compliment on my behaviour, ſhe was glad to ſee me return out having received any inj mother too owned herſelf ob my reſolution; and the law me, that I was entitled by a liament to a reward of forty for having apprehended a h man. The ſoldier obſerved, countenance in which impud ſhame ſtruggling, produced ſ order, that if I had not been damned hurry to get out of t he would have ſecured the r fectually, without all this b loſs of time, by a ſcheme w heat and precipitation ruined 'my own part,' continued h 'always extremely cool on th 'ſions.'—'So it appeared, 'trembling,' ſaid the you 'Death and damnation,' 'your ſex protects you, M 'any man on earth durſt 'much, I'd ſend him to h 'my heart! in an inſtant.' he fixed his eyes upon me, if I had ſeen him tremble. ed without heſitation, 'Yes.' 'me, Sir,' ſaid he, 'd'ye 'courage?' I replied, 'Ve This declaration quite di him. He looked black, nounced with a faultering v 'tis very well—d—n my 'ſhall find a time.' I ſignifie tempt of him, by thruſting in my cheek, which hum

, that he ſcarce ſwore another
ud during the whole journey.
preciſe lady, having recruited
ts by the help of ſome ſtrong
began a ſoliloquy, in which
dered that any man, who pre-
o maintain the character of a
an, could, for the ſake of a
ltry coin, throw perſons of ho-
to ſuch quandaries as might
r their lives; and profeſſed her
, that women were not aſhamed
nend ſuch brutality. At the
ne vowing, that for the future
ild never ſet foot in a ſtage-
if a private convenience could
for love or money.
ed at her remarks, I took the
ethod of conveying my ſenti-
and wondered in my turn,
y woman of common ſenſe
be ſo unreaſonable as to expect
ple, who had neither acquain-
r connexion with her, would
allow themſelves to be robbed
-treated, merely to indulge her
us humour. I likewiſe con-
y aſtoniſhment at her inſolence
ratitude, in taxing a perſon with
y, who deſerved her approba-
acknowledgment; and vowed,
ever ſhe ſhould be aſſaulted
I would leave her to the mercy
ſpoiler, that ſhe might know
ue of my protection.
a perſon of honour did not think
arry on the altercation any far-
ut ſeemed to chew the cud of
ſentment with the creſt-fallen
, while I entered into diſcourſe
y charmer, who was the more
with my converſation, as ſhe
nceived a very indifferent opi-
f my intellects from my former
. I ſhould have had cauſe to be
y ſatisfied with the ſprightlineſs
genius, could ſhe have curbed
agination with judgment; but
oured under ſuch a profuſion of
at I dreaded her unruly tongue,
lt by anticipation the horrors of
rnal clack! However, when I
ered, on the other hand, the joys
ing the poſſeſſion of twenty thou-
ounds, I forgot her imperfec-
ſeized occaſion by the fore-lock,
ndeavoured to inſinuate myſelf
er affection. The careful mo-
ept a ſtrict watch over her, and
h ſhe could not help behaving
civilly to me, took frequent opportunities of diſcouraging our communication, by reprimanding her for being ſo free with ſtrangers, and telling her ſhe muſt learn to ſpeak leſs, and think more. Abridged of the uſe of ſpeech, we converſed with our eyes, and I found the young lady very eloquent in this kind of diſcourſe. In ſhort, I had reaſon to believe that ſhe was ſick of the old gentlewoman's tuition, and that I ſhould find it no difficult matter to ſuperſede her authority.

When we arrived at the place where we were to breakfaſt, I alighted and helped my miſtreſs out of the coach as well as her mother, who called for a private room, to which they withdrew in order to eat by themſelves. As they retired together, I perceived that Miſs had got more twiſts from nature than I had before obſerved, for ſhe was bent ſideways in the figure of an S, ſo that her progreſſion very much reſembled that of a crab. The prude alſo choſe the captain for her meſſmate, and ordered breaſtfaſt for two only to be brought into another ſeparate room; while the lawyer and I, deſerted by the reſt of the company, were fain to put up with each other. I was a good deal chagrined at the ſtately reſerve of Mrs. Snapper, who I thought did not uſe me with all the complaiſance I deſerved; and my companion declared, that he had been a traveller for twenty years, and never knew the ſtage-coach rules ſo much infringed before. As for the honourable gentlewoman, I could not conceive the meaning of her attachment to the lieutenant; and aſked the lawyer, if he knew for which of the ſoldier's virtues ſhe admired him. The counſellor facetiouſly replied, 'I ſuppoſe the lady knows him to be an able conveyancer, and wants him to make a ſettlement in tail.' I could not help laughing at the archneſs of the barriſter, who entertained me during breakfaſt with a great deal of wit of the ſame kind, at the expence of our fellow-travellers; and among other things ſaid, he was ſorry to find the young lady ſaddled with ſuch incumbrances.

When we had made an end of our repaſt, and paid our reckoning, we went into the coach, took our places,

and

and bribed the driver with ſixpence, to revenge us on the reſt of his fare, by hurrying them away in the midſt of their meal. This taſk he performed to our ſatisfaction, after he had diſturbed their enjoyment with his importunate clamour. The mother and daughter obeyed the ſummons firſt, and, coming to the coach door, were obliged to deſire the coachman's aſſiſtance to get in, becauſe the lawyer and I had agreed to ſhew our reſentment by our neglect. They were no ſooner ſeated, than the captain appeared as much heated as if he had been purſued a dozen of miles by an enemy; and immediately after him came the lady, not without ſome marks of diſorder. Having helped her up, he entered himſelf, growling a few oaths againſt the coachman, for his impertinent interruption; and the lawyer comforted him by ſaying, that if he had ſuffered a *niſi prius* through the obſtinacy of the defendant, he might have an opportunity to join iſſue at the next ſtage. This laſt expreſſion gave offence to the grave gentlewoman, who told him, if ſhe was a man ſhe would make him repent of ſuch obſcenity, and thanked God ſhe had never been in ſuch company before. At this inſinuation, the captain thought himſelf under a neceſſity of eſpouſing the lady's cauſe; and accordingly threatened to cut off the lawyer's ears, if he ſhould give his tongue any ſuch liberties for the future. The poor counſellor begged pardon, and univerſal ſilence enſued.

CHAP. XIX.

I RESOLVE TO INGRATIATE MYSELF WITH THE MOTHER, AND AM FAVOURED BY ACCIDENT—THE PRECISE LADY FINDS HER HUSBAND, AND QUITS THE COACH—THE CAPTAIN IS DISAPPOINTED OF HIS DINNER—WE ARRIVE AT BATH—I ACCOMPANY MISS SNAPPER TO THE LONG ROOM, WHERE SHE IS ATTACKED BY BEAU N——, AND TURNS THE LAUGH AGAINST HIM—I MAKE LOVE TO HER, AND RECEIVE A CHECK—SQUIRE HER TO AN ASSEMBLY, WHERE I AM BLEST WITH A SIGHT OF MY DEAR NARCISSA, WHICH DISCOMPOSES ME SO MUCH, THAT MISS SNAPPER OBSERVING MY DISORDER IS AT PAINS TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE—IS PIQUED AT THE OCCASION; AND, IN OUR WAY HOME, PAYS ME A SARCASTIC COMPLIMENT—I AM MET BY MISS WILLIAMS, WHO IS MAID AND CONFIDANTE OF NARCISSA—SHE ACQUAINTS ME WITH HER LADY'S REGARD FOR ME WHILE UNDER THE DISGUISE OF A SERVANT, AND DESCRIBES THE TRANSPORTS OF NARCISSA ON SEEING ME AT THE ASSEMBLY IN THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN—I AM SURPRIZED WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER AUNT'S MARRIAGE, AND MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET MISS WILLIAMS NEXT DAY.

DURING this unſocial interval, my pride and intereſt maintained a ſevere conflict on the ſubject of Miſs Snapper, whom the one repreſented as unworthy of notice, and the other propoſed as the object of my whole attention: the advantages and diſadvantages attending ſuch a match, were oppoſed to one another by my imagination, and at length my judgment gave it ſo much in favour of the firſt, that I reſolved to proſecute my ſcheme with all the addreſs in my power. I thought I perceived ſome concern in her countenance, occaſioned by my ſilence, which ſhe, no doubt, imputed to my diſguſt at her mother's behaviour; and, as I believed the old woman could not fail of aſcribing my muteneſs to the ſame motive, I determined to continue that ſullen conduct towards her, and fall upon ſome other method of manifeſting my eſteem for the daughter: nor was it difficult for me to make her acquainted with my ſentiments by the expreſſion of my looks, which I modelled into the characters of humility and love; and which were anſwered by her with all the ſympathy and approbation I could deſire. But when I began to conſider, that without farther opportunities of improving my ſucceſs, all the progreſs I had hitherto made would not much avail, and that ſuch opportunities could not be enjoyed without the mother's permiſſion; I concluded that it would be

vanquiſh her coldneſs
y my aſſiduities and re-
our on the road, and
ll likelihood invite me
Bath, where I did not
ble to cultivate her ac-
nuch as would be ne-
accompliſhment of my
l indeed accident fur-
an opportunity of ob-
uch, that ſhe could not
rance of good manners
ify my inclination.
rrived at our dining-
d all the eatables in the
y a certain nobleman,
e ſtart of us; and in all
miſtreſs and her mother
l with Duke Humphrey,
ted myſelf in their be-
ed the landlord with a
to curtail his lordſhip's
of a couple of fowls and
nich I ſent with my com-
ladies. They accepted
a great many thanks,
ould favour them with
dinner, where I amuſed
woman ſo ſucceſsfully,
a ſeemingly diſintereſted
idſt of my civility, that
eſire of being better ac-
oped I would be ſo kind
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elf in this manner, the
ad the good fortune to
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ntleman, or, in other
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perſon who had treated
civility; upon which he
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lawyer, finding himſelf
ned, made application to
hrough my interceſſion,
our company. Having
petites, and made our-
the expence of the per-
, the civil captain, and
uſband, I did myſelf the
iſcharging the bill by
nich I received a great
s and acknowledgments
s, and we re-embarked at
g. The officer was obli-
ppeaſe his hunger with a luncheon of bread and cheeſe, and a pint bottle of brandy, which he diſpatched in the coach, curſing the inappetence of his lordſhip, who had ordered dinner to be put back a whole hour.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which was finiſhed next day, when I waited on the ladies to the houſe of a relation, in which they intended to lodge, and paſſing that night at the inn, took lodgings in the morning for myſelf.

The forenoon was ſpent in viſiting every thing that was worth ſeeing in the place, in company with a gentleman to whom Banter had given me a letter of introduction; and in the afternoon I waited on the ladies, and found Miſs a good deal indiſpoſed with the fatigue of the journey. As they foreſaw they ſhould have occaſion for a male acquaintance to ſquire them at all publick places, I was received with great cordiality, and had the mother's commiſſion to conduct them next day to the long room, which we no ſooner entered, than the eyes of every body preſent were turned upon us; and when we had ſuffered the martyrdom of their looks for ſome time, a whiſper circulated at our expence, which was accompanied with many contemptuous ſmiles, and tittering obſervations, to my utter ſhame and confuſion. I did not ſo much conduct as follow my charge to a place where ſhe ſeated her mother and herſelf, with aſtoniſhing compoſure, notwithſtanding the unmannerly behaviour of the whole company, which ſeemed to be aſſumed merely to put her out of countenance. The celebrated Mr. N—h, who commonly attends in this place, as maſter of the ceremonies, perceiving the diſpoſition of the aſſembly, took upon himſelf the taſk of gratifying their ill-nature ſtill farther, by expoſing my miſtreſs to the edge of his wit. With this view he approached us, with many bows and grimaces, and after having welcomed Miſs Snapper to the place, aſked her, in the hearing of all preſent, if ſhe could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog. I was ſo much incenſed at his inſolence, that I ſhould certainly have kicked him where he ſtood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my

indignation,

indignation, by replying with the utmoſt vivacity, 'His name was N—h, and 'an impudent dog he was.' This repartee, ſo unexpected and juſt, raiſed ſuch an univerſal laugh at the aggreſſor, that all his aſſurance was inſufficient to ſupport him under their deriſion; ſo that after he had endeavoured to compoſe himſelf, by taking ſnuff, and forcing a ſmile, he was obliged to ſneak off in a very ludicrous attitude; while my dulcinea was applauded to the ſkies, for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the beſt people of both ſexes in the room. This event, with which I was infinitely pleaſed at firſt, did not fail of alarming me, upon farther reflection, when I conſidered that the more ſhe was careſſed by perſons of diſtinction, the more her pride would be inflamed, and conſequently the obſtacles to my ſucceſs multiplied and enlarged. Nor were my preſaging fears untrue. That very night I perceived her a little intoxicated with the incenſe ſhe had received, and though ſhe ſtill behaved with a particular civility to me, I foreſaw, that as ſoon as her fortune ſhould be known, ſhe would be ſurrounded with a ſwarm of admirers, ſome one of whom might poſſibly, by excelling me in point of wealth, or in the arts of flattery and ſcandal, ſupplant me in her eſteem, and find means to make the mother of his party. I reſolved therefore to loſe no time, and being invited to ſpend the evening with them, found an opportunity, in ſpite of the old gentlewoman's vigilance, to explain the meaning of my glances in the coach, by paying homage to her wit, and profeſſing myſelf enamoured of her perſon. She bluſhed at my declaration, and in a favourable manner diſapproved of the liberty I had taken, putting me in mind of our being ſtrangers to each other, and deſiring I would not be the means of interrupting our acquaintance, by any ſuch unſeaſonable ſtrokes of gallantry for the future. My ardour was effectually checked by this reprimand, which was, however, delivered in ſuch a gentle manner, that I had no cauſe to be diſobliged; and the arrival of her mother relieved me from a dilemma in which I ſhould not have known how to demean myſelf a minute longer. Neither could I reſume the *eaſineſs* of carriage with which I came in, my miſtreſs acted on the reſerve, and the converſation beginning to flag, the old lady introduced her kinſwoman of the houſe, and propoſed a hand at whiſt.

While we amuſed ourſelves at this diverſion, I underſtood from the gentlewoman, that there was to be an aſſembly next night, at which I begged to have the honour of dancing with Miſs. She thanked me for the favour I intended her, aſſured me, ſhe never did dance, but ſignified a deſire of ſeeing the company; when I offered my ſervice, which was accepted; not a little proud of being exempted from appearing with her, in a ſituation that, notwithſtanding my profeſſion to the contrary, was not at all agreeable to my inclination.

Having ſupped, and continued the game, till ſuch time as the ſucceſſive yawns of the mother warned me to be gone, I took my leave, and went home, where I made Strap very happy with an account of my progreſs. Next day I put on my gayeſt apparel, and went to drink tea at Mrs. Snapper's, according to appointment, when I found to my inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that ſhe was laid up with the tooth-ach, and that Miſs was to be entruſted to my care. Accordingly we ſet out for the ball-room, pretty early in the evening, and took poſſeſſion of a commodious place, where we had not ſat longer than a quarter of an hour, when a gentleman dreſſed in a green frock came in, leading a young lady, whom I immediately diſcovered to be the adorable Narciſſa! Good Heaven! what were the thrillings of my ſoul at that inſtant! my reflection was overwhelmed with a torrent of agitation! my heart throbbed with ſurprizing violence! a ſudden miſt overſpread my eyes! my ears were invaded with a dreadful ſound! I panted for want of breath! and, in ſhort, was for ſome minutes intranced! This firſt tumult ſubſiding, a crowd of flattering ideas ruſhed upon my imagination: Every thing that was ſoft, ſenſible, and engaging, in the character of that dear creature, recurred to my remembrance, and every favourable circumſtance of my own qualifications appeared in all the aggravations of ſelf-conceit, to heighten my expectation! Neither was this tranſport of long duration: the dread of her being already diſpoſed of, intervened,

intervened, and over-caſt my enchanting reverie! My preſaging apprehenſion repreſented her encircled in the arms of ſome happy rival, and of conſequence for ever loſt to me! I was ſtung with this ſuggeſtion, and believing the perſon who conducted her to be the huſband of this amiable young lady, already devoted him to my fury, and ſtood up to mark him for my vengeance; when I recollected, to my unſpeakable joy, her brother, the fox-hunter, in the perſon of her gallant. Undeceived ſo much to my ſatisfaction in this particular, I gazed in a phrenzy of delight on the irreſiſtible charms of his ſiſter, who no ſooner diſtinguiſhed me in the crowd, than her evident confuſion afforded a happy omen to my flame. At ſight of me ſhe ſtartled, the roſes inſtantly vaniſhed from her poliſhed cheeks, and returned in a moment with a double glow that overſpread her lovely neck, while her enchanting boſom heaved with ſtrong emotion. I hailed theſe favourable ſymptoms, and dying in wait for her looks, did homage with my eyes. She ſeemed to approve my declaration, by the complacency of her aſpect; and I was ſo tranſported with her diſcovery, that more than once I was on the point of making up to her, to diſcloſe the throbbings of my heart in perſon, had not that profound veneration which her preſence always inſpired, reſtrained the unſeaſonable impulſe. All my powers being ingroſſed in this manner, it may eaſily be imagined how ill I entertained Miſs Snapper, on whom I could not now turn my eyes, without making compariſons very little to her advantage. It was not even in my power to return diſtinct anſwers to the queſtions ſhe aſked me from time to time, ſo that ſhe could not help obſerving my abſence of mind; and having a turn for obſervation, watched my glances, and tracing them to the divine object, diſcovered the cauſe of my diſorder. That ſhe might, however, be convinced of the truth of her conjecture, ſhe began to interrogate me with regard to Narciſſa, and notwithſtanding all my endeavours to diſguiſe my ſentiments, perceived my attachment by my confuſion. Upon which ſhe aſſumed a ſtatelineſs of behaviour, and ſat ſilent during the remaining part of the entertainment. At any other time her ſuſpicion would have alarmed me; but now I was elevate by my paſſion above every other conſi deration. The miſtreſs of my ſou having retired with her brother, I diſ covered ſo much uneaſineſs at my ſitua tion, that Miſs Snapper propoſed to g home; and while I conducted her to chair, told me ſhe had too great a re gard for me to keep me any longer i torment. I feigned ignorance of he meaning, and having ſeen her ſafely a her lodgings, took my leave, and wen home in an extaſy, where I diſcloſe every thing that had happened to m confident and humble ſervant Strap who did not reliſh the accident ſo wel as I expected; and obſerved, that a bir in hand is worth two in the buſh. 'Bu 'however,' ſaid he, 'you know beſt 'you know beſt.' Next day as went to the pump-room, in hopes o ſeeing or hearing ſome tiding of m fair enſlaver, I was met by a gentlewo man, who having looked hard at me cried, 'O Chriſt, Mr. Random!' Sur prized at this exclamation, I examine the countenance of the perſon wh ſpoke, and immediately recognized m old ſweetheart and fellow-ſufferer, Miſ Williams.

I was mightily pleaſed to find thi unfortunate woman under ſuch a de cent appearance, profeſſed my joy a ſeeing her ſo well, and deſired to know where I ſhould have the pleaſure of he converſation. She was as heartily re joiced at the apparent eaſineſs of m fortune, and gave me to know, tha ſhe, as yet, had no habitation that ſh could properly call her own; bu would wait on me at any place I ſhoul pleaſe to appoint. Underſtanding tha ſhe was unengaged for the preſent, I ſhewed her the way to my own lodgings where, after a very affectionate ſaluta tion, ſhe informed me of her being very happy in the ſervice of a young lad to whom ſhe was recommended by a former miſtreſs deceaſed, into whoſe family ſhe had recommended herſel by the honeſt deceit ſhe had concerte while ſhe lived with me in the garret a London. She then expreſſed a vehe ment deſire to be acquainted with th viciſſitudes of my life ſince we parted and excuſed her curioſity on account o the concern ſhe had for my intereſt I forthwith gratified her requeſt, an when I deſcribed my ſituation in Su ſex, perceived her to attend to my ſto

with particular eagerneſs. She interrupted me when I had finiſhed that period, with, 'Good God! is it poſſi-'ble!' and then begged I would be ſo good as to continue my relation; which I did as briefly as I could, burning with impatience to know the cauſe of her ſurprize, about which I had already formed a very intereſting conjecture. When I had brought my adventures down to the preſent day, ſhe ſeemed very much affected with the different circumſtances of my fortune; and ſaying with a ſmile, ſhe believed my diſtreſſes were now at a period, proceeded to inform me, that the lady whom ſhe ſerved was no other than the charming Narciſſa, who had honoured her with her confidence for ſome time; in conſequence of which truſt, ſhe had often repeated the ſtory of John Brown, with great admiration and regard; that ſhe loved to dwell upon the particulars of his character, and did not ſcruple to own a tender approbation of his flame. I became delirious at this piece of intelligence, ſtrained Miſs Williams in my embrace, called her the angel of my happineſs, and acted ſuch extravagances, that ſhe might have been convinced of my ſincerity, had ſhe not been ſatisfied of my honour before. As ſoon as I was in a condition to yield attention, ſhe deſcribed the preſent ſituation of her miſtreſs, who had no ſooner reached her lodgings the night before, than ſhe cloſeted her, and in a rapture of joy, gave her to know that ſhe had ſeen me at the ball, where I appeared in the character which ſhe always thought my due, with ſuch advantage of transformation, that unleſs my image had been engraven on her heart, it would have been impoſſible to know me for the perſon who had worn her aunt's livery; that by the language of my eyes, ſhe was aſſured of the continuance of my paſſion for her, and conſequently of my being unengaged to any other; and that though ſhe did not doubt I would ſpeedily fall upon ſome method of being introduced, ſhe was ſo impatient to hear of me, that ſhe (Miſs Williams) had been ſent abroad this very morning, on purpoſe to learn the name and character I at preſent bore. My boſom had been hitherto a ſtranger to ſuch a flood of joy as now ruſhed upon it: my faculties were overborne by the tide: it was ſome time bef could open my mouth; and longer ere I could utter a coheren tence. At length, I fervently re ed her to lead me immediately t object of my adoration: but ſhe r my importunity, and explaine danger of ſuch premature co 'How favourable ſoever,' ſai 'my lady's inclination toward 'may be, you may depend u 'ſhe will not commit the ſmalle 'paſs on decorum, either in di 'her own, or in receiving a de 'tion of your paſſion: and alt 'the great veneration I have f 'has prompted me to reveal w 'communicated to me in confi 'I know ſo well the ſeverity 'ſentiments with reſpect to the p 'lios of her ſex, that if ſhe 'learn the leaſt ſurmiſe of it, ſhe 'not only diſmiſs me as a wret 'worthy of her benevolence, b 'for ever ſhun the efforts of you I aſſented to the juſtneſs of her ſtrance, and deſired ſhe would a with her advice and direction which, it was concerted betw that for the preſent, I ſhould tented with her telling Narciſſa, the courſe of her enquiries, ſh only learn my name: and that day or two, I could fall upon m method of being introduced miſtreſs, ſhe would deliver a lett me, on pretence of conſulting h pineſs; and ſay that I met he ſtreet, and bribed her to this ſervice. Matters being thus a I kept my old acquaintance t faſt, and learned, from her c tion, that my rival Sir Timo drunk himſelf into an apopl which he died five months a the ſavage was ſtill unmarri that his aunt had been ſeize whim which he little expec choſen the ſchoolmaſter of riſh for her lord and huſband: trimony not agreeing with he tution, ſhe had been hectic an cal a good while, and was Bath in order to drink the w the recovery of her health; niece had accompanied her t her requeſt, and attended her ſame affection as before, notwi ing the miſtake ſhe had co and that her nephew, who had

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aſperated at the loſs of her fortune, did not give his attendance out of good will, but purely to have an eye on his ſiſter, leſt ſhe ſhould likewiſe throw herſelf away, without his conſent or approbation. Having enjoyed ourſelves in this manner, and made an aſſignation to meet next day at a certain place, Miſs Williams took her leave; and Strap's looks being very inquiſitive about the nature of the communication ſubſiſting between us, I made him acquainted with the whole affair, to his great aſtoniſhment and ſatisfaction.

CHAP. XX.

I BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH NARCISSA'S BROTHER, WHO INVITES ME TO HIS HOUSE—WHERE I AM INTRODUCED TO THAT ADORABLE CREATURE—AFTER DINNER, THE SQUIRE RETIRES TO TAKE HIS NAP——FREEMAN, GUESSING THE SITUATION OF MY THOUGHTS, WITHDRAWS LIKEWISE ON PRETENCE OF BUSINESS—I DECLARE MY PASSION TO NARCISSA—AM WELL RECEIVED—CHARMED WITH HER CONVERSATION—THE SQUIRE DETAINS US TO SUPPER—I ELUDE HIS DESIGN BY A STRATAGEM, AND GET HOME SOBER.

IN the afternoon, I drank tea at the houſe of Mr. Freeman, to whom I had been recommended by Banter; where I had not ſat five minutes, till the fox-hunter came in, and by his familiar behaviour, appeared to be intimate with my friend. I was at firſt under ſome concern, leſt he ſhould recollect my features; but when I found myſelf introduced to him as a gentleman from London, without being diſcovered, I bleſſed the opportunity that brought me into his company; hoping, that in the courſe of our acquaintance, he would invite me to his houſe; nor were my hopes fruſtrated, for as we ſpent the evening together, he grew extremely fond of my converſation, aſked a great many childiſh queſtions about France and other foreign parts; and ſeemed ſo highly entertained with my anſwers, that in his cups, he ſhook me often by the hand, pronounced me an honeſt fellow, *and in fine, deſired our* company at dinner next day, in his own houſe. My imagination was ſo much employed in anticipating the happineſs I was to enjoy next day, that I ſlept very little that night; but riſing early in the morning, went to the place appointed, where I met my ſhe friend, and imparted to her my ſucceſs with the ſquire. She was very much pleaſed at the occaſion, which, ſhe ſaid, could not fail of being agreeable to Narciſſa, who in ſpite of her paſſion for me had mentioned ſome ſcruples relating to my true ſituation and character, which the delicacy of her ſentiments ſuggeſted, and which ſhe believed I would find it neceſſary to remove, though ſhe did not know how. I was a good deal ſtartled at this inſinuation, becauſe I foreſaw the difficulty I ſhould find in barely doing myſelf juſtice; for although it never was my intention to impoſe myſelf upon any woman, much leſs on Narciſſa, as a man of fortune, I laid claim to the character of a gentleman, by birth, education, and behaviour; and yet (ſo unlucky had the circumſtances of my life fallen out) I ſhould find it a very hard matter to make good my pretenſions even to theſe, eſpecially to the laſt, which was the moſt eſſential. Miſs Williams was as ſenſible as I, of this my diſadvantage, but comforted me with obſerving, that when once a woman has beſtowed her affections on a man, ſhe cannot help judging of him in all reſpects, with a partiality eaſily influenced in his favour; ſhe remarked, that although ſome ſituations of my life had been low, yet none of them had been infamous; that my indigence had been the crime not of me, but of fortune; and that the miſeries I had undergone, by improving the faculties both of mind and body, qualified me the more for any dignified ſtation; and would of conſequence recommend me to the good graces of any ſenſible woman; ſhe therefore adviſed me to be always open and unreſerved to the enquiries of my miſtreſs, without unneceſſarily betraying the meaneſt occurrences of my fate; and truſt to the ſtrength of her love and reflection for the reſt. The ſentiments of this ſenſible young woman on this, as well as on almoſt every other ſubject, perfectly agreed with mine; I thanked her for the care ſhe took of in

intereſts, and promiſing to behave myſelf according to her direction, we parted, after ſhe had aſſured me, that I might depend upon her beſt offices with her miſtreſs, and that ſhe would from time to time communicate to me ſuch intelligence as ſhe ſhould procure, relating to my flame. Having dreſſed myſelf to the beſt advantage, I waited for the time of dinner with the moſt fearful impatience: and as the hour drew nigh, my heart beat with ſuch increaſed velocity, and my ſpirits contracted ſuch diſorder, that I began to ſuſpect my reſolution, and even to wiſh myſelf diſengaged: at laſt Mr. Freeman called at my lodgings, in his way, and I accompanied him to the houſe where all my happineſs was depoſited. We were very kindly received by the ſquire, who ſat ſmoaking his pipe in a parlour, and aſked if we choſe to drink any thing before dinner; though I never had more occaſion for a cordial, I was aſhamed to accept his offer, which was alſo refuſed by my friend. We ſat down, however, and entered into converſation, which laſted half an hour, ſo that I had time to recollect myſelf; and (ſo capricious were my thoughts) even to hope that Narciſſa would not appear; when all of a ſudden, a ſervant coming in, gave us notice that dinner was upon the table; and my perturbation returned with ſuch violence, that I could ſcarce conceal it from the company as I aſcended the ſtair-caſe. When I entered the dining-room, the firſt object that ſaluted my raviſhed eyes, was the divine Narciſſa, bluſhing like Aurora, adorned with all the graces that meekneſs, innocence and beauty can diffuſe! I was ſeized with a giddineſs, my knees tottered, and I ſcarce had ſtrength enough to perform the ceremony of ſalutation, when her brother ſlapping me on the ſhoulder, cried, 'Meaſter Randan, that there is my 'ſiſter.' I approached her with eagerneſs and fear; but in the moment of our embrace, my ſoul was agonized with rapture! It was a lucky circumſtance for us both, that my entertainer was not endued with an uncommon ſtock of penetration; for our mutual confuſion was ſo manifeſt, that Mr. Freeman perceived it, and as we *went home* together, congratulated me on my good fortune. But was Bruin from entertaining ſuſpicion, that he encouraged begin a converſation with my in a language unknown to telling her, that he had brough tleman who could jabber with French and other foreign lin faſt as ſhe pleaſed: then turnin ſaid, 'Odds bods! I wiſh yo 'hold diſcourſe with her 'French or Italiano; and te 'ſhe underſtands it as well 'would be thought to do—th 'aunt and ſhe will chatter 'whole days in it, and I can' 'mouthful of Engliſh for lov 'ney.' I conſulted the look amiable miſtreſs, and found verſe to his propoſal, which in declined with a ſweetneſs of de culiar to herſelf, as a piece of d to that part of the company w not underſtand the language tion. As I had the happineſs oppoſite to her, I feaſted my ey more than my palate, which ſhe in vain with the moſt delicious ed by her fair hand, and recon by her perſuaſive tongue; bu other appetites were ſwallow the immenſity of my love, wh by gazing inceſſantly on the d object. Dinner was ſcarce end the ſquire became very drow after ſeveral dreadful yawns, ſtretched himſelf, took two turns acroſs the room, begged allow him to take a ſhort nap, ing laid a ſtrong injunction on ter to detain us till his return, his repoſe without any farth mony. He had not been go minutes, when Freeman gue ſituation of my heart, and thi could not do me a greater favo to leave me alone with Narci tended to recollect himſelf all den, and ſtarting up, begged t pardon for half an hour, for luckily remembered an engag ſome conſequence, that he m form at that inſtant; ſo ſa took his leave, promiſing to co time enough for tea; leaving treſs and me in great confuſion that I enjoyed an opportunity cloſing the pantings of my ſou not power to uſe it. I ſtudi

Poverty Row

leclarations, but when I at- give them utterance, my nied it's office; and ſhe ſat th a downcaſt look full of larm, her boſom heaving with n of ſome great event. At endeavoured to put an end lemn pauſe, and began with, ſurprizing, Madam—' Here dying away, I made a full e Narciſſa ſtarting, bluſhed, a timid accent, anſwered, Confounded at this note of ion, I pronounced with the piſh baſhfulneſs, ' Madam!' ſhe replied, ' I beg pardon, ht you had ſpoke to me.'— pauſe enſued, I made another d though my voice faultered at the beginning, made ſhift s myſelf in this manner: Madam, 'tis very ſurprizing e ſhould act ſo inconſiſtent f, as to deprive it's votaries uſe of their faculties when e moſt need of them. Since y occaſion of being alone with ented itſelf, I have made ma- ccefsful attempts to declare n for the loveliеſt of her ſex, n which took poſſeſſion of my hile my cruel fate compelled wear a ſervile diſguiſe ſo un- to my birth, ſentiments, and idd, my deſerts; yet favour- one reſpect, as it furniſhed h opportunities of ſeeing and your perfections. Yes, Ma- t was then your dear idea en- y boſom, where it has lived ired in the midſt of number- es, and animated me againſt and dangers and calamities!' ſpoke thus, ſhe concealed her her fan, and when I ceaſed recovering herſelf from the utiful confuſion, told me, ſhe herſelf very much obliged vourable opinion of her; and was very ſorry to hear I had ortunate. Encouraged by this ply, I proceeded, owned my- iciently recompenſed by her paſſion for what I had under- d declared that the future s of my life depended ſolely . ' Sir,' ſaid ſhe, ' I ſhould ungrateful, if after the ſig- tection you once afforded me, ld refuſe to contribute towards ' your happineſs, in any reaſonable ' condeſcenſion.' Tranſported at this acknowledgment, I threw myſelf at her feet, and begged ſhe would regard my paſſion with a favourable eye. She was alarmed at my behaviour; intreated me to riſe, leſt her brother ſhould diſcover me in that poſture; and to ſpare her, for the preſent, upon a ſubject for which ſhe was altogether unprepared. In conſequence of this remonſtrance, I roſe, aſſuring her I would rather die than diſobey; but in the mean time begged her to conſider how precious the minutes of this opportunity were, and what reſtraint I put upon my inclination, in ſacrificing them to her deſire. She ſmiled with unſpeakable ſweetneſs, and ſaid, there would be no want of opportunities, provided I could maintain the good opinion her brother had conceived of me; and I, enchanted by her charms, ſeized her hand, which I well nigh devoured with kiſſes. But ſhe checked my boldneſs with a ſeverity of countenance; and deſired I would not ſo far forget myſelf to her, as to endanger the eſteem ſhe had for me; ſhe reminded me of our being almoſt ſtrangers to each other, and of the neceſſity there was for her knowing me better, before ſhe could take any reſolution in my favour; and, in ſhort, mingled ſo much good ſenſe and complacency in her reproof, that I became as much enamoured of her underſtanding, as I had been before of her beauty, and aſked pardon for my preſumption with the utmoſt reverence of conviction. She forgave my offence with her uſual affability; and ſealed my pardon with a look ſo full of bewitching tenderneſs, that for ſome minutes, my ſenſes were loſt in extaſy! I afterwards endeavoured to regulate my behaviour according to her deſire, and turn the converſation upon a more indifferent ſubject; but her preſence was an unſurmountable obſtacle to my deſign: while I beheld ſo much excellence, I found it impoſſible to call my attention from the contemplation of it; I gazed with unutterable fondneſs; I grew mad with admiration. ' My ' condition is unſupportable!' cried I, ' I am diſtracted with paſſion! why ' are you ſo exquiſitely fair? Why ' are you ſo enchantingly good? ' Why has nature dignified you with ' charms ſo much above the ſtandard

' of

'of women; and, wretch that I am, 'how dares my unworthineſs aſpire 'to the enjoyment of ſuch perfec-'tion.'

She was ſtartled at my ravings, reaſoned down my tranſport, and by her irreſiſtible eloquence, ſoothed my ſoul into a ſtate of tranquil felicity; but leſt I might ſuffer a relapſe, induſtriouſly promoted other ſubjects to entertain my imagination; ſhe chid me for having omitted to enquire about her aunt, who, ſhe aſſured me, in the midſt of all her abſence of temper, and detachment from common affairs, often talked of me with uncommon warmth. I profeſſed my veneration for the good lady, excuſed my omiſſion, by imputing it to the violence of my love, which engroſſed my whole ſoul, and deſired to know the ſituation of her health. Upon which, the amiable Narciſſa repeated what I had heard before of her marriage, with all the tenderneſs for her reputation that the ſubject would admit of; told me ſhe lived with her huſband, hard by, and was ſo much afflicted with the dropſy, and waſted by a conſumption, that ſhe had ſmall hopes of her recovery. Having expreſſed my ſorrow for her diſtemper, I queſtioned her about my good friend Mrs. Sagely, who I learned (to my great ſatisfaction) was ſtill in good health, and who had by the encomiums ſhe beſtowed upon me after I was gone, confirmed the favourable impreſſions my behaviour at parting had made on Narciſſa's heart. The circumſtance introduced an enquiry into the conduct of Sir Timothy Thicket, who ſhe informed me had found means to inceenſe her brother ſo much againſt me, that ſhe found it impoſſible to undeceive him; but, on the contrary, ſuffered very much in her own character, by his ſcandalous inſinuations. That the whole pariſh was alarmed, and actually in purſuit of me; ſo that ſhe had been in the utmoſt conſternation upon my account, well knowing how little my own innocence and her teſtimony would have weighed with the ignorance, prejudice, injuſtice and brutality, of thoſe who muſt have judged me, had I been apprehended. That Sir Timothy having been ſeized with a fit of the apoplexy, from which with great difficulty he was recovered, began to be apprehenſive of death, and to prepare himſelf accordingly great event; as a ſtep of whic for her brother, owned with gr trition the brutal deſign he h her, and of conſequence acqu of the aſſault, robbery, and co dence with her, which he had my charge; after which conf lived about a month in a lan condition, and was carried off cond aſſault.

Every word that this dear ſpoke, rivetted the chains wit ſhe held me enſlaved! My miſc fancy began to work, and the of my paſſion to wake again the return of Freeman deſtro tempting opportunity, and ena to quell the riſing tumult. while after, the ſquire ſtagge the room, rubbing his eyes, an for his tea, which he drank o ſmall bowl qualified with while we took it in the uſu Narciſſa left us in order to aunt, and when Freeman and poſed to take our leave, th hunter inſiſted on our ſpendi evening at his houſe with ſuc nacy of affection, that we w liged to comply. For my ow I ſhould have been glad of the tion, by which, in all likelih ſhould be bleſt with more of his company, had I not been af riſking her eſteem by entering debauch of drinking with him, from the knowledge of his ch I foreſaw would happen; bu was no remedy. I was forced upon the ſtrength of my conſti which I hoped would reſiſt in tion longer than the ſquire's; truſt to the good-nature and di of my miſtreſs for the reſt.

Our entertainer reſolving t betimes, ordered the table to niſhed with liquor and glaſſes diately after tea, but we abſolu fuſed to ſet in for drinking ſ and prevailed upon him to paſ an hour or two at whiſt, in wh engaged as ſoon as Narciſſa re The ſavage and I happened to b ners at firſt, and as my thoughts wholly employed in a more inte game, I played ſo ill that he patience, ſwore bitterly, and tened to call for wine if they not grant him another aſſociate.

ıs gratified, and Narciſſa and
f a ſide; he won for the ſame
ıat made him loſe before; I
ısfied, my lovely partner did
ıe, and the time ſlipped away
eeably, until we were told
ıper was ſerved in another

quire was enraged to find the
ſo unprofitably ſpent, and
his vengeance on the cards,
: tore, and committed to the
ith many execrations; threa-
make us redeem our loſs with
glaſs and quick circulation;
ed we had no ſooner ſupped,
charmer withdrawn, than he
put his threats in execution.
ottles of port (for he drank
ſort of wine) were placed be-
with as many water-glaſſes,
ere immediately filled to the
ter his example, by each out
eſpective allowance, and emp-
trice, 'To the beſt in Chriſ-
n.' Though I ſwallowed this,
next as faſt as the glaſs could
niſhed, without heſitation or
reluctance, I perceived that
n would not be able to bear
mpers of this ſort; and dread-
perſeverance of a champion
an with ſuch vigour, I deter-
make up for the deficiency of
ngth by a ſtratagem, which I
put in practice when the ſe-
arſe of bottles was called for.
ıe being ſtrong and heady, I
eady a good deal diſcompoſed
liſpatch we had made; Free-
yes began to reel; and Bruin
was elevated into a ſong, which
ed with great vociferation.
therefore ſaw the ſecond round
in, I aſſumed a gay air, en-
him with a French catch on
ct of drinking, which, though
not underſtand it, delighted
hly, and telling him that your
pirits at Paris never troubled
es with glaſſes, aſked if he had
wl or cup in the houſe that
ontain a whole quart of wine.
niggers!' cried he, 'I have a
caudle-cup that holds juſt the
ity, for all the world—fetch it
, Numps.' The veſſel being
d, I bade him decant his bot-
it, which he having done, I
nodded in a very deliberate manner, and ſaid, 'Pledge you.' He ſtared at me for ſome time, and crying, 'What! 'all at one pull, Meaſter Randan!' I anſwered, 'At one pull! Sir, you 'are no milk-ſop; we ſhall do you 'juſtice.'—'Shall you?' ſaid he, ſhaking me by the hand; 'odd then, I'll 'ſee it out, an't were a mile to the bot-'tom. Here's to our better acquain-'tance, Meaſter Randan.' So ſaying, he applied it to his lips, and emptied it in a breath. I knew the effect of it would be almoſt inſtantaneous; therefore taking the cup, began to diſcharge my bottle into it, telling him he was now qualified to drink with the Cham of Tartary. I had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he took umbrage at them, and after ſeveral attempts to ſpit, made ſhift to ſtutter out, 'A f—t for your Chams of T— 'Tartary! I am a f—f—free-born 'Engliſhman, worth th—three thou-'ſand a year, and v—value no man, 'damme!' Then dropping his jaw, and fixing his eyes, he hickuped aloud, and fell upon the floor as mute as a flounder. Mr. Freeman, heartily glad at his defeat, aſſiſted me in carrying him to bed, where we left him to the care of his ſervants, and went home to our reſpective habitations congratulating one another on our good fortune.

CHAP. XXI.

MISS WILLIAMS INFORMS ME OF NARCISSA'S APPROBATION OF MY FLAME—I APPEASE THE SQUIRE—WRITE TO MY MISTRESS, AM BLESSED WITH AN ANSWER—BEG LEAVE OF HER BROTHER TO DANCE WITH HER AT A BALL; OBTAIN HIS CONSENT AND HER'S—ENJOY A PRIVATE CONVERSATION WITH HER—AM PERPLEXED WITH REFLECTIONS—HAVE THE HONOUR OF APPEARING HER PARTNER AT A BALL—WE ARE COMPLIMENTED BY A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN—HE DISCOVERS SOME SYMPTOMS OF A PASSION FOR NARCISSA—I AM STUNG WITH JEALOUSY—NARCISSA ALARMED, RETIRES—I OBSERVE MELINDA IN THE COMPANY

PANY—THE SQUIRE IS CAPTIVATED BY HER BEAUTY.

I Was met next morning, at the uſual place, by Miſs Williams, who gave me joy of the progreſs I had made in the affection of her miſtreſs, and bleſſed me with an account of that dear creature's converſation with her, after ſhe had retired the night before from our company. I could ſcarce believe her information, when ſhe recounted her expreſſions in my favour, ſo much more warm and paſſionate were they than my moſt ſanguine hopes had preſaged; and was particularly pleaſed to hear that ſhe approved of my behaviour to her brother after ſhe withdrew. Tranſported at the news of my happineſs, I preſented my ring to the meſſenger, as a teſtimony of my gratitude and ſatisfaction; but ſhe was above ſuch mercenary conſiderations, and refuſed my compliment with ſome reſentment, ſaying, ſhe was not a little mortified to ſee my opinion of her ſo low and contemptible. I did myſelf a piece of juſtice, by explaining my behaviour on this head, and to convince her of my eſteem, promiſed to be ruled by her directions in the proſecution of the whole affair, which I had ſo much at heart, that the repoſe of my life depended upon the conſequence.

As I fervently wiſhed for another interview, where I might pour out the effuſions of my love without danger of being interrupted, and perhaps reap ſome endearing return from the queen of my deſires; I implored her advice and aſſiſtance in promoting this event: but ſhe gave me to underſtand, that Narciſſa would make no precipitate compliances of this kind, and that I would do well to cultivate her brother's acquaintance; in the courſe of which, I ſhould not want opportunities of removing that reſerve which my miſtreſs thought herſelf obliged to maintain during the infancy of our correſpondence. In the mean time, ſhe promiſed to tell her lady that I had endeavoured, by preſents and perſuaſions, to prevail upon her (Miſs Williams) to deliver a letter from me, which ſhe had refuſed to charge herſelf with, until ſhe ſhould know Narciſſa's ſentiments of the matter; and ſaid, by theſe means ſhe did not doubt of being able to open a *literary* communication between us, which could not fail of introducing more intimate connexions.

I approved of her counſel, and appointment being renewed for the day, left her with an intent of upon ſome method of being rec to the ſquire, who I ſuppoſed be offended with the trick we h upon him. With this view, I co Freeman, who, from his knowl the fox-hunter's diſpoſition, aſſu there was no other method of pa him, than that of ſacrificing ou for one night, to an equal mate him in drinking: this expedient myſelf neceſſitated to comply for the intereſt of my paſſio therefore determined to comm debauch at my own lodgings, might run no riſk of being diſc by Narciſſa in a ſtate of brutal neracy. Mr. Freeman, who wa of the party, went, at my de the ſquire, in order to engage while I took care to furniſh my his reception. My invitation w cepted, my gueſts honoured m their company in the evening, Bruin gave me to underſtand t had drank many tuns of wine life, but was never ſerved ſuch as I had played upon him the ni fore. I promiſed to atone f treſpaſs, and having ordered to man his bottle, began the conte a bumper to the health of N The toaſts circulated with great tion, the liquor began to opera mirth grew noiſy, and as Freem I had the advantage of drinking French claret, the ſavage was eff ly tamed before our ſenſes were leaſt affected, and carried hom apoplexy of drunkenneſs.

I was next morning, as uſu voured with a viſit from my ki punctual confidante, who telli ſhe was permitted to receive my for her miſtreſs; I took up the p mediately, and following the fi tates of my paſſion, wrote as fo

'DEAR MADAM,

'WERE it poſſible f
'powers of utterance
'veal the ſoft emotions of m
'the fond anxiety, the g
'hopes, the chilling fears, th

: by turns; I ſhould need no
tneſs than this paper, to
e purity and ardour of that
ur charms have kindled in
t. But alas! expreſſion
ıy love! I am inſpired with
ns that no language can con-
ır beauty fills me with won-
: underſtanding with raviſh-
ıd your goodneſs with ado-
am tranſported with de-
racted with doubts, and
with impatience! Suffer me
ely arbitreſs of my fate, to
you in perſon, to breathe
urmurs my paſſion to your
ffer the ſacrifice of a heart
ng with the moſt genuine
tereſted love; to gaze with
ı the divine object of my
o hear the muſic of her en-
tongue! and to rejoice in
s of approbation, which
ſh the moſt intolerable ſu-
ım the boſom of your en-

'R—— R——.'

iniſhed this effuſion, I com-
o the care of my faithful
h an injunction to ſecond
r with her eloquence and in-
ıd in the mean time went to
an intention of viſiting
ɔer and Miſs, whom I had
lected and indeed almoſt
:e my dear Narciſſa had re-
empire of my ſoul. The
voman received me very
l Miſs affected a frankneſs
which, however, I could
ive were forced and diſſem-
ng other things, ſhe pre-
ɔke me upon my paſſion for
hich ſhe averred was no ſe-
ſked if I intended to dance
the next aſſembly. I was
l concerned to find myſelf
: town-talk on this ſubject,
ire, having notice of my in-
ſhould diſapprove of them,
ıking off all correſpondence
:prive me of the opportuni-
enjoyed. But I reſolved to
reſt I had with him, while
ınd that very night meeting
ɔnally, aſked his permiſſion
her company at the ball,
ery readily granted, to my
le *ſatisfaction.*

Having been kept awake the greateſt part of the night, by a thouſand delightful reveries that took poſſeſſion of my fancy, I got up betimes, and flying to the place of rendezvous, had in a little time the pleaſure of ſeeing Miſs Williams approach with a ſmile on her countenance, which I interpreted into a good omen. Neither was I miſtaken in my preſage: ſhe preſented me with a letter from the idol of my ſoul, which, after having kiſſed it devoutly, I opened with the utmoſt eagerneſs, and was bleſſed with her approbation in theſe terms.

'SIR,

'TO ſay I look upon you with in-
'difference, would be a piece of
'diſſimulation, which I think no de-
'corum requires, and no cuſtom can
'juſtify. As my heart never felt an
'impreſſion that my tongue was a-
'ſhamed to declare, I will not ſcru-
'ple to own myſelf pleaſed with your
'paſſion, confident of your integrity,
'and ſo well convinced of my own
'diſcretion, that I ſhould not heſitate
'in granting you the interview you
'deſire, were I not over-awed by
'the prying curioſity of a malicious
'world, the cenſure of which might
'be fatally prejudicial to the reputa-
'tion of your

'NARCISSA.'

No anchorite in the extaſy of devotion ever adored a relique with more fervour than that with which I kiſſed this inimitable proof of my charmer's candour, generoſity, and affection! I read it over an hundred times; was raviſhed with her confeſſion in the beginning; but the ſubſcription of your Narciſſa, yielded me ſuch delights as I had never felt before! My happineſs was ſtill increaſed by Miſs Williams, who bleſſed me with a repetition of her lady's tender expreſſions in my favour, when ſhe received and read my letter. In ſhort, I had all the reaſon in the world to believe that this gentle creature's boſom was poſſeſſed by a paſſion for me, as warm, though perhaps not ſo impetuous, as mine for her.

I informed my friend of the ſquire's conſent to my dancing with Narciſſa at the ball, and deſired her to tell her miſtreſs, that I would do myſelf the honour of viſiting her in the afternoon,

in conſequence of his permiſſion, when I hoped to find her as indulgent as her brother had been complaiſant in that particular. Miſs Williams expreſſed a good deal of joy, at hearing I was ſo much in favour with the fox-hunter, and ventured to aſſure me, that my viſit would be very agreeable to my miſtreſs, the rather becauſe Bruin was engaged to dine abroad. This was a circumſtance, which I ſcarce need ſay, pleaſed me. I went immediately to the long room, where I found him, and affecting to know nothing of his engagement, told him, I would do myſelf the pleaſure to wait upon him in the afternoon, and to preſent his ſiſter with a ticket for the ball. He ſhook me by the hand, according to cuſtom, and giving me to underſtand that he was to dine abroad, deſired me to go and drink tea with Narciſſa notwithſtanding, and promiſed to prepare her for my viſit in the mean time.

Every thing ſucceeding thus to my wiſh, I waited with incredible impatience for the time, which no ſooner arrived, than I haſtened to the ſcene, which my fancy had pre-occupied long before. I was introduced accordingly, to the dear enchantreſs, whom I found accompanied by Miſs Williams, who, on pretence of ordering tea, retired at my approach. This favourable accident, which alarmed my whole ſoul, diſordered her alſo. I found myſelf actuated by an irreſiſtible impulſe, I advanced to her with eagerneſs and awe; and profiting by the confuſion that prevailed over her, claſped the fair angel in my arms, and imprinted a glowing kiſs upon her lips, more ſoft and fragrant than the dewy roſe-bud juſt burſting from the ſtem! Her face was in an inſtant covered with bluſhes. her eyes ſparkled with reſentment; I threw myſelf at her feet, and implored her pardon. Her love became advocate in my cauſe; her look ſoftened into forgiveneſs, ſhe raiſed me up, and chid me with ſo much ſweetneſs of diſpleaſure, that I ſhould have been tempted to repeat the offence, had not the coming of a ſervant with the tea-board, prevented my preſumption. While we were ſubject to be interrupted or overheard, we converſed about the approaching ball, at which ſhe promiſed to grace me as a partner; but when the equipage removed, and we were left alo reſumed the more intereſting th and expreſſed myſelf with ſuch t port and agitation, that my mi fearing I would commit ſome ext gance, rung the bell for her whom ſhe detained in the room, check upon my vivacity: I wa ſorry for this precaution, beca could unboſom myſelf without re before Miſs Williams, who wa confidante of us both. I the gave a looſe to the inſpirations o paſſion, which operated ſo ſucceſ upon the tender affections of Na that ſhe laid aſide the conſtraint ſh hitherto wore, and bleſſed me wi moſt melting declaration of her tual flame! It was impoſſible f to forbear taking the advanta this endearing condeſcenſion. Sh gently yielded to my embraces, I encircling all that I held dear my arms taſted in advance th of that paradiſe I hoped in a litt wholly to poſſeſs! We ſpent the noon in all the extaſy of hope th moſt fervent love exchanged by m vows could inſpire; and Miſs liams was ſo much affected wi chaſte careſſes, which recalled t remembrance of what ſhe was, th eyes were filled with tears.

The evening being pretty far ced, I forced myſelf from the de ject of my flame, who indulged a tender embrace at parting; a pairing to my lodgings, commun to my friend Strap every circum of my happineſs, which filled hi ſo much pleaſure, that it ran ove eyes; and he prayed heartily t envious devil might, as formerl the cup of bleſſing from my lip. I reflected on what had happene eſpecially on the unreſerved pr tions of Narciſſa's love, I could n being amazed at her omitting to e into the particular circumſtance and fortune of one whom ſhe h voured with her affection, and I to be a little anxious about the ſt of her finances; well knowing ſhould do an irreparable injury perſon my ſoul held moſt dea ſhould eſpouſe her, without bei to ſupport her in the rank was certainly her due. I had indeed, while I ſerved her aun

ıer had left her a considera-
; and that every body believed
ıld inherit the greatest part of
woman's dowry, but I did not
ıow far she might be restricted
ıld gentleman's will, in the en-
of what he left her; and I
well informed of the virtuoso's
duct, to think my mistress could
expectations from that quarter.
ed, however, in the good sense
icy of my charmer, who I was
uld not consent to unite her
h mine, before she had fully
ed and provided for the con-
e.

all night being arrived, I dres-
elf in a suit I had reserved for
nd occasion; and having drank
Narcissa and her brother, con-
ny angel to the scene, where she
oment eclipsed all her female
tors for beauty, and attracted
iration of the whole assembly.
rt dilated with pride on this oc-
and my triumph rejected all
; when, after we had danced
, a certain nobleman, remark-
his figure and influence in the
nde, came up, and in the hear-
ll present, honoured us with a
ticular compliment, upon our
ithments and appearance: but
sport was soon checked, when
ed his lordship attach himself
at assiduity to my mistress;
some warm things, which, I
, savoured too much of passion.
hen I began to feel the pangs
usy; I dreaded the power and
of my rival; I sickened at his
le; when she opened her lips to
my heart died within me;
e smiled, I felt the pains of the
I was enraged at his pre-
n; I cursed her complaisance!
h he quitted her, and went to
r side of the room. Narcissa
ng nothing of the rage that in-
me, put some questions to me,
ı as he was gone, to which I
o reply, but assumed a grim look,
oo well denoted the agitation of
ıst, and surprized her not a lit-
he no sooner observed my emo-
an she changed colour, and ask-
at ailed me. But before I
nake answer, her brother pulling
the sleeve, bade me take notice
ly who sat fronting us, whom I immediately, to my vast astonishment, distinguished to be Melinda, accompanied by her mother, and an elderly gentleman whom I did not know. 'Wounds! Mr. Random,' cried the squire, 'is she not a delicate piece of 'stuff? 'Sdeath! I have a good mind, 'if I thought she was a single per-'son.' Notwithstanding the perplexity I was in, I had reflection enough to foresee that my passion might suffer greatly by the presence of this lady, who in all probability would revenge herself upon me for having formerly disgraced her, by spreading reports to my prejudice. I was therefore alarmed at these symptoms of the squire's admiration; and for some time did not know what reply to make, when he asked my opinion of her beauty: at length I came to a determination, and told him that her name was Melinda, that she had a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and was said to be under promise of marriage to a certain lord, who deferred his nuptials a few months until he should be of age. I thought this piece of intelligence, which I had myself invented, would have hindered him effectually from entertaining any farther thoughts of her; but I was egregiously mistaken. The fox-hunter had too much self-sufficiency to despair of success against any competitor on earth. He therefore made light of her engagement, saying, with a smile of self-approbation, 'Mayhap she will 'change her mind—what signifies his 'being a lord! I think myself as good 'a man as e'er a lord in Christendom; 'and I'll see if a commoner worth 'three thousand a year won't serve 'her turn.' This determination startled me not a little; I knew he would soon discover the contrary of what I advanced, and as I believed he would find her ear open to his addresses, did not doubt of meeting with every obstacle in my amour, that her malice could invent, and her influence execute. This reflection increased my chagrin. My vexation was evident. Narcissa insisted on going home immediately; and as I led her to the door, her noble admirer, with a look full of languishment, directed to her a profound bow, which stung me to the soul. Before she went into the chair, she asked, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with me:

and I could pronounce no more than, 'By heaven! I'm diſtracted.'

CHAP. XXII.

TORTURED WITH JEALOUSY, I GO HOME AND ABUSE STRAP—RECEIVE A MESSAGE FROM NARCISSA, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH I HASTEN TO HER APARTMENT, WHERE HER ENDEARING ASSURANCES BANISH ALL MY DOUBTS AND APPREHENSIONS—IN MY RETREAT DISCOVER SOMEBODY IN THE DARK, WHOM SUSPECTING TO BE A SPY, I RESOLVE TO KILL; BUT TO MY GREAT SURPRIZE, AM CONVINCED OF HIS BEING NO OTHER THAN STRAP—MELINDA SLANDERS ME—I BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH LORD QUIVERWIT, WHO ENDEAVOURS TO SOUND ME WITH REGARD TO NARCISSA—THE SQUIRE IS INTRODUCED TO HIS LORDSHIP, AND GROWS COLD TOWARDS ME—I LEARN FROM MY CONFIDANTE, THAT THIS NOBLEMAN PROFESSES HONOURABLE LOVE TO MY MISTRESS, WHO CONTINUES FAITHFUL TO ME, NOTWITHSTANDING THE SCANDALOUS REPORTS SHE HAS HEARD TO MY PREJUDICE—I AM MORTIFIED WITH AN ASSURANCE THAT HER WHOLE FORTUNE DEPENDS UPON THE PLEASURE OF HER BROTHER—MR. FREEMAN CONDOLES ME ON THE DECLINE OF MY CHARACTER, WHICH I VINDICATE SO MUCH TO HIS SATISFACTION, THAT HE UNDERTAKES TO COMBAT FAME IN MY BEHALF.

HAVING uttered this exclamation, at which ſhe ſighed, I went home in the condition of a frantic Bedlamite; and finding the fire in my apartment almoſt extinguiſhed, vented my fury upon poor Strap, whoſe ear I pinched with ſuch violence, that he roared hideouſly with pain, and when I quitted my hold looked ſo fooliſhly aghaſt, that no unconcerned ſpectator could have ſeen him, without being ſeized with an immoderate fit of laughter. It is true, I was ſoon ſenſible of *the injury I had* done, and aſked pardon for the outrage I had comm upon which my faithful valet, ſt his head, ſaid, 'I forgive you 'may God forgive you.' B could not help ſhedding ſome t my unkindneſs. I felt unſpeaka morſe for what I had done, curſ own ingratitude, and conſider tears as a reproach that my ſoul, preſent diſturbance, could not be ſet all my paſſions into a ferm ſwore horrible oaths without m or application, I foamed at the m kicked the chairs about the roo played abundance of mad pran frightened my friend almoſt out ſenſes. At length my tranſpor ſided, I became melancholy, an inſenſibly.

During this ſtate of dejection, ſurprized with the appearance o Williams, whom Strap, blub all the while, had conducted i chamber, without giving me p notice of her approach. She w tremely affected with my con which ſhe had learned from him ged me to moderate my paſſio ſpend my conjectures, and foll to Narciſſa, who deſired to ſee me with. That dear name operate me like a charm! I ſtarted u without opening my lips, wa ducted into her apartment throu garden, which we entered by a door. I found the adorable in tears! I was melted at the we continued ſilent for ſome tim heart was too full to ſpeak—he boſom heaved with fond reſen at laſt, ſhe ſobbing cried, 'Wh 'I done to diſoblige you?' M was pierced with the tender qu I drew near with the utmoſt re of affection! I fell upon my kn fore her, and kiſſing her hand, e ed, 'O! thou art all goodn 'perfection! I am undone by n 'of merit! I am unworthy to 'thy charms, which Heaven h 'tined for the arms of ſome n 'voured being!' She gueſſed t of my diſquiet, upbraided me for my ſuſpicion, and gave m flattering aſſurances of her eter lity, that all my doubts and f ſook me, and peace and ſati reigned within my breaſt.

At midnight I left the fair n her repoſe, and being let out

ams, at the garden gate by whic
ered, began to explore my w
ward in the dark, when I heard
back a noiſe like that of a ba-
when he mows and chatters.' I
l inſtantly, and perceiving ſome-
black, concluded I was diſcover-
ſome ſpy, employed to watch
at purpoſe. Arouzed at this con-
e, by which the reputation of the
us Narciſſa appeared in jeopardy,
my ſword, and would have ſacri-
him to her fame, had not the
of Strap reſtrained my arm. It
ith great difficulty he could pro-
e, 'D—d—d—do! mum—um
m—murder me if you pleaſe,'
an effect had the cold upon his
that his teeth rattled like a pair
anets. Pleaſed to be thus unde-
, I laughed at his conſternation,
ked what brought him thither.
which he gave me to underſtand,
is concern for me had induced
follow me to that place, where
ne reaſon had detained him till
and he frankly owned, that in
f the eſteem he had for Miſs Wil-
he began to be very uneaſy about
nſidering the diſpoſition in which
abroad; and if I had ſtaid much
, would have certainly alarmed
ghbourhood in my behalf. The
edge of this his intention con-
ed me! I repreſented to him the
evous conſequences that would
ttended ſuch a raſh action, and
ning him ſeverely againſt any
deſign for the future, concluded
monition with an aſſurance, that
: he ſhould ever act ſo madly, I
l, without heſitation put him to
'Have a little patience,' cried
a lamentable tone, 'your diſ-
ſure will do the buſineſs, without
r committing murder.' I was
ed with this reproach; and as
s we got home, made it my bu-
to appeaſe him, by explaining
auſe of that tranſport, during
I had uſed him ſo unworthily.
t day when I went into the long
, I obſerved ſeveral whiſpers
ate all of a ſudden; and did
oubt that Melinda had been bu-
th my character; but I conſoled
f with the love of Narciſſa, upon
I reſted with the moſt perfect
lence, and going up to the rowly-
table, won a few pieces from

ſuſpected rival, who with an ea-
politeneſs, entered into converſation
with me, and deſiring my company at
the coffee-houſe, treated me with tea
and chocolate. I remembered Strut-
well, and guarded againſt his inſin-
ating behaviour; nor was my ſuſpi-
wrong placed; he artfully tur
diſcourſe upon Narciſſa, and endeavour-
ed, by hinting at an intrigue he pre-
tended to be engaged in elſewhere, to
learn what connexion there was be-
tween her and me. But all his fineſſe
was ineffectual; I was convinced of
his diſſimulation, and gave ſuch gene-
ral anſwers to his enquiries, that he
was forced to drop the ſubject and
talk of ſomething elſe.

While we converſed in this manner,
the ſavage came in, with another gen-
tleman, who introduced him to his
lordſhip; and he was received with
ſuch peculiar marks of diſtinction, that
I was perſuaded the courtier intended to
uſe him in ſome ſhape or another; and
from thence I drew an unlucky omen.
But I had more cauſe to be diſmayed
the following day, when I ſaw the ſquire
in company with Melinda and her
mother, who honoured me with ſeve-
ral diſdainful glances: and when I af-
terwards threw myſelf in his way, in-
ſtead of the cordial ſhake of the hand,
he returned my ſalute with a cold re-
petition of 'Servant, ſervant;' which
he pronounced with ſuch indifference,
or rather contempt, that if he had not
been Narciſſa's brother, I ſhould have
affronted him in publick.

Theſe occurrences diſturbed me not
a little. I foreſaw the brooding ſtorm,
and armed myſelf with reſolution for
the occaſion; but Narciſſa being at
ſtake, I was far from being reſigned.
I could have renounced every other
comfort of life with ſome degree of
fortitude; but the proſpect of loſing
her, diſabled all my philoſophy, and
tortured my ſoul into madneſs.

Miſs Williams found me, next morn-
ing, full of anxious tumult, which did
not abate, when ſhe told me, that my
Lord Quiverwit, having profeſſed ho-
nourable intentions, had been intro-
duced to my lovely miſtreſs by her
brother, who had at the ſame time,
from the information of Melinda,
ſpoke of me as an Iriſh fortune-
hunter, without either birth or eſtate;
who ſupported myſelf in the appear-

ance

ance of a gentleman by ſharping, and other infamous practices; and who was of ſuch an obſcure origin, that I did not even know my own extraction. Though I expected all this malice, I could not bear it with temper, eſpecially as truth was ſo blended with falſhood in the aſſertion, that it would be almoſt impoſſible to ſeparate the one from the other in my vindication. But I ſaid nothing on this head, being impatient to know how Narciſſa had been affected with the diſcovery. That generous creature, far from believing theſe imputations, was no ſooner withdrawn with her confidante, than ſhe inveighed with great warmth againſt the malevolence of the world, to which only ſhe aſcribed the whole of what had been ſaid to my diſadvantage; and calling every circumſtance of my behaviour to her into review before her, found every thing ſo polite, honourable and diſintereſted, that ſhe could not harbour the leaſt doubt of my being the gentleman I aſſumed. 'I have, indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'purpoſely forbore to aſk the 'particulars of his life, leſt the reca-'pitulation of ſome misfortunes which 'he has undergone ſhould give him 'pain: and as to the article of his 'fortune, I own myſelf equally afraid 'of enquiring into it, and of diſco-'vering the ſituation of my own, leſt 'we ſhould find ourſelves both un-'happy in the explanation; for, alas! 'my proviſion is conditional, and de-'pends entirely on my marrying with 'my brother's conſent.'

I was thunderſtruck with this intelligence; the light forſook my eyes, the colour vaniſhed from my cheeks, and I remained in a ſtate of univerſal trepidation. My female friend perceiving my diſorder, encouraged me with aſſurances of Narciſſa's conſtancy, and the hope of ſome accident favourable to our love: and, as a farther conſolation gave me to underſtand, that ſhe had acquainted my miſtreſs with the out-lines of my life; and that although ſhe was no ſtranger to the preſent low ſtate of my finances, her love and eſteem were rather increaſed than diminiſhed by the knowledge of my circumſtances. I was greatly comforted by this aſſurance, which ſaved me a world of confuſion and anxiety; for I muſt have *imparted* my ſituation one day to Narciſſa; and this taſk I could ne performed without ſhame and di

As I did not doubt that, b time, the ſcandalous aſperſions linda were diffuſed all over the I reſolved to collect my whole fo of aſſurance, to brow-beat the of her malice, and to publiſh h venture with the frenchified bar way of repriſal. In the mean having promiſed to be at the gate about midnight, Miſs W took her leave, bidding me repo ſelf entirely on the affection of m Narciſſa, which was as perfect violable. Before I went abroad, viſited by Freeman, who came poſe to inform me of the inf ſtories that were raiſed at my ex I heard them with great temper, my turn diſcloſed every thing th happened between Melinda an and among other circumſtances, tained him with the ſtory of the l letting him know what ſhare his Banter had in that affair: he wa vinced of the injury my reputati ſuffered, and no longer doubti fountain from whence this del ſlander had flowed upon me, took to undeceive the town in half, and roll the ſtream back it's ſource: but in the mean tin tioned me from appearing in p while the prepoſſeſſion was ſo againſt me, leſt I ſhould meet ſome affront that might have ba ſequences.

CHAP. XXIII.

I RECEIVE AN EXTRAORDI MESSAGE AT THE DOOR O LONG ROOM, WHICH I HOW ENTER, AND AFFRONT SQUIRE, WHO THREATE TAKE THE LAW OF ME—RI MELINDA FOR HER MAL SHE WEEPS WITH VEXAT LORD QUIVERWIT IS SI UPON ME—I RETORT HIS CASM—AM RECEIVED WIT UTMOST TENDERNESS BY CISSA, WHO DESIRES TO THE STORY OF MY LIFE VOW ETERNAL CONSTANC ONE ANOTHER—I RETIRE WAKED BY A MESSENGER,

:HALLENGE FROM WHOM I MEET, D VANQUISH.

for his advice, which, pride and reſentment : me to follow; for he e, in order to do juſ- ter among his friends e, than I ſallied out; ' to the long-room. I oor by a ſervant, who billet without a ſub- ing that my preſence to the company, and take the hint without ce, and beſtow myſelf future. This peremp- ed me with indigna- l the fellow who deli- ing him by the collar, the company, threa- inſtantly to death, if er the ſcoundrel who with ſuch an impu- that I might puniſh ed. The meſſenger, menaces and furious his knees, and told ntleman who ordered e letter, was no other brother, who at that he other end of the Melinda. I went up tely, and in the hear- rata, accoſted him in Look'e, Squire, was onſideration that pro- n my reſentment, I where you ſtand, for e preſumption to ſend us intimation!' which nd threw in his face; darting an angry re- ſs, I told her, I was it out of my power r upon her invention, e of her good-nature Her admirer, whoſe ſe but in proportion d ſwallowed, inſtead addreſs in what is able way, threatened for an aſſault, and cordingly; while ſhe, llanimous behaviour, e ſarcaſm I had ut- endeavoured to make blic cauſe, and wept aloud with ſpite and vexation. The tears of a lady could not fail of attracting the notice and concern of the ſpectators, to whom ſhe complained of my rudeneſs, with great bitterneſs, ſaying, if ſhe was a man I durſt not uſe her ſo. The greateſt part of the gentlemen, already prejudiced againſt me, were offended at the liberty I had taken, as appeared from their looks; though none of them ſignified their diſguſt any other way, except my Lord Quiverwit, who ventured to ſay with a ſneer, that I was in the right to eſtabliſh my own character, of which he had now no longer any doubt. Nettled at this ſevere *equivoque*, which raiſed a laugh at my expence, I replied with ſome warmth, 'I am proud of 'having in that particular got the ſtart 'of your lordſhip.' He made no anſwer to my repartee, but with a contemptuous ſmile, walked off, leaving me in a very diſagreeable ſituation. In vain did I make up to ſeveral people of my acquaintance, whoſe converſation, I hoped, would baniſh my confuſion; every body ſhunned me like a perſon infected, and I ſhould not have been able to bear my diſgrace, had not the idea of the ever-faithful and fond Narciſſa come to my relief. I quitted the ſcene of my mortification, and ſauntering about the town, happened to wake from my contemplation, when I found myſelf juſt oppoſite to a toy-ſhop, which I entered, and purchaſed a ring ſet with a ruby in the form of a heart, ſurrounded by diamond ſparks, for which I paid ten guineas, intending it for a preſent to the charmer of my ſoul.

I was introduced, at the hour appointed, to this divine creature, who, notwithſtanding what ſhe had heard to my diſadvantage, received me with the utmoſt confidence and tenderneſs; and having been informed of the general ſketches of my life, by Miſs Williams, expreſſed a deſire of knowing the particular circumſtances; which I related with great candour, omitting however ſome things which I concluded altogether improper for her ear, and which the reader's reflection will eaſily ſuggeſt. As my ſtory was little elſe than a recital of misfortunes, the tear of ſympathy ceaſed not to trickle down her enchanting eyes, during the whole of the nar-

ration,

ration, which when I had finiſhed, ſhe recompenſed me for my trouble with the moſt endearing proteſtations of eternal love. She bewailed her reſtricted condition, as it was the means of retarding my happineſs; told me, that Lord Quiverwit, by her brother's permiſſion, had been to drink tea with her that very afternoon, and actually propoſed marriage; and ſeeing me extremely affected with this piece of information, offered to give me a convincing proof of her affection, by eſpouſing me in private, and leaving the reſt to fate. I was penetrated with this inſtance of her regard, but that I might not be outdone in generoſity, reſiſted the bewitching temptation, in conſideration of her honour and intereſt; at the ſame time, I preſented my ring as a pledge of my inviolable attachment, and on my knees, implored Heaven to ſhower it's curſes on my head, if ever my heart ſhould entertain one thought unworthy of the paſſion I then avowed. She received my token, gave me in return her picture in miniature, exquiſitely drawn and ſet in gold; and in the ſame poſture called Heaven to witneſs and to judge her flame. Our vows being thus reciprocally breathed, a confidence of hope enſued, and our mutual fondneſs becoming as intimate as innocence would allow, I grew inſenſible of the progreſs of time, and it was morning before I could tear myſelf from this darling of my ſoul! My good angel foreſaw what would happen, and permitted me to indulge myſelf on this occaſion, in conſideration of the fatal abſence I was doomed to ſuffer.

I went to bed immediately on my return to my lodging, and having ſlept about two hours, was waked by Strap, who, in great confuſion, told me, there was a footman below with a letter, which he would deliver to nobody but myſelf. Alarmed at this piece of news, I deſired my friend to ſhew him up to my chamber, and received the following letter, which he ſaid required an immediate anſwer.

'SIR,

'WHEN any man injures my 'honour, let the difference *of rank between* us be ever ſo great, *I am contented* to wave the privilege 'of my quality, and to ſeek reparation 'from him on equal terms. The inſolence of your reply to me yeſterday in the long-room, I might have 'overlooked, had not your preſumptive emulation in a much more intereſting affair, and a diſcovery 'which I made this morning, concurred in perſuading me to chaſtiſe 'your audacity with my ſword. If 'you therefore have ſpirit enough to 'ſupport the character you aſſume, you 'will not fail to follow the bearer immediately to a convenient place, 'where you ſhall be met by

'QUIVERWIT.'

Whether I was enervated by the love and favour of Narciſſa, or awed by the ſuperior ſtation of my antagoniſt, I know not, but I never had leſs inclination to fight than at this time: however, finding there was a neceſſity for vindicating the reputation of my miſtreſs, as well as for aſſerting my own honour, I forthwith roſe, and dreſſing in a hurry, put on my ſword, bade Strap attend me, and ſet out with my conductor, curſing my bad fortune all the way for having been obſerved in my return from my angel; for ſo I interpreted his lordſhip's diſcovery. When I came within ſight of my rival, his lacquey told me, he had orders to ſtop; upon which, I commanded Strap to halt alſo, while I walked forward; reſolving, if poſſible, to come to an explanation with my challenger, before we ſhould come to battle. Nor was an opportunity wanting; for I no ſooner approached, than he aſked with a ſtern countenance, what buſineſs I had in Mr. Topehall's garden ſo early in the morning. 'I don't know, my 'lord,' ſaid I, 'how to anſwer a queſtion put to me with ſuch magiſterial 'haughtineſs. If your lordſhip will 'pleaſe to expoſtulate calmly, you will 'have no cauſe to repent of your condeſcenſion. Otherwiſe, I am not to 'be intimidated into any confeſſion.' —'There is no room for denial,' anſwered he, 'I ſaw you come out with 'my own eyes.'—'Did any other 'perſon ſee me?' ſaid I. 'I neither 'know nor care,' ſaid he; 'I want 'no other evidence than that of my 'own ſenſes.' Pleaſed to hear that the ſuſpicion was confined to him alone,

I en-

red to appeaſe his jealouſy, an intrigue with the wait- but he had too much diſ- be ſo eaſily impoſed upon, e there was only one way to im of the truth of what I which was no other than re- ll claim to Narciſſa, upon promiſing upon honour ne- ak to her for the future. d at this propoſal, I un- y ſword, ſaying, 'Heavens! e have you, or any man on impoſe ſuch terms on me!' ſame, and making towards ontracted brow, ſaid I was nd had diſhonoured Nar- e's a ſcandalous villain,' I a tranſport of fury, 'who ne with that imputation! thouſand times more chaſte mother that bore you, and ſſert her honour with my ood!' So ſaying, I ruſhed with more eagerneſs than d endeavouring to get with- t, received a wound in my h redoubled my rage. He in temper as well as in ſkill, eans he parried my thruſts calmneſs, until I had al- iſted my ſpirits; and when d me beginning to flag, at- fiercely in his turn. Find- f however better oppoſed ected, he reſolved to follow nd cloſe with me; accord- ſword entered my waiſtcoat of the breaſt-bone, and run- ween my ſhirt and ſkin, ap- my left ſhoulder. I ima- his weapon had perforated nd of conſequence that the mortal; therefore, deter- to die unrevenged, I ſeized hich was cloſe to my breaſt, ould diſentangle his point, g it faſt with my left-hand, y own ſword with my right, run him through the heart; eived the thruſt in the left h penetrated up to the ade. Diſappointed in this , and afraid ſtill that death rate my revenge, I grappled nd being much the ſtronger, upon the ground, where I ſword out of his hand, and s my confuſion, inſtead of point upon him, ſtruck out three of his fore-teeth with the hilt. In the mean time, our ſervants ſeeing us fall, ran up to ſeparate and aſſiſt us; but before their approach I was upon my feet, and had diſcovered that my ſuppoſed mortal wound was only a ſlight ſcratch. The knowledge of my own ſafety diſarmed me of a good deal of my reſentment, and I began to enquire with ſome concern into the ſituation of my antagoniſt, who remained on the ground bleeding plentifully at his mouth and arm. I helped his footman to raiſe him, and having bound up his wound with my handkerchief, aſſured him it was not dangerous; I likewiſe reſtored his ſword, and offered to ſupport him to his houſe. He thanked me with an air of ſullen dignity; and whiſpering that I ſhould hear from him ſoon, went away, leaning on his ſervant's ſhoulder.

I was ſurprized at this promiſe, which I conſtrued into a threat, and reſolved, if ever he ſhould call me out again, to uſe whatever advantage fortune might give me over him, in another manner. In the mean time, I had leiſure to take notice of Strap, who ſeemed quite ſtupified with horror: I comforted him with an aſſurance that I had received no damage, and explained the nature of this affair as we walked homeward. By that time I had got into my apartment, I found the wound in my neck ſtiff and uneaſy, and a good deal of clotted blood run down upon my ſhirt: upon which I pulled off my coat and waiſtcoat, and unbuttoned my collar, that I might dreſs it with more eaſe. My friend no ſooner perceived my ſhirt quite dyed with blood, than, imagining I had got at leaſt twenty thouſand wounds, he cried, 'O Jeſus!' and fell flat on the floor. I ſtopt the bleeding with a little dry lint, and applying a plaiſter over it, cleanſed myſelf from the gore, ſhifted and dreſſed, while he lay ſenſeleſs at my feet; ſo that when he recovered, and ſaw me perfectly well, he could ſcarce believe his own eyes. Now that the danger was paſt, I was very well pleaſed with what had happened, hoping that it would ſoon become known, and conſequently dignify my character not a little in this place. I was alſo proud of having ſhewn myſelf, in ſome ſhape, worthy the love of Narciſſa; who, I was perſuaded,

ſuaded, would not think the worſe of me for what I had done.

CHAP. XXIV.

I AM VISITED BY FREEMAN, WITH WHOM I APPEAR IN PUBLIC, AND AM CARESSED—AM SENT FOR BY LORD QUIVERWIT, WHOSE PRESENCE I QUIT IN A PASSION—NARCISSA IS CARRIED OFF BY HER BROTHER—I INTEND TO PURSUE HIM, AND AM DISSUADED BY MY FRIEND—ENGAGE IN PLAY, AND LOSE ALL MY MONEY—SET OUT FOR LONLON—TRY MY FORTUNE AT THE GAMING-TABLE, WITHOUT SUCCESS—RECEIVE A LETTER FROM NARCISSA—BILK MY TAYLOR.

WHILE I entertained myſelf with theſe reflections, the news of the duel being communicated by ſome unknown channel, ſpread all over the town. I was viſited by Freeman, who teſtified his ſurprize at finding me; for he was told that Lord Quiverwit being dead of his wounds, I had abſconded, in order to avoid the cognizance of the law. I aſked if people gueſſed the occaſion of the quarrel; and underſtanding it was attributed to his lordſhip's reſentment of my reply in the long-room, confirmed that conjecture, glad to find Narciſſa unſuſpected. My friend, after I had aſſured him that my antagoniſt was in no danger, wiſhed me joy of the event; than which, he ſaid, nothing could happen more opportunely to ſupport the idea he had given of my character to his friends, among whom he had been very aſſiduous in my behalf.

On the ſtrength of this aſſurance, I went with him to the coffee-houſe, where I was ſaluted by a great many of thoſe very perſons who had ſhunned me the preceding day; and I found every body making merry with the ſtory of Melinda's French gallant. While I remained in this place, I received a meſſage from Lord Quiverwit, deſiring, if I was not engaged, to ſee me at his houſe.

Thither I immediately repaired, and was conducted to an apartment where I was received by his lordſhip in bed. When we were left by ourſel thanked me in very polite tern having uſed the advantage fortu given me over him with ſuch m tion; and aſked pardon for any his reſentment might have p ed him to commit. 'I woul 'ingly,' ſaid he, 'make y 'friend; but as it is impoſſi 'me to diveſt myſelf of my paſſ 'Narciſſa, I am too well convi 'your ſentiments, to think w 'ever agree on that ſubject. 'the liberty, therefore, of ſend 'you, in order to own candidl 'I cannot help oppoſing your 'with that young lady; thou 'the ſame time, I promiſe to r 'my oppoſition by the dictates 'tice and honour: this, how 'think proper to advertize you 'ſhe has no independent fortun 'if you ſhould even ſucceed i 'addreſſes, you would have th 'tification to ſee her reduced t 'gence, unleſs you have where 'to ſupport her. And I am credi 'formed of your incapacity tha 'nay, I will confeſs, that ur 'this conſideration, I have a 'ſent notice to her brother, 'progreſs I ſuſpect you have m 'her affection, and deſired him 'his precautions accordingly. larmed and provoked at this in tion, I told his lordſhip, that I ſee how he could reconcile tha of conduct with his profeſſion o dealing, and flung away from a paſſion.

As I walked homeward, in h bearing from my miſtreſs as u means of Miſs Williams, I w prized with the waving of a ha chief, from the window of a coa ſix that paſſed by me at full ſpee upon farther obſervation, I ſaw vant on horſeback riding after it I knew by his livery belonged ſquire. Thunder-ſtruck with th covery, the knowledge of my m tune ruſhed all at once upon flection! I gueſſed immediatel the ſignal was made by the dea of Narciſſa; who being hurrie in conſequence of Lord Quiv meſſage to her brother, had no method of relating her diſtreſs, a ploring my aſſiſtance. Frantic this conjecture, I ran to my lod

ſu

my piſtols, and ordered Strap
oſt-horſes, with ſuch inco-
f ſpeech and diſorder, that the
t, terrified with the ſuſpicion
er duel, inſtead of providing
fired, went forthwith to Free-
ıo being informed of my be-
came ſtraight to my apart-
d conjured me ſo pathetically
ıim acquainted with the cauſe
eaſineſs, that I could not re-
ıg him my happineſs was fled
ciſſa, and that I muſt retrieve
riſh. He repreſented the mad-
ich an undertaking, and en-
d to divert me from it with
ngth of friendſhip and rea-
all his arguments would have
fectual, had he not put me in
the dependance I ought to
he love of Narciſſa, and the
ht of her maid, who could not
ıding opportunities to adver-
f their ſituation: and at the
e demonſtrated the injury my
ı reputation muſt ſuffer from
ipitate retreat. I was con-
ıd compoſed by theſe conſide-
I appeared in public with an
anquility; was well received
ſt company in town; and my
ne taking air, condoled ac-
r; while I had the ſatisfaction
Melinda ſo univerſally diſ-
nced, that ſhe was fain to re-
ondon, in order to avoid the
l cenſure of the ladies at Bath.
gh the hope of hearing from
ıg of my ſoul ſupported my
ittle while, I began to be very
when at the end of ſeveral
found that expectation diſap-

In ſhort, melancholy and
nce took poſſeſſion of my ſoul;
ıing at that providence, which,
the ſtepmother towards me,
rom the fruition of my wiſh-
ermined, in a fit of deſpair,
I had at the gaming table,
ew of acquiring a fortune ſuf-
render me independant for
ıf plunging myſelf into ſuch a
miſery, as would effectually
ry ambitious hope that now
my imagination.
ted by this fatal reſolution, I
in play, and after ſome turns
e, found myſelf, at the end
ays, worth a thouſand pounds;
as not *my intention to ſtop* there, for which cauſe I kept Strap ignorant of my ſucceſs, and continued my career, until I was reduced to five guineas, which I would have hazarded alſo, had I not been aſhamed to fall from a bet of two hundred pounds to ſuch a petty ſum.

Having thus executed my ſcheme, I went home, amazed to find myſelf ſo much at eaſe, and informed my friend Strap of my miſchance, with ſuch calmneſs, that he imagining I joked, affected to receive the tidings with great equanimity. But both he and I found ourſelves miſtaken very ſoon. I had miſinterpreted my own ſtupidity into deliberate reſignation, and he had reaſon to believe me in earneſt, when he ſaw me next morning agitated with the moſt violent deſpair, which he endeavoured to alleviate with all the conſolation in his power.

In one of my lucid intervals, however, I charged him to take a place in the ſtage-coach for London; and in the mean time paid my debts in Bath, which amounted to thirty ſhillings only. Without taking leave of my friends I embarked, Strap having the good fortune to find a return-horſe, and arrived in town, without having met with any thing remarkable on the road. While we croſſed Bagſhot-heath, I was ſeized with a ſort of inclination to retrieve my fortune, by laying paſſengers under contribution, in ſome ſuch place. My thoughts were ſo circumſtanced at this time, that I ſhould have digeſted the crime of robbery, ſo righteouſly had I concerted my plan, and ventured my life in the execution, had I not been deterred by reflecting upon the infamy that attends detection.

The apartment I formerly lived in being unengaged, I took poſſeſſion of it, and next day went in queſt of Banter, who received me with open arms, in expectation of having his bond diſcharged to his liking: but when he underſtood what had happened, his countenance changed of a ſudden, and he told me with a dryneſs of diſpleaſure peculiar to himſelf, that if he was in my place, he would put it out of fortune's power to play him ſuch another trick, and be avenged of his own indiſcretion at once. When I deſired him to explain his meaning, he pointed to his neck, raiſed himſelf on his tiptoes, and was going away without any

farther ceremony, when I put him in mind of my indigence, and demanded the five guineas I had formerly lent him. 'Five guineas!' cried he, 'zounds! had you acted with common prudence, you might have had 'twenty thousand in your pocket by 'this time. I depended upon five 'hundred from you, as much as if I 'had had notes for it in the Bank; and 'by all the rules of equity, you are 'indebted to me for that sum.' I was neither pleased nor convinced by this computation, and insisted on my right with such determined obstinacy, that he was fain to alter his tone, and appease my clamour, by assuring me, that he was not master of five shillings. Society in distress generally promotes good understanding among people; from being a dun, I descended to be a client, and asked his advice about repairing my losses. He counselled me to have recourse again to the gaming table, where I succeeded so well before, and put myself in a condition, by selling my watch. I followed his directions, and having accommodated him with a few pieces, went to the place, where I lost every shilling.

Then I returned to my lodgings full of desperate resolution, and having made Strap acquainted with my fate, ordered him to pawn my sword immediately, that I might be enabled to make another effort. This affectionate creature no sooner understood my purpose, than seized with insuppressible sorrow at the prospect of my misery, he burst into tears, and asked what I proposed to do after the small sum he could raise on the sword should be spent. 'On my own account,' said he, 'I am quite unconcerned; for while 'God spares me health and these ten 'fingers, I can earn a comfortable 'subsistence any where; but what must 'become of you, who have less humility to stoop, and more appetites 'to gratify?' Here I interrupted him, by saying, with a gloomy aspect, I should never want a resource while I had a loaded pistol in my possession. Stupified with horror at this dreadful insinuation, he stood mute for some time, and then broke out into—'God 'of his infinite mercy enable you to 'withstand that temptation of the de-'vil! Consider your immortal soul; 'there is no repentance in the grave! 'O Lord! that ever we should 'to this. Are we not enjoined 'sign ourselves to the will of He 'where is your patience?' *Duru* '*tientia frango*—you are but a 'man—there may be many 'things in store for you—*acc* '*puncto quid non speratur in* 'remember your uncle, Mr. Bo 'perhaps he is now on his 'homeward, pleasing himself wi 'hopes of seeing and relieving 'nay, peradventure he is alrea 'rived, for the ship was expected 'this time.' A ray of hop athwart my soul at this suggest thanked my friend for his seas recollection, and after having pr to take no resolution till his dismissed him to Wapping for gence.

In his absence I was visited b ter, who being informed of luck at play, told me, that would probably be one day w persecuting me. 'In the mea said he, 'here is a letter fo 'which I received just now e 'in one from Freeman.' I s it with eagerness, and know superscription to be of Narcissa writing, kissed it with transpo having opened it, read,

'IT is with great difficult 'I have stolen from the c 'tion of those spies who are me, this opportunity of telli 'that I was suddenly carrie 'from Bath, by my brother, 'informed of our correspond 'Lord Quiverwit, whom, I s 'derstand, you have wound 'duel on my account. As I a 'convinced of your honour a 'I hope I shall never hear of s 'perate proofs of either for the 'I am so strictly watched, tha 'be impossible for you to see 'til my brother's suspicion sha 'or Heaven contrive some ot 'foreseen event in our beha 'the mean time, you may de 'the constancy and affection 'own

'NA

'P. S. Miss Williams, wh 'fellow prisoner, desires m 'me

ıbered to you. We are both good health, and only in pain you, eſpecially, as it will be racticable for you to convey meſſage or letter to the place ur confinement; for which rea- pray deſiſt from the attempt, , by miſcarrying, might pro- ; our captivity.

'N———.'

kind letter afforded me great ion; I communicated it to and at the ſame time ſhewed picture: he approved of her ınd good ſenſe, and could not ning, that my neglect of Miſs was excuſable, when ſuch a ture engroſſed my attention, an to be reconciled to my fate, gined, that if I could contrive of ſubſiſting until my uncle rrive, in caſe he was not already he would enable me to do ſome- ectual in behalf of my love and I therefore conſulted Banter preſent ſupply, who no ſooner od that I had credit with a tay- ı he adviſed me to take off two ſuits of rich clothes, and con- m into caſh, by ſelling them price to a ſaleſman in Mon- Street. I was ſtartled at this l, which I thought ſavoured a fraud; but he rendered it palat- obſerving, that in a few months be in a condition to do every ıſtice; and in the mean time, ıcquitted by the honeſty of my ın. I ſuffered myſelf to be per- by this ſalvo, by which my r, rather than my judgment, nvinced; and when I found ere no accounts of the ſhip in my uncle embarked, actually ſcheme in practice, and raiſed ve and twenty guineas, paying his advice with the odd five.

CHAP. XXV.

RRESTED—CARRIED TO THE SHALSEA——FIND MY OLD UAINTANCE BEAU JACKSON HAT GAOL—HE INFORMS ME HIS ADVENTURES—STRAP IVES, AND WITH DIFFICUL- IS COMFORTED—JACKSON INTRODUCES ME TO A POET—I ADMIRE HIS CONVERSATION AND CAPACITY—AM DEEPLY AFFECTED WITH MY MISFORTUNE—STRAP HIRES HIMSELF AS A JOURNEYMAN BARBER.

BUT this expedient was in a few weeks attended with a conſequence I did not foreſee; a player having purchaſed one of the ſuits which were expoſed to ſale, appeared in it on the ſtage one night, while my taylor unfortunately happened to be preſent. He knew it immediately, and enquiring minutely into the affair, diſcovered my whole contrivance; upon which he came to my lodgings, and telling me that he was very much ſtraitened for want of money, preſented his bill, which amounted to 50l. Surprized at this unexpected addreſs, I affected to treat him cavalierly, ſwore ſome oaths, aſked if he doubted my honour, and telling him I ſhould take care who I dealt with for the future, bade him come again in three days. He obeyed me punctually, demanded his money, and finding himſelf amuſed with bare promiſes, arreſted me that very day in the ſtreet. I was not much ſhocked at this adventure, which, indeed, put an end to a ſtate of horrible expectation; but I refuſed to go to a ſpunging-houſe, where I heard there was nothing but the moſt flagrant impoſition; and a coach being called, was carried to the Marſhalſea, attended by a bailiff and his follower, who were very much diſappointed and chagrined at my reſolution.

The turnkey gueſſing, from my appearance, that I had money in my pocket, received me with the repetition of the Latin word *depone*; and gave me to underſtand, that I muſt pay beforehand for the apartment I ſhould chuſe to dwell in. I deſired to ſee his conveniencies, and hired a ſmall paultry bed-chamber for a crown a week, which, in any other place, would not have let for half the money. Having taken poſſeſſion of this diſmal habitation, I ſent for Strap, and my thoughts were buſied in collecting matter of conſolation to that faithful ſquire, when ſomebody knocked at my door, which I no ſooner opened, than a young fellow entered, in very ſhabby clothes,

and

and marvellous foul linen. After a low bow, he called me by name, and asked if I had forgot him. His voice assisted me in recollecting his person, whom I soon recognized to be my old acquaintance Jackson, of whom mention is made in the first part of my memoirs. I saluted him cordially, expressed my satisfaction at finding him alive, and condoled him on his present situation; which, however, did not seem to affect him much, for he laughed very heartily at the occasion of our meeting so unexpectedly in this place. Our mutual compliments being past, I enquired about his amour with the lady of fortune, which seemed to be so near a happy conclusion when I had the pleasure of seeing him last; and after an immoderate fit of laughter, he gave me to understand, that he had been egregiously bit in that affair. 'You must know,' said he, 'that a 'few days after our adventure with 'the bawd and her b—ches, I found 'means to be married to that same fine 'lady you speak of, and passed the 'night with her at her lodgings, so 'much to her satisfaction, that early 'in the morning, after a good deal of 'sniveling and sobbing, she owned, 'that far from being an heiress of great 'fortune, she was no other than a com-'mon woman of the town, who had 'decoyed me into matrimony, in or-'der to enjoy the privilege of a *femme 'couverte*; and that unless I made my 'escape immediately, I should be ar-'rested for a debt of her contracting, 'by bailiffs employed and instructed 'for that purpose. Startled at this 'intimation, I rose in a twinkling, 'and taking leave of my spouse with 'several hearty damns, got safe into 'the verge of the court, where I kept 'snug until I was appointed surgeon's 'mate of a man of war at Portsmouth: 'for which place I set out on Sunday, 'went on board of my ship, in which 'I sailed to the Straits, where I had 'the good fortune to be made surgeon 'of a sloop that came home a few 'months after, and was put out of 'commission; whereupon I came to 'London, imagining myself forgotten, 'and freed from my wife and her cre-'ditors; but had not been in town a 'week before I was arrested for a debt 'of her's, amounting to 20l. and 'brought to this place, where I 'have been fixed by another action 'since that time. However, you 'know my disposition; I defy care 'and anxiety; and being on the half-'pay list, make shift to live here tole-'rably easy.' I congratulated him on his philosophy, and remembering that I was in his debt, repaid him the money he formerly lent me, which, I believe, was far from being unreasonable. I then enquired about the œconomy of the place, which he explained to my satisfaction; and after we had agreed to mess together, we were just going to give orders for dinner, when Strap arrived.

I never in my life saw sorrow so extravagantly expressed in any countenance, as in that of my honest friend; which was, indeed, particularly adapted by nature for such impressions. When we were left by ourselves, I communicated to him my disaster, and endeavoured to console him with the same arguments he had formerly used to me, without representing the fair chance I had of being relieved in a short time by Mr. Bowling. But his grief was unutterable; he seemed to give attention without listening, and wrung his hands in silence; so that I was in a fair way of being infected by his behaviour, when Jackson returned, and perceiving the deference I paid to Strap, although in a footman's habit, distributed his crumbs of comfort with such mirth, jollity, and unconcern, that the features of the distressed squire relaxed by degrees, he recovered the use of speech, and began to be a little more reconciled to this lamentable event. We dined together on boiled beef and greens, brought from a cook's shop in the neighbourhood; and although this meal was served up in a manner little corresponding with the sphere of life in which I had lately lived, I made a virtue of necessity, ate with good appetite, and treated my friends with a bottle of wine, which had the desired effect, of increasing the good humour of my fellow-prisoner, and exhilerating the spirits of Strap, who now talked cavalierly of my misfortune.

After dinner, Jackson left us to our private affairs; when I desired my friend to pack up all our things, and carry them to some cheap lodging he should chuse for himself in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, after he had

arged my lodging, for which I gave him money. I like-ommended to him the keeping ortune ſecret, and ſaying to ord, or any other who ſhould for me, that I was gone into try for a few weeks; at the : I laid ſtrong injunctions upon ll every ſecond day upon Ban-ıſe he ſhould receive any letter rom Narciſſa, by the canal an; and by all means to leave on for myſelf, at my uncle's in Wapping, by which I : found when my kinſman rive.

he departed to execute theſe which, by the bye, were punc-rformed that very night) I yſelf ſo little ſeaſoned to my that I dreaded reflection, ht ſhelter from it in the com-he beau; who, promiſing to : with a lecture upon taſte, d me to the common ſide, ſaw a number of naked mi-rretches aſſembled together. not been here many mi-hen a figure appeared, wrapt ty rug, tied about his loins pieces of liſt, of different co-notted together; having a ſhy beard, and his head co-h a huge maſs of brown peri-ch ſeemed to have been raviſh-he crown of ſome ſcare-crow. arition, ſtalking in with great r, made a profound bow to nce, who ſignified their appro-a general reſponſe of, 'How , doctor?' He then turned to-, and honoured Jackſon with ılar ſalutation: upon which l, in a formal manner, intro-m to me by the name of opoyn. This ceremony being advanced into the middle of regation, which crouded a-n, and hemming three times, :er aſtoniſhment, pronounced at ſignificance of voice and a very elegant and ingenious upon the difference between ıd taſte, illuſtrating his aſſer-h apt quotations from the beſt ancient as well as modern. e had finiſhed his harangue, ıſted a full hour, he bowed the ſpectators; not one of was informed, underſtood ſo much as a ſentence of what he had uttered. They manifeſted, however, their admiration and eſteem by voluntary contribution, which, Jackſon told me, one week with another, amounted to eighteen pence. This moderate ſtipend, together with ſome ſmall preſents that he received for making up differences, and deciding cauſes amongſt the priſoners, juſt enabled him to breathe and walk about, in the groteſque figure I have deſcribed. I underſtood alſo, that he was an excellent poet, and had compoſed a tragedy, which was allowed by every body who had ſeen it, to be a performance of great merit; that his learning was infinite, his morals unexceptionable, and his modeſty invincible. Such a character could not fail of attracting my regard; I longed impatiently to be acquainted with him, and deſired Jackſon would engage him to ſpend the evening in my apartment. My requeſt was granted, he favoured us with his company, and in the courſe of our converſation, perceiving that I had a ſtrong paſſion for the Belles Lettres, acquitted himſelf ſo well on that ſubject, that I expreſſed a fervent deſire of ſeeing his productions. In this point too he gratified my inclination: he promiſed to bring his tragedy to my room next day, and in the mean time entertained me with ſome detached pieces, which gave me a very advantageous idea of his poetical talent. Among other things, I was particularly pleaſed with ſome elegies, in imitation of Tibullus; one of which I beg leave to ſubmit to the reader, as a ſpecimen of his complexion and capacity.

I.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt!

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſong beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bower.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

IV.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew.

V.

There leagu'd in hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
Awhile in ſilence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

VI.

Wilt thou, Monimia, ſhed a gracious tear,
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breaſt!

I was wonderfully affected with this pathetic complaint, which ſeemed ſo well calculated for my own diſappointment in love, that I could not help attaching the idea of Narciſſa to the name of Monimia, and of forming ſuch melancholy preſages of my paſſion, that I could not recover my tranquility; and was fain to have recourſe to the bottle, which prepared me for a profound ſleep, that I could not otherwiſe have enjoyed. Whether theſe impreſſions invited and introduced a train of other melancholy reflections, or my fortitude was all exhauſted in the effort I had made againſt deſpondence, during the firſt day of my impriſonment, I cannot determine; but I awoke in the horrors, and found my imagination haunted with ſuch diſmal apparitions, that I was ready to deſpair: and I believe the reader will own, I had no great cauſe to congratulate myſelf, when I conſidered my ſituation. I was interrupted in the midſt of theſe gloomy apprehenſions, by the arrival of Strap, who contributed not a little to the re-eſtabliſhment of my peace, by letting me know that he had hired himſelf as a journeyman barber; by which means he would be not only able to ſave me a conſiderable expence, but even make ſhift to lay up ſomething for my ſubſiſtence after my money ſhould be ſpent, in caſe I ſhould not be relieved before.

CHAP. XXV

I READ MELOPOYN'S T
AND CONCEIVE A VAST
OF HIS GENIUS—HE R
HIS ADVENTURES.

WHILE we ate our
together, I made him
ted with the character and cc
the poet, who came in with l
that inſtant, and imagining
engaged about buſineſs, co
prevailed upon to ſit; but l
performance, went away. M
tender heart was melted at t
a gentleman and chriſtian (
a great veneration for both
thets) in ſuch miſery; an
with great chearfulneſs to a
made of clothing him with
fluities; a taſk with which h
himſelf, and departed imm
perform it.

He was no ſooner gone, th
ed my door, and ſat down
gedy, which I read to the en
pleaſure, not a little amaz
conduct of the managers wh
jected it. The fable, in
on, was well choſen, and
conducted, the incidents ir
the characters beautifully c
ſtrongly marked, and well ſi
the diction poetical, ſpirited,
rect; the unities of the dra
tained with the moſt ſcrupulo
neſs; the opening gradual ar
ing, the *peripeteiaia* ſurpri
the cataſtrophe affecting: in
judged it by the laws of Ari
Horace, and could find notl
exceptionable, but a little
embelliſhment in ſome fe
which objection he removed
tisfaction, by a quotation fi
ſtotle's Poeticks, importing,
leaſt intereſting parts of a po
to be raiſed and dignified by th
and energy of diction.

I revered his genius, and w
with an eager curioſity to h
particular events of a fortu
worthy of his merit. At th
Strap returned with a bundle o
which I ſent with my compli
Mr. Melopoyn, as a ſmall
my regard, and deſired the

ıy to dinner. He accepted
invitation, and in leſs than
ır made his appearance in a
s, which altered his figure
to his advantage. I per-
his countenance, that his
ıig with gratitude, and en-
to prevent his acknowledg-
ıſking pardon for the liber-
taken; he made no reply,
ı aſpect full of admiration
bowed to the ground, while
uſhed from his eyes. Af-
theſe ſymptoms of an in-
ind, I ſhifted the converſa-
complimented him on his
e; which, I aſſured him,
infinite pleaſure. My ap-
made him happy: dinner
d, and Jackſon arrived, I
r permiſſion for Strap to ſit
h us, after having inform-
at he was a perſon to whom
emely obliged; they were
h to grant that favour, and
ether with great harmony
tion.

l being ended, I expreſſed
at the little regard Mr.
had met with from the
l ſignified a deſire of hear-
: had been treated by the
f the playhouſes, to whom
l from Jackſon, he had of-
tragedy without ſucceſs.
ſo little entertaining in the
of my life,' ſaid he, 'that
the recital will not recom-
ır attention; but ſince you
n inclination to know them,
ınd my duty too well to diſ-
our deſire.

ather, who was a curate in
he country, being by the
ſs of his circumſtances,
from maintaining me at
erſity, took the charge of
ıtion upon himſelf, and
with ſuch induſtry and
ı the undertaking, that I
cauſe to regret the want of
ſters. Being at great pains
t my natural bias, he diſ-
ı me, betimes, an inclina-
oetry; upon which he re-
ed me to an intimate ac-
e with the claſſicks, in the
n of which, he *aſſiſted me*
nal zeal, and uncommon
'erudition. When he thought me
'ſufficiently acquainted with the an-
'cients, he directed my ſtudies to the
'beſt modern authors, French and Ita-
'lian, as well as Engliſh, and laid a
'particular injunction upon me, to
'make myſelf maſter of my mother
'tongue.

'About the age of eighteen I grew
'ambitious of undertaking a work of
'ſome conſequence; and, with my fa-
'ther's approbation, actually planned
'the tragedy you have read; but be-
'fore I had finiſhed four acts, that
'indulgent parent died, and left my
'mother and and me in very indigent
'circumſtances. A near relation com-
'paſſionating our diſtreſs, took us into
'his family, where I brought my fable
'to a concluſion; and ſoon after that
'period my mother quitted this life.
'When my ſorrow for this melan-
'choly event had ſubſided, I told my
'kinſman, who was a farmer, that
'having paid my laſt duty to my pa-
'rent, I had now no attachment to
'detain me in the country, and there-
'fore was reſolved to ſet out for Lon-
'don, and offer my play to the ſtage,
'where I did not doubt of acquiring
'a large ſhare of fame as well as for-
'tune, in which caſe I ſhould not be
'unmindful of my friends and bene-
'factors. My couſin was raviſhed
'with the proſpect of my felicity, and
'willingly contributed towards the
'expence of fitting me out for my ex-
'pedition.

'Accordingly I took a place in the
'waggon, and arrived in town, where
'I hired an apartment in a garret,
'willing to live as frugal as poſſible,
'until I ſhould know what I had to
'expect from the manager, to whom
'I intended to offer my play. For
'though I looked upon myſelf as per-
'fectly ſecure of a good reception,
'imagining that a patentee would be
'as eager to receive, as I to preſent
'my production; I did not know
'whether or not he might be pre-
'engaged in favour of another author,
'a circumſtance that would certainly
'retard my ſucceſs. On this con-
'ſideration, too, I determined to be
'ſpeedy in my application, and even
'to wait upon one of the managers
'the very next day. For this purpoſe
'I enquired of my landlord if he knew
'where either or both of them lived;

'and he being curious to know my 'buſineſs, and at the ſame time ap- 'pearing to be a very honeſt friend- 'ly man, (a tallow-chandler) I made 'him acquainted with my deſign; 'upon which he told me that I went 'the wrong way to work; that I 'would not find ſuch eaſy acceſs to a 'manager as I imagined; and that if 'I delivered my performance without 'proper recommendation, it would be 'as one to a thouſand if ever it ſhould be 'minded. "Take my advice," ſaid 'he, "and your buſineſs is done. One "of the patentees is a good catholic, "as I am, and uſes the ſame father "who confeſſes me. I will make you "acquainted with this good prieſt, "who is an excellent ſcholar, and if "he ſhould approve of your play, his "recommendation will go a great way "in determining Mr. Supple to bring "it on the ſtage." I applauded his 'expedient, and was introduced to the 'friar; who having peruſed the tra- 'gedy, was pleaſed to ſignify his ap- 'probation, and commended me in 'particular, for having avoided all 'reflections upon religion. He pro- 'miſed to uſe all his influence with his 'ſon Supple in my behalf, and to in- 'form himſelf that very day, at what 'time it would be proper for me to 'wait upon him with the piece. He 'was punctual in performing his en- 'gagement, and next morning gave 'me to underſtand that he had men- 'tioned my affair to the manager, and 'that I had no more to do, than to go 'to his houſe any time in the fore- 'noon, and make uſe of his name, 'upon which I ſhould find immediate 'admittance. I took this advice, put 'my performance in my boſom, and 'having received directions, went im- 'mediately to the houſe of Mr. Sup- 'ple, and knocked at the door, which 'had a wicket in the middle, faced 'with a net-work of iron. Through 'this a ſervant having viewed me for 'ſome time, demanded to know my 'buſineſs. I told him my buſineſs 'was with Mr. Supple, and that I 'came from Mr. O'Varniſh. He ex- 'amined my appearance once more, 'then went away, returned in a few 'minutes, and ſaid his maſter was 'buſy and could not be ſeen. Al- 'though I was a little mortified at my 'diſappointment, I was perſuaded that 'my reception was owing 'Supple's ignorance of my 'and that I might meet with 'obſtructions of the ſame 'deſired Mr. O'Varniſh to be 'troductor the next time. 'plied with my requeſt, and 'immediate admittance to the 'ger, who received me with 'moſt civility, and promiſed 'my play with the firſt conv 'By his own appointment 'again in a fortnight, but he w 'out; I returned in a week af 'the poor gentleman was ex 'ill; I renewed my viſit in a f 'after that, and he aſſured me 'been ſo much fatigued with 'that he had not been able a 'read it to an end; but he wo 'the firſt opportunity; and 'mean time obſerved, that 'had juſt ſeen of it was ver 'taining. I comforted myſ 'this declaration a few week 'at the end of which I appear 'before his wicket, was let 'found him laid up with the 'no ſooner entered his chamb 'looking at me with a languiſ 'he ſaid, "Mr. Melopo "heartily ſorry for an acciden "happened during my illneſ "muſt know, that my eld "finding your manuſcript 'table in the dining-room, "uſed to read it, carried it "kitchen, and leaving it ther "ligent wench of a cook-m "taking it for waſte paper, "pended it all but a few leave "ing fowls upon the ſpit. B "the misfortune is not irr "ſince, no doubt, you hav "copies."

'I proteſt to you, my good fr 'Random, I was extremely 'at this information; but t 'natured gentleman ſeemed 'much affected with my m 'that I ſuppreſſed my concern 'him, that although I had no 'copy I ſhould be able to re 'loſs by writing another fro 'mory, which was very t 'You cannot imagine h 'pleaſed Mr. Supple was at 'rance; he begged I would 'it immediately, and careful 'and recollect every circumſ

ended to commit it to pa-
t might be the ſame indi-
r that he had peruſed. En-
ıy this injunction, which
nonſtrated how much he
himſelf in the affair, I
emembrance and induſtry,
e weeks produced the exact
ıe former, which was con-
m by my good friend, Fa-
niſh, who told me next day,
ſupple would reviſe it ſu-
in order to judge of it's
vith the other, and then
nal anſwer. For this exa-
allotted a week; and in
ence of ſeeing it acted in a
le, demanded an audience
ıager, when that term was
ut alas! the ſeaſon had ſlipt
nſibly; he convinced me,
play had been put into re-
hat time, it could not have
y for performing until the
Aarch, when the benefit
me on; conſequently it
re interfered with the inte-
players, whom it was not
ſs to diſoblige.
in to acquieſce in theſe rea-
:h to be ſure were extreme-
nd to reſerve my perform-
the next ſeaſon, when he
would not be ſo unlucky.
it was a grievous diſap-
to me, who by this time
want both money and ne-
having, on the ſtrength of
ſtation from the theatre,
out into ſome extravagah-
which the ſum I brought to
already almoſt conſumed.
ought to be aſhamed at this
nce of my conduct: for my
were ſufficient, with good
, to have maintained me
ıly a whole year. You
aps be amazed when I tell
n ſix months I expended
hing leſs than ten guineas:
one conſiders the tempta-
which a young man is ex-
his great city, eſpecially if
ected to pleaſure, as I am, the
ill vaniſh, or at leaſt abate.
the cauſe of my concern li-
my own ſituation entirely:
rit an account of my good
to my kinſman the farmer,

'and deſired him to depend upon me
'for the money he had kindly ac-
'commodated me with, about the end
'of February: which promiſe I now
'found myſelf unable to perform.
'However, there was no remedy but
'patience: I applied to my landlord,
'who was a very good-natured man,
'candidly owned my diſtreſs, and beg-
'ged his advice in laying down ſome
'plan for my ſubſiſtence. He readily
'promiſed to conſult his confeſſor
'on this ſubject, and in the mean
'time told me, I was welcome to
'lodge and board with him, until for-
'tune ſhould put it in my power to
'make reſtitution.

'Mr. O'Varniſh being informed of
'my neceſſity, offered to introduce
'me to the author of a weekly paper,
'who, he did not doubt, would em-
'ploy me in that way, provided he
'ſhould find me duly qualified; but
'upon enquiry, I underſtood, that this
'journal was calculated to foment di-
'viſions in the commonwealth, and
'therefore I deſired to be excuſed from
'engaging in it. He then propoſed
'that I ſhould write ſometing in the
'poetical way, which I might diſpoſe
'of to a bookſeller for a pretty ſum of
'ready money, and perhaps eſtabliſh
'my own character into the bargain;
'this event would infallibly procure
'friends; and my tragedy would ap-
'pear next ſeaſon to the beſt advan-
'tage, by being ſupported both by in-
'tereſt and reputation. I was charmed
'with this proſpect, and having heard
'what friends Mr. Pope acquired by
'his paſtorals, ſet about a work of
'that kind, and in leſs than ſix weeks
'compoſed as many eclogues, which I
'forthwith offered to an eminent book-
'ſeller, who deſired me to leave them
'for his peruſal, and he would give
'me an anſwer in two days. At the
'end of that time, I went to him,
'when he returned the poems, tell-
'ing me, they would not anſwer his
'purpoſe, and ſweetened his refuſal,
'by ſaying there were ſome good cle-
'ver lines in them. Not a little de-
'jected at this rebuff, which, I learned
'from Mr. O'Varniſh, was owing to
'the opinion of another author, whom
'this bookſeller always conſulted on
'theſe occaſions, I applied to another
'perſon of the ſame profeſſion, who

'told me, the town was cloyed with 'paſtorals, and adviſed me, if I in- 'tended to profit by my talents, to 'write ſomething ſatirical or luſcious, 'ſuch as the Button Hole, Shockey 'and Towzer, The Leaky Veſſel, &c. 'and yet this was a man in years, 'who wore a reverend periwig, look- 'ed like a ſenator, and went regular- 'ly to church. Be that as it will, I 'ſcorned to proſtitute my pen in the 'manner he propoſed, and carried my 'papers to a third, who aſſured me, 'that poetry was entirely out of his 'way; and aſked if I had got never a 'piece of ſecret hiſtory, thrown into 'a ſeries of letters, or a volume of 'adventures, ſuch as thoſe of Ro- 'binſon Cruſoe, and Colonel Jack, 'or a collection of conundrums, 'wherewith to entertain the planta- 'tions. Being quite unfurniſhed for 'this dealer, I had recourſe to ano- 'ther, with as little ſucceſs; and I 'verily believe was rejected by the 'whole trade.

'I was afterwards perſuaded to of- 'fer myſelf as a tranſlator, and ac- 'cordingly repaired to a perſon, who 'was ſaid to entertain numbers of that 'claſs in his pay; he aſſured me, he 'had already a great deal of that work 'on his hands, which he did not know 'what to do with; obſerved that tran- 'ſlation was a mere drug, that branch 'of literature being overſtocked with 'an inundation of authors from North 'Britain; and aſked what I would 'expect per ſheet, for rendering the 'Latin claſſicks into Engliſh. That I 'might not make myſelf too cheap, I 'determined to ſet a high price upon 'my qualifications, and demanded half 'a guinea for every tranſlated ſheet. "Half a guinea!" cried he, ſtaring at 'me; then pauſed a little, and ſaid 'he had no occaſion for my ſervice at 'preſent. I found my error, and re- 'ſolving to make amends, fell one half 'in my demand; upon which he 'ſtared at me again, and told me his 'hands were full. I attempted others, 'without finding employment, and 'was actually reduced to a very un- 'comfortable proſpect, when I be- 'thought myſelf of offering my talents 'to the printers of halfpenny ballads, 'and other ſuch occaſional eſſays as 'are hawked about the ſtreets. With 'this view, I applied to one of the 'moſt noted and vociferous of this 'tribe, who directed me to a perſon 'whom I found entertaining a whole 'crowd of them with gin, bread and 'cheeſe; he carried me into a little 'back-parlour, very neatly furniſhed, 'where I ſignified my deſire of being 'enrolled among his writers; and was 'aſked what kind of compoſition I 'profeſſed. Underſtanding that my in- 'clination leaned towards poetry, he 'expreſſed his ſatisfaction, telling me 'one of his poets had loſt his ſenſes, 'and was confined in Bedlam, and 'the other was become dozed with 'drinking drams; ſo that he had not 'done any thing tolerable theſe many 'weeks. When I propoſed that we 'ſhould enter into terms of agreement, 'he gave me to underſtand, that his 'bargains were always conditional, 'and his authors paid in proportion to 'the ſale of their works.

'Having therefore ſettled theſe con- 'ditions, which (I do aſſure you) were 'not very advantageous to me, he aſ- 'ſigned me a ſubject for a ballad, 'which was to be finiſhed in two hours; 'and I retired to my garret in order to 'perform his injunction. As the theme 'happened to ſuit my fancy, I com- 'pleated a pretty ſort of an ode within 'the time preſcribed, and brought it 'to him, big with hope of profit and 'applauſe. He read it in a twinkling, 'and to my utter aſtoniſhment, told 'me it would not do; though, indeed, 'he owned I wrote a good hand, and 'ſpelled very well, but my language 'was too high flown, and of conſe- 'quence not at all adapted to the ca- 'pacity and taſte of his cuſtomers. I 'promiſed to rectify that miſtake, and 'in half an hour humbled my ſtyle to 'the comprehenſion of vulgar readers; 'he approved of the alteration, and 'gave me ſome hopes of ſucceeding 'in time, though he obſerved, that 'my performance was very deficient 'in the quaintneſs of expreſſion that 'pleaſes the multitude: however, to 'encourage me, he ventured the ex- 'pence of printing and paper, and if I 'remember aright, my ſhare of the ſale 'amounted to four pence halfpenny.

'From that day I ſtudied the Grub 'Street manner with great diligence, 'and at length became ſuch a profi- 'cient, that my works were in great 'requeſt among the moſt polite of the 'chairmen

draymen, hackney coach-
men, and ſervant maids:
ve enjoyed the pleaſure of
productions adorned with
ed upon the wall, as orna-
beer-cellars and coblers
d have actually heard them
lubs of ſubſtantial tradeſ-
t empty praiſe, you know,
riend, will not ſupply the
of nature. I found myſelf
of ſtarving in the midſt of
ne; for of ten ſongs I com-
was well if two had the
une to pleaſe. For this
rned my thoughts to proſe,
g a tract of gloomy wea-
iſhed an apparition, on the
of which I ſubſiſted very
ly a whole month: I have
ny a good meal upon a
a rape has often afforded
ſatisfaction; but a murder
d, was my never failing re-
What then! I was a moſt
ſlave to my employers, who
o be furniſhed at a minute's
with proſe and verſe, juſt as
ght the circumſtances of
required, whether the in-
was abſent or preſent.
ſincerity, Mr. Random, I
ſo much peſtered and be-
thoſe children of clamour,
ecame a burden to me.'

HAP. XXVII.

TINUATION AND CON- OF MR. MELOPOYN'S

ſhift, notwithſtanding, to
ntain myſelf till the begin-
ext winter, when I renew-
ldreſſes to my friend Mr.
nd was moſt graciouſly re-
"I have been thinking of
ir, Mr. Melopoyn," ſaid he,
determined to ſhew how far
our intereſt at heart, by in-
g you to a young nobleman
quaintance, who is remark-
his fine taſte in dramatic
, and is, beſides, a man of
uence, that if once he ſhould
of your play, his patronage
port it againſt all the ef-
envy and ignorance: for I

"do aſſure you, that merit alone will
"not bring ſucceſs. I have already
"ſpoke of your performance to Lord
"Rattle, and if you will call at my
"houſe in a day or two, you ſhall
"have a letter of introduction to his
"lordſhip." I was ſenſibly touched
'with this mark of Mr. Supple's
'friendſhip, and looking upon my af-
'fair as already done, went home and
'imparted my good fortune to my
'landlord, who, to render my ap-
'pearance more acceptable to my pa-
'tron, procured a ſuit of new clothes
'for me on his own credit.

'Not to trouble you with idle par-
'ticulars, I carried my tragedy to his
'lordſhip's lodgings, and ſent it up
'along with Mr. Supple's letter by
'one of his ſervants, who deſired me,
'by his lord's order, to return in a
'week. I did ſo, and was admitted
'to his lordſhip, who received me very
'courteouſly, told me he had peruſed
'my play, which he thought, on the
'whole, was the beſt *coup d' eſſai* he
'had ever ſeen; but that he had mark-
'ed ſome places in the margin, which
'he imagined might be altered for the
'better. I was tranſported with this
'reception, and promiſed (with many
'acknowledgments of his lordſhip's
'generoſity) to be governed ſolely by
'his advice and direction. "Well
"then," ſaid he, "write another fair
"copy with the alterations I have
"propoſed, and bring it to me as ſoon
"as poſſible; for I am reſolved to have
"it brought on the ſtage this winter."
'You may be ſure I ſet about this
'taſk with alacrity, and although I
'found his lordſhip's remarks much
'more numerous, and of leſs im-
'portance than I expected, I thought
'it was not my intereſt to diſpute upon
'trifles with my patron; therefore,
'I new-modelled it according to his
'deſire in leſs than a month.

'When I waited upon him with the
'manuſcript, I found one of the ac-
'tors at breakfaſt with his lordſhip,
'who immediately introduced him to
'my acquaintance, and deſired him to
'read a ſcene of my play. This taſk
'he performed very much to my ſa-
'tisfaction, with regard to emphaſis
'and pronunciation; but he ſignified
'his diſguſt at ſeveral words in every
'page, which I preſuming to defend,
'Lord Rattle told me with a peremp-

'tory look, I muſt not pretend to diſ-
'pute with him, who had been a player
'theſe twenty years, and underſtood
'the œconomy of the ſtage better than
'any man living. I was forced to
'ſubmit, and his lordſhip propoſed
'the ſame actor ſhould read the whole
'play in the evening, before ſome
'gentlemen of his acquaintance,
'whom he would convene at his lodg-
'ings for that purpoſe.

'I was preſent at the reading; and
'I proteſt to you, my dear friend, I
'never underwent ſuch a ſevere trial
'in the whole courſe of my life, as
'at that juncture; for although the
'player might be a very honeſt man
'and a good performer, he was ex-
'ceſſively illiterate and aſſuming, and
'made a thouſand frivolous objec-
'tions, which I was not permitted to
'anſwer: however, the piece was very
'much applauded on the whole; the
'gentlemen preſent, who, I under-
'ſtood, were men of fortune, pro-
'miſed to countenance and ſupport it
'as much as they could; and Lord
'Rattle aſſuring me that he would act
'the part of a careful nurſe to it, de-
'ſired me to carry it home, and alter
'it immediately according to their re-
'marks: I was fain to acquieſce in
'his determination, and fulfilled his
'injunctions with all the expedition in
'my power; but before I could pre-
'ſent the new copy, my good friend
'Mr. Supple had diſpoſed of his pro-
'perty and patent to one Mr. Brayer;
'ſo that freſh intereſt was to be made
'with the new manager. This taſk
'Lord Rattle undertook, having ſome
'acquaintance with him, and recom-
'mended my performance ſo ſtrongly,
'that it was received.

'I looked upon myſelf now as upon
'the eve of reaping the fruits of all
'my labour: I waited a few days in
'expectation of it's being put into re-
'hearſal, and wondering at the de-
'lay, applied to my worthy pa-
'tron, who excuſed Mr. Brayer on
'account of the multiplicity of buſi-
'neſs in which he was involved, and
'bade me beware of teazing the pa-
'tentee. I treaſured up this caution,
'and exerted my patience three weeks
'longer; at the end of which his
'lordſhip gave me to underſtand that
'*Mr.* Brayer had read my play, and
'owned it had undubitable merit;
'but as he had long been pre-engag-
'ed to another author, he could not
'poſſibly repreſent it that ſeaſon;
'though, if I would reſerve it for the
'next, and in the interim make ſuch
'alterations as he had propoſed by
'obſervations on the margin, I might
'depend upon his compliance.

'Thunderſtruck at this diſappoint-
'ment, I could not, for ſome minutes,
'utter one ſyllable: At length, how-
'ever, I complained bitterly of the
'manager's inſincerity in amuſing me
'ſo long, when he knew from the
'beginning that he could not gratify
'my deſire. But his lordſhip repri-
'manded me for my freedom, ſaid Mr.
'Brayer was a man of honour, and
'imputed his behaviour with reſpect
'to me, to nothing elſe but forgetful-
'neſs. And indeed I have had ſome
'reaſon ſince that time, to be con-
'vinced of his bad memory: for, in
'ſpite of appearances, I will not allow
'myſelf to interpret his conduct any
'other way. Lord Rattle obſerving
'me very much affected with my diſ-
'appointment, offered his intereſt to
'bring on my play at the other houſe,
'which I eagerly accepting, he forth-
'with wrote a letter of recommenda-
'tion to Mr. Bellower, actor, and
'prime miniſter to Mr. Vandal, pro-
'prietor of that theatre: and deſired
'me to deliver it with my tragedy with-
'out loſs of time. Accordingly, I
'haſtened to his houſe, where, after
'having waited a whole hour in a lob-
'by, I was admitted to his preſence,
'and my performance received with
'great ſtate. He told me he was ex-
'tremely buſy at preſent, but he would
'peruſe it as ſoon as poſſible; and
'bade me call again in a week. I took
'my leave, not a little aſtoniſhed at
'the port and ſupercilious behaviour
'of this ſtage-player, who had not
'treated me with good manners; and
'began to think the dignity of a poet
'greatly impaired ſince the days of
'Euripides and Sophocles; but all
'this was nothing in compariſon of
'what I have ſince obſerved.

'Well, Mr. Random, I went back
'at the appointed time, and was told
'that Mr. Bellower was engaged, and
'could not ſee me. I repeated my vi-
'ſit a few days after, and having wait-
'ed a conſiderable time, was favoured
'with an audience, during which,

iad not as yet read my play.
t this uſage, I could con-
elf no longer, but telling
imagined he would have
e deference to Lord Rattle's
ndation, demanded my ma-
with ſome expreſſions of re-
. "Aye," ſaid he, in a the-
ne, "with all my heart."
illing out a drawer of the
at which he ſat, he took
ndle, and threw it upon a
was near him, pronouncing
d, "There," with great
I took it up, and perceiv-
ſome ſurprize, that it was
, told him it did not belong
pon which he offered me an-
hich I alſo diſclaimed. A
s produced, and rejected for
reaſon. At length he pull-
whole handful, and ſpread
fore me, ſaying, "There
n—take which you pleaſe—
them all." I ſingled out
, and went away, ſtruck
ith admiration at what I had
t ſo much on account of his
e, as of the number of new
hich from this circumſtance
uded were yearly offered to
. You may be ſure I did
to carry my complaint to
on, who did not receive it
the indignation I expected;
d me with precipitation, and
I muſt lay my account with
the humours of the players,
nded to write for the ſtage.
is now no other remedy,"
"but to keep it for the next
for Mr. Brayer, and alter it
leiſure, in the ſummer, ac-
g to his directions." I was
luced to a terrible alternative,
o quit all hopes of my trage-
m which I had all along pro-
nyſelf a large ſhare of fortune
utation, or to encounter eight
onths of adverſity in preparing
d expecting it's appearance.
aſt penance, painful as it was,
moſt eligible to my reflection
time, and therefore I reſolv-
ndergo it.
y ſhould I tire you with parti-
of no conſequence! I wreſtled
xtreme poverty, until the time
probation was expired; and
o my Lord Rattle, *in order to*

'remind him of my affair, when I 'underſtood, to my great concern, 'that his lordſhip was juſt on the point 'of going abroad, and, which was 'ſtill more unfortunate to me, Mr. 'Brayer had gone into the country; 'ſo that my generous patron had it 'not in his power to introduce me per-'ſonally, as he intended: however, 'he wrote a very ſtrong letter to the 'manager in my favour, and put him 'in mind of the promiſe he had made 'in behalf of my play.

'As ſoon as I was certified of Bray-'er's return, I went to his houſe with 'this letter, but was told he was gone 'out. I called again next day early 'in the morning, received the ſame 'anſwer, and was deſired to leave my 'name and buſineſs; I did ſo, and 'returned the day after, when the ſer-'vant ſtill affirmed that his maſter was 'gone abroad; though I perceived 'him as I retired, obſerving me through 'a window. Incenſed at this diſcove-'ry, I went to a coffee-houſe hard by, 'and incloſing his lordſhip's letter in 'one for myſelf, demanded a categori-'cal anſwer. I ſent it to his houſe by a 'porter, who returned in a few mi-'nutes, and told me Mr. Brayer would 'be glad to ſee me at that inſtant. I 'obeyed the ſummons, and was re-'ceived with ſuch profuſion of compli-'ments and apologies, that my reſent-'ment immediately ſubſided, and I 'was even in pain for the concern which 'this honeſt man ſhewed at the miſ-'take of his ſervant, who, it ſeems, 'had been ordered to deny him to every 'body but me. He expreſſed the ut-'moſt veneration for his good and no-'ble friend Lord Rattle, whom he 'ſhould always be proud to ſerve; 'promiſed to peruſe the play with all 'diſpatch, and give me a meeting upon 'it; and as a teſtimony of his eſteem, 'made me a preſent of a general or-'der for the ſeaſon, by which I ſhould 'be admitted to any part of the the-'atre. This was a very agreeable 'compliment to me, whoſe greateſt 'pleaſure conſiſted in ſeeing dramatic 'performances, and you need not 'doubt that I often availed myſelf 'of my privilege. As I had an op-'portunity of being behind the ſcenes 'when I pleaſed, I frequently con-'verſed with Mr. Brayer about my 'play, and aſked when he intended to

'put

'put it into rehearſal; but he had al-
'ways ſo much buſineſs upon his hands,
'that it remained with him unopened
'a conſiderable while; and I became
'very uneaſy about the ſeaſon, that
'waſted apace, when I ſaw in the pa-
'pers, another new play advertiſed,
'which had been written, offered, ac-
'cepted, and rehearſed, in the compaſs
'of three months. You may eaſily
'gueſs how much I was confounded
'at this event! I own to you, that in
'the firſt tranſport of my anger, I
'ſuſpected Mr. Brayer of having
'acted towards me in the moſt pitiful
'perfidious manner; and was actual-
'ly glad at his diſappointment in the
'ſucceſs of his favourite piece, which,
'by the ſtrength of art, lingered till
'the third night, and then died in a
'deplorable manner. But now that
'paſſion has no ſhare in my reflection.
'I am willing to aſcribe his behavi-
'our to his want of memory or want
'of judgment; which, you know, are
'natural defects, that are more worthy
'of compaſſion than reproach.

'About this time I happened to be
'in company with a gentlewoman,
'who having heard of my tragedy, told
'me ſhe was acquainted with the
'wife of a gentleman who was very
'well known to a lady who had great
'intereſt with a perſon who was inti-
'mate with Earl Sheerwit, and that, if
'I pleaſed, ſhe would uſe her influence
'in my behalf. As this nobleman
'had the character of a Mecænas in
'the nation, and could ſtamp a value
'upon any work by his ſole counte-
'nance and approbation, I accepted
'her offer with eagerneſs, in full confi-
'dence of ſeeing my reputation eſtab-
'liſhed, and my wiſhes fulfilled in a
'very ſhort time, provided that I
'ſhould have the good fortune to pleaſe
'his lordſhip's taſte. I withdrew the
'manuſcript from the hands of Mr.
'Brayer, and committed it to the care
'of this gentlewoman, who laboured
'ſo effectually in my intereſt, that in
'leſs than a month it was conveyed to
'the earl, and in a few weeks after
'I had the ſatisfaction to hear that he
'read and approved it very much.
'Tranſported with this piece of intel-
'ligence, I flattered myſelf with the
'*hopes of* his intereſting himſelf in it's
'*favour*; but hearing no more of the
'matter in three whole months, I be-
'gan (God forgive me) to ſi
'veracity of the perſon who
'me the good tidings: for I
'it impoſſible, that a man of
'and character, who knew
'culty of writing a good trag
'underſtood the dignity of t
'ſhould read and applaud a
'this kind, without feeling
'nation to befriend the autho
'his countenance alone co
'above dependance. But it
'long before I found my fri
'much wronged by my opini

'You muſt know that the
'I had received from Lord Ra
'the deſire he manifeſted to
'the ſucceſs of my play, en
'me to write an account of
'fortune to his lordſhip, wh
'ſcended ſo far as to deſire, I
'a young ſquire of a great eſt
'whom he was intimate, to
'my cauſe; and, in particula
'me acquainted with one M
'mozet, a celebrated player,
'lately appeared on the ſta
'aſtoniſhing eclat, and bore ſu
'in the houſe where he acted,
'managers durſt not refuſe a
'he recommended. The you
'tleman whom Lord Rattle
'ployed for this purpoſe, bei
'dent of his own intereſt w
'Marmozet, had recourſe to
'man of his acquaintance;
'his ſolicitation, was ſo goo
'introduce me to him; and the
'ſation turning upon my perfo
'I was not a little ſurprized,
'as pleaſed to hear, that Ear
'wit had ſpoken very much
'praiſe, and even ſent Mr. M
'zet the copy, with a meſſage
'ſing a deſire that he would a
'next ſeaſon. Nor was the fa
'actor backward in commend
'piece, which he mentioned wi
'expreſſions of regard that I
'chuſe to repeat; aſſuring me
'would appear in it, provi
'ſhould be engaged to play at
'ring the enſuing ſeaſon. In t
'time, he deſired I would gi
'leave to peruſe it in the c
'whither he intended to remo
'day, that he might have lei
'conſider and point out ſuch
'tions as might, perhaps, be n
'for it's repreſentation; and t

di

on, that he might communi-
y letter the obſervations he
make. Truſting to theſe aſ-
s, and the intereſt which had
ade in my behalf, I hugged
in the expectation of ſeeing
only acted, but acted to the
advantage, and this I thought
ıot fail of recompenſing me in
ple manner, for the anxiety
iction I had undergone: but
ks being elapſed, I did not
ow to reconcile Mr. Marmo-
lence, with his promiſe of
to me in ten days after he
for the country; however,
ıt laſt favoured with a letter,
ng that he had made ſome re-
on my tragedy, which he
freely impart at meeting, and
me to put it, without loſs
into the hands of that ma-
who had the beſt company;
imſelf was quite uncertain,
or not he ſhould be engaged
ıter. I was a good deal alarm-
is laſt part of his letter, and
about it with a friend, who
, it was a plain indication of
armozet's deſire to get rid of
niſe: that his pretended un-
y about his acting next win-
s no other than a ſcandalous
; for, to his certain know-
ıe was already engaged, or
in terms with Mr. Vandal;
t his deſign was to diſappoint
favour of a new comedy;
ıe had purchaſed of the au-
ıd intended to bring upon the
or his own advantage. In
ıy dear Sir, this perſon, who,
own, is of a ſanguine com-
, handled the moral charac-
Mr. Marmozet with ſuch ſe-
that I began to ſuſpect him
: particular prejudice, and
ſelf upon my guard againſt
ıuations. I ought to crave
for this tedious narration of
circumſtances, which, how-
ereſting they may be to me,
tainly be very dry and inſi-
he ear of one unconcerned in
ir. But I underſtand the
of your looks, and will
. Well, Sir, Mr. Marmo-
on his return to town, treat-
ith uncommon complaiſance,
ited me to his lodgings,

'where he propoſed to communicate
'his remarks, which I confeſs were
'more unfavourable than I expected;
'but I anſwered his objections, and,
'as I thought, brought him over to
'my opinion; for, on the whole, he
'ſignified the higheſt approbation of
'the performance. In the courſe of
'our diſpute, I was not a little ſur-
'prized to find this poor gentleman's
'memory ſo treacherous as to let him
'forget what he had ſaid to me be-
'fore he went out of town, in regard
'to Earl Sheerwit's opinion of my
'play, which he now profeſſed him-
'ſelf ignorant of; and I was extreme-
'ly mortified at hearing from his own
'mouth, that his intereſt with Mr.
'Vandal was ſo very low, as to be in-
'ſufficient of itſelf to bring a new piece
'upon the ſtage. I then begged his
'advice, and he counſelled me to ap-
'ply to Earl Sheerwit for a meſſage
'in my favour to the manager, who
'would not preſume to refuſe any
'thing recommended by ſo great a
'man; and he was ſo kind as to pro-
'miſe to ſecond this meſſage with all
'his power. I had immediate re-
'courſe to the worthy gentlewoman
'my friend already mentioned, who
'opened the channels of her convey-
'ance with ſuch expedition, that in a
'few days I had a promiſe of the meſ-
'ſage, provided I could aſſure myſelf
'of Mr. Vandal's being unengaged to
'any other author; for his lordſhip
'did not chuſe to condeſcend ſo far,
'until he ſhould underſtand that there
'was a probability, at leaſt, of ſuc-
'ceeding; at the ſame time that bleſ-
'ſed me with this piece of news, I
'was ſtartled at another, by the ſame
'canal of communication; which was,
'that Mr. Marmozet, before he ad-
'viſed me to this application, had in-
'formed the earl, that he had read my
'play, and found it altogether unfit
'for the ſtage. Though I could not
'doubt the certainty of this intelli-
'gence, I believe there was ſome miſ-
'apprehenſion in the caſe; and, with-
'out taking any notice of it, told Mr.
'Marmozet the anſwer I had been
'favoured with; and he promiſed to
'aſk Mr. Vandal the queſtion propoſ-
'ed. I waited upon him in a day or
'two, when he gave me to underſtand,
'that Mr. Vandal having profeſſed
'himſelf free of all engagements, he

'had put my play into into his hands, 'and repreſented it as a piece ſtrongly 'recommended by Earl Sheerwit, who '(he aſſured him) would honour him 'with a meſſage in it's favour; and he 'deſired me to call for an anſwer at 'Mr. Vandal's houſe, in three days. 'I followed his directions, and found 'the manager; who, being made ac- 'quainted with my buſineſs, owned 'that Mr. Marmozet had given him a 'manuſcript play, but denied that he 'had mentioned Earl Sheerwit's name. 'When I informed him of the circum- 'ſtances of the affair, he ſaid he had no 'engagement with any author; that he 'would read my tragedy forthwith; 'and did not believe he ſhould ven- 'ture to reject it in contradiction to 'his lordſhip's opinion, for which he 'had the utmoſt veneration, but put 'it into rehearſal without loſs of 'time. I was ſo much intoxicated 'with this encouragement, that I 'overlooked the myſterious conduct 'of Mr. Marmozet, and attended the 'manager at the time appointed, when, 'to my infinite confuſion, he pro- 'nounced my play improper for the 'ſtage, and rejected it accordingly. 'As ſoon as I could recollect myſelf 'from the diſorder into which this un- 'expected refuſal had thrown me, I 'expreſſed a deſire of hearing his ob- 'jections, which were ſo groundleſs, 'indiſtinct, and unintelligible, that I 'perſuaded myſelf he had not at all 'peruſed the piece, but had been 'prompted by ſomebody, whoſe leſſons 'he had not rightly retained. How- 'ever, I have been ſince informed, 'that the poor man's head, which was 'not naturally very clear, had been 'diſordered with ſuperſtition, and that 'he laboured under the tyranny of a 'wife, and the terrors of hell fire at 'the ſame time. Precipitated in this 'manner, from the higheſt pinnacle 'of hope, to the abyſs of deſpon- 'dence, I was ready to ſink under the 'burden of my affliction; and in the 'bitterneſs of my anguiſh, could not 'help entertaining ſome doubts of 'Mr. Marmozet's integrity, when I 'recollected and compared the cir- 'cumſtances of his conduct towards 'me. I was encouraged in this ſu- 'ſpicion, by being told, that my Lord 'Sheerwit had ſpoke of his character 'with great contempt; and, in par- 'ticular, reſented his inſolence 'poſing his own taſte to that 'lordſhip concerning my tr 'While I heſitated between di 'opinions of the matter, that 'who (as I told you before) 'little hot-headed, favoured m 'a viſit; and having heard a ci 'ſtantial account of the whole 'could not contain his indig 'but affirmed without ceremon 'Marmozet was the ſole occa 'my diſappointment; that he h 'ed from firſt to laſt with th 'perfidious diſſimulation, cajol 'with inſinuating civilities, w 'under-hand employed all his 'influence to prejudice the ig 'manager againſt my perfor 'that nothing could equal his 'criſy but his avarice, whi 'groſſed the faculties of his 'much, that he ſcrupled not 'guilty of the meaneſt pract 'gratify that ſordid appetite; 'conſequence of this diſpoſiti 'had proſtituted his honour in 'ing my inexperience, and in 'mining the intereſt of another 'of eſtabliſhed reputation, w 'alſo offered a tragedy to the 'which he thought would in 'with the ſucceſs of the comedy 'bought, and determined to b 'at all events.

'I was ſhocked at the deſcrip 'ſuch a monſter, which I cou 'believe exiſted in the world, 'it is, and argued againſt the 'rations of my friend; by 'ſtrating the bad policy of ſu 'haviour, which could not fai 'tailing infamy upon the autho 'the ſmall temptation that a 'Mr. Marmozet's figure and 'could have to conſult his int 'ſuch a groveling manner, 'muſt create contempt and abh 'of him in his patrons, and 'ally deprive him of the coun 'and protection he now enjoys 'an eminent degree. He pr 'to laugh at my ſimplicity 'aſked if I knew for which 'virtues he was ſo much car 'the people of faſhion. "It 'ſaid he, "for the qualities "heart, that this little paraſit "vited to the tables of duk "lords, who hire extraordinar

s entertainment: his avarice
ee not, his ingratitude they
ot, his hypocrify accommo-
:ſelf to their humours, and is
ſequence pleaſing; but he is
courted for his buffoonery,
l be admitted into the choiceſt
of quality for his talent of
ing Punch and his wife Joan,
poet of the moſt exquiſite
is not able to attract the
gard." God forbid, Mr.
, that I ſhould credit aſſer-
t degrade the dignity of our
ſo much, and repreſent that
n as the moſt abject of all
No, I looked upon them
yperboles of paſſion; and
hat comedy of which he
l actually appear, I dare
t the innocence of Mr.
t, who, I am told, is as
ever in favour with the
circumſtance that, ſurely,
: be, unleſs he had vindi-
:haracter to the ſatisfaction
dſhip. Pray forgive this
eſſion, and give me the
little longer; for, thank
I am now near the goal.
n all my attempts, I de-
eeing my play acted; and
myſelf of chuſing ſome
it, that might afford a
gh mean ſubſiſtence; but
d, to whom I was by this
erably indebted, and who
s account with having his
d all in a heap, from the
ny third night, could not
liſappointment, therefore
ner effort in my behalf,
t of intereſt, procured a
m a lady of faſhion to
r, who had always pro-
at veneration for her, de-
he would ſet up my play
and aſſuring him that ſhe
friends would ſupport it
ormance: to ſtrengthen
, ſhe engaged his beſt
y cauſe; and in ſhort ex-
f ſo much, that it was
ed, and my hopes began
But Mr. Brayer, honeſt
much engroſſed by bu-
conſequence, though to
ne had nothing at all to
could not find time to

'read it until the ſeaſon was pretty far
'advanced; and read it he muſt, for
'notwithſtanding his having peruſed
'it before, his memory did not retain
'one circumſtance of the matter.

'At length he favoured it with his
'attention, and having propoſed cer-
'tain alterations, ſent his duty to the
'lady who patronized it, and pro-
'miſed, on his honour, to bring it on
'next winter, provided theſe altera-
'rations ſhould be made, and the copy
'delivered to him before the end of
'April. With an aching heart, I
'ſubmitted to theſe conditions, and
'performed them accordingly: but
'fortune owed me another unforeſeen
'mortification; Mr. Marmozet, du-
'ring the ſummer, became joint-pa-
'tentee with Mr. Brayer, ſo that
'when I claimed performance of ar-
'ticles, I was told, he could do no-
'thing without the conſent of his
'partner, who was pre-engaged to
'another author.

'My condition was rendered deſpe-
'rate by the death of my good friend
'and landlord, whoſe executors ob-
'tained a judgment againſt my effects,
'which they ſeized, turned me out
'into the ſtreets naked, friendleſs,
'and forlorn; there I was arreſted at
'the ſuit of my taylor, and thrown
'into this priſon, where I have made
'ſhift to live theſe five weeks on the
'bounty of my fellow-priſoners, who,
'I hope, are not the worſe for the in-
'ſtruction and good offices by which
'I manifeſt my gratitude; but in ſpite
'of all their charitable endeavours,
'my life was ſcarce tolerable, until
'your uncommon benovolence ena-
'bled me to enjoy it with comfort.'

CHAP. XXVIII.

I AM SEIZED WITH A DEEP MELANCHOLY, AND BECOME A SLOVEN—AM RELIEVED BY MY UNCLE—HE PREVAILS UPON ME TO ENGAGE WITH HIS OWNERS, AS SURGEON OF THE SHIP WHICH HE COMMANDS—HE MAKES ME A CONSIDERABLE PRESENT—ENTERTAINS STRAP AS HIS STEWARD—I TAKE LEAVE OF MY FRIENDS, AND GO

ON BOARD—THE SHIP ARRIVES AT THE DOWNS.

I Shall not make any reflections on this ſtory, in the courſe of which the reader muſt perceive how egregiouſly the ſimplicity and milky diſpoſition of this worthy man, had been duped and abuſed by a ſet of ſcoundrels, who were ſo habituated to falſehood and equivocation, that I verily believe they would have found the utmoſt difficulty in uttering one ſyllable of truth, though their lives had depended upon their ſincerity. Notwithſtanding all I had ſuffered from the knavery and ſelfiſhneſs of mankind, I was amazed and incenſed at the baſe indifference which ſuffered ſuch uncommon merit as he poſſeſſed, to languiſh in obſcurity, and ſtruggle with all the miſeries of a loathſome jail; and ſhould have bleſſed the occaſion that ſecluded me from ſuch a perfidious world, had not the remembrance of the amiable Narciſſa preſerved my attachment to that ſociety of which ſhe conſtituted a part. The picture of that lovely creature was the conſtant companion of my ſolitude: how often did I contemplate the reſemblance of thoſe enchanting features that firſt captivated my heart! How often did I weep over thoſe endearing ſcenes which her image recalled! and how often did I curſe my perfidious fate for having robbed me of the fair original! In vain did my imagination flatter me with ſchemes of future happineſs; ſurly reaſon always interpoſed, and in a moment overthrew the unſubſtantial fabrick, by chaſtiſing the extravagance of my hope, and repreſenting my unhappy ſituation in the right point of view: in vain did I fly for refuge to the amuſements of the place, and engage in the parties of Jackſon, at cards, billiards, ninepins, and fives; a train of melancholy thoughts took poſſeſſion of my ſoul, which even the converſation of Melopoyn could not divert. I ordered Strap to enquire every day at Banter's lodgings, in expectation of hearing again from my charmer; and my diſappointment conſiderably augmented my chagrin. My affectionate valet was infected with my ſorrow, and often ſat with me whole hours without ſpeaking, uttering ſigh for ſigh, and ſhedding tear for tear. This fellowſhip increaſ diſtemper; he became incapabl ſineſs, and was diſcarded by his while I, ſeeing my money mel without any certainty of deliv and in ſhort, all my hopes fru grew negligent of life, loſt al tite, and degenerated into ſuch a that during the ſpace of two I was neither waſhed, ſhift ſhaved; ſo that my face, meagre with abſtinence, was d with dirt, and overſhadowed w and my whole appearance ſqu even frightful; when, one da brought me notice, that ther man below who wanted to ſpe me. Rouzed at this intelliger in full hopes of receiving a let the dear object of my love, I ra ſtairs with the utmoſt preci and found, to my infinite ſurp generous uncle Mr. Bowling ſported at the ſight, I ſprung to embrace him. Upon wh ſtarted aſide with great agilit his hanger, and put himſel his guard; crying, 'Avaſt, 'avaſt! ſheer off.—Yo ho! y 'key, why don't you keep 'look out? here's one of yo 'priſoners broke from his laſ 'do ſuppoſe.' I co[illegible] not hel ing heartily at his miſtake; b ſoon rectified by my voice, w inſtantly recollected, and ſhoo the hand with great affection, ing his concern at ſeeing me i miſerable condition.

I conducted him to my ap where, in preſence of Strap, introduced to him as one of friends, he gave me to un that he was juſt arrived from of Guinea, after having mad ſucceſsful voyage, in which he ed as mate, unt[illegible] the ſhip was by a French privateer; that th being killed during the enga he had taken the command, an fortunate as to ſink the enem which exploit he fell in wit chant ſhip from Martinico, la ſugar, indigo, and ſome ſilv by virtue of his letter of mar tacked, took, and brought into Kinſale in Ireland, wher condemned as a lawful pr which means he had not on pretty large ſum of money,

favour of his owners, eady conferred upon him d of a large ship, mounted nine pounders, ready to very advantageous voyage, is not at liberty to discover. ured me, that it was with difficulty he had found me, ence of a direction left for lodgings at Wapping.

joiced beyond measure, at t of his good fortune; and, e, recounted all the adven- had happened to me since

When he understood the of Strap's attachment to ueezed his hand very cor- promised to make a man hen giving me ten guineas esent occasion, took a di- r the taylor who arrested ent away, in order to dis- debt, telling me at parting, ould soon fetch up all my h a wet sail.

utterly confounded at this insition, which affected me any reverse I had formerly a crowd of incoherent ideas mpetuously upon my imagi- at my reason could neither r connect them; when Strap, had manifested itself in a ooleries, came into my room having utensils, and without us intimation, began to la- beard, whistling with great ll the while. I started from e, and being too well ac- vith Strap, to trust myself in while he was under such desired to be excused, sent r barber, and suffered myself mmed. Having performed ony of ablution, I shifted, ing in my gayest apparel, r the return of my uncle, agreeably surprized at my ansformation

neficent kinsman had satisfied tor, and obtained an order discharge, so that I was no prisoner; but as I had some to part with my friends and n distress, I prevailed upon ling to favour us with his and invited Mr. Melopoyn son to spend the evening at ment, where I regaled them upper, good wine, and the news of my release, on which they heartily congratulated me, notwithstanding the loss of my company, which they were pleased to say they should severely feel. As for Jackson, his misfortune made so little impression on himself, and he was altogether so loose, indifferent, and indiscreet, that I could scarce pity his situation: but I had conceived a veneration and friendship for the poet, who was, in all respects, an object much more worthy of compassion and regard. When our guests withdrew, and my uncle had retired, with an intention to visit me next morning, I made up a bundle of some linen, and other necessaries, and bidding Strap carry them to Mr. Melopoyn's lodging, went thither myself, and pressed it upon his acceptance, with five guineas, which with much difficulty he received, assuring me at the same time, that he should never have it in his power to make satisfaction. I then asked if I could serve him any other way: to which he answered, 'You have already done too 'much;' and unable to contain the emotions of his soul any longer, burst into tears, and wept aloud. Moved at the spectacle, I left him to his repose, and when my uncle returned in the morning, represented his character in such a favourable light, that the honest seaman was affected with his distress, and determined to follow my example, in presenting him with five pieces more: upon which, that I might save him some confusion, I advised Mr. Bowling to inclose it in a letter to be delivered by Strap after we should be gone.

This was accordingly done. I took a formal leave of all my acquaintance in the gaol, and just as I was about to step into a hackney-coach at the gate, Jackson calling me, I returned, and he asked me in a whisper, if I could lend him a shilling. His demand being so moderate, and in all likelihood the last he would make upon me, I slipt a guinea into his hand, which he no sooner perceived, than he cried, 'O 'Jesus! a guinea!', then laying hold of a button of my coat, broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and when his convulsion was ended, told me, I was an honest fellow, and let me go. The coachman was ordered to drive to Mr. Bowling's lodgings,

where

where when we arrived, he entered into a ſerious diſcourſe with me on the ſubject of my ſituation, and propoſed that I ſhould ſail with him in quality of his ſurgeon; in which caſe, he would put me in a method of getting a fortune in a few years, by my own induſtry; and aſſured me, that I might expect to inherit all that he ſhould die poſſeſſed of, provided I ſhould ſurvive him. Though I was penetrated with a ſenſe of his generoſity, I was ſtartled at a propoſal that offered violence to my love, and ſignified my ſentiments on that head, which he did not ſeem to reliſh; but obſerved that love was the fruit of idleneſs; that when once I ſhould be employed in buſineſs, and my mind engaged in making money, I ſhould be no more troubled with theſe ſilly notions, which none but your fair-weather Jacks, who have nothing but their pleaſure to mind, ought to entertain. I was piqued at this inſinuation, which I looked upon as a reproach, and without giving myſelf time to deliberate, accepted his offer. He was overjoyed at my compliance, carried me immediately to his chief owner, with whom a bargain was ſtruck; ſo that then I could not retract with honour, had I been ever ſo much averſe to the agreement. That I might not have time to cool, he bade me draw out a liſt of medicines for a complement of five hundred men, adapted to the diſtempers of hot climates, and ſufficient for a voyage of eighteen months; and carry it to a certain wholeſale apothecary, who would alſo provide me in two well-qualified mates. While I was thus employed, Strap came in, and looked very blank when he underſtood my reſolution: however, after a pauſe of ſome minutes, he inſiſted upon going along with me; and at my deſire was made ſhip's ſteward by Captain Bowling, who promiſed to be at the expence of fitting him out, and to lend him two hundred pounds to purchaſe an adventure.

When I had delivered my liſt of medicines, choſen a couple of my own countrymen for mates, and beſpoke a ſet of chirurgical inſtruments, my uncle told me, that by his laſt voyage he had cleared almoſt three thouſand pounds, one third of which he would immediately make over and put into my hands; that he would procure for me credit to the value of as much more, in ſuch goods as would turn to beſt account in the country to which we were bound; and that although he looked upon my intereſt as his own, he would keep the remaining part of his fortune in his own diſpoſal, with a view of preſerving his independence, and the power of puniſhing me, in caſe I ſhould not make a good uſe of what he had already beſtowed.

Without troubling the reader with an account of the effect which this ſurprizing generoſity had upon my mind, I ſhall only ſay, that his promiſes were inſtantly performed, and an invoice of merchandiſe proper for the voyage preſented to me, that I might purchaſe the goods, and ſhip them with all expedition. In the midſt of this hurry, the remembrance of my charming Narciſſa often interpoſed, and made me the moſt miſerable of all mortals. I was diſtracted with the thought of being torn from her, perhaps for ever; and though the hope of ſeeing her again might have ſupported me under the torments of ſeparation, I could not reflect upon the anguiſh ſhe muſt feel at parting with me, and the inceſſant ſorrows to which her tender boſom would be expoſed during my abſence, without being pierced with the deepeſt affliction! As my imagination was daily and nightly upon the rack to invent ſome method of mitigating this cruel ſtroke, or at leaſt of acquitting my love and honour in the opinion of this gentle creature, I at length ſtumbled upon an expedient, with which the reader will be made acquainted in due time; and in conſequence of my determination, became leſs uneaſy and diſturbed.

My buſineſs being finiſhed, and the ſhip ready to ſail, I reſolved to make my laſt appearance among my acquaintance at the other end of the town, where I had not been ſeen ſince my impriſonment; and as I had, by the advice of my uncle, taken off ſome very rich clothes for ſale, I put on the gayeſt ſuit in my poſſeſſion, and went in a chair to the coffee-houſe I uſed to frequent, where I found my friend Banter ſo confounded at the magnificence of my dreſs, that when I made up to him, he gazed at me with a look of aſtoniſhment, without being able

for

inutes to open his lips; g me aſide by the ſleeve, is eyes on mine, accoſted anner: 'Random, where ave you been? eh! What aning of all this finery? nderſtand you. You are l from the country! what, are good, eh! Well, you are a bold fellow, and llow! but take care, the es often to the well, but is aſt.' So ſaying, he point- ollar; by which geſture, oken hints he had ejacu- d he ſuſpected me of hav- on the highway; and I y heartily at his ſuppoſi- out explaining myſelf any old him he was miſtaken ture; that I had been for paſt with the relation of ad frequently heard me that as I ſhould ſet out next ny travels, I had come to ave of my friends, and to im the money he had bor- me, which, now that I was d, I ſhould certainly have . He was a little diſcon- s demand; but recollecting a moment, ſwore in an af- on, that I had uſed him l, and he would never for- or having, by this ſhort ut it out of his power to of an obligation he could ear. I could not help ſmi- pretended delicacy, which ed highly, telling him, he be uneaſy on that ſcore, give him a direction to a n the city, with whom I a diſcharge for the ſum, ered upon payment. He uch joy at this expedient, eat eagerneſs aſked the per- and place of abode, which wrote in his pocket-book, that he ſhould not be long This affair, which I knew ever after think of, being s ſatisfaction, I ſent cards iends, deſiring the favour mpany at a tavern in the hen they honoured my in- d I had the pleaſure of m in a very elegant man- ch they expreſſed equal ad- s applauſe. Having en- joyed ourſelves till midnight, I took my leave of them, and was well-nigh ſtifled with careſſes; next day I ſet out with Strap in a poſt-chaiſe for Graveſend, where we went on board, and the wind ſerving, weighed anchor in leſs than twelve hours. Without meeting with any accident, we reached the Downs, where we were obliged to come to an anchor, and wait for an eaſterly wind to carry us out of the channel.

CHAP. XXIX.

I SET OUT FOR SUSSEX—CONSULT MRS. SAGELY—ATCHIEVE AN INTERVIEW WITH NARCISSA—RETURN TO THE SHIP—WE GET CLEAR OF THE CHANNEL—I LEARN OUR DESTINATION—WE ARE CHASED BY A LARGE SHIP—THE COMPANY ARE DISMAYED, AND ENCOURAGED BY THE CAPTAIN'S SPEECH—OUR PURSUER HAPPENS TO BE AN ENGLISH MAN OF WAR—WE ARRIVE AT THE COAST OF GUINEA, PURCHASE FOUR HUNDRED NEGROES, SAIL FOR PARAGUAY, GET SAFE INTO THE RIVER OF PLATE, AND SELL OUR CARGO TO GREAT ADVANTAGE.

IT was now I put in execution the ſcheme I had projected at London; and aſking leave of the captain for Strap and me to ſtay on ſhore till the wind ſhould become favourable, my requeſt was granted, becauſe he had orders to remain in the Downs until he ſhould receive ſome diſpatches from London, which he did not expect in leſs than a week. Having imparted my reſolution to my truſty valet, who (though he endeavoured to diſſuade me from ſuch a raſh undertaking) would not quit me in the enterprize, I hired horſes, and ſet out immediately for that part of Suſſex where my charmer was confined, which was not above thirty miles diſtant from Deal, where we mounted. As I was perfectly well acquainted with the extent of the ſquire's eſtate and influence, I halted within five miles of his houſe, where we remained till the twilight; at which time we ſet forward, and by the

the favour of a dark night, reached a copse about half a mile from the village where Mrs. Sagely lived. Here we left our horses tied to a tree, and went directly to the house of my old benefactress, Strap trembling all the way, and venting ejaculatory petitions to Heaven for our safety. Her habitation being quite solitary, we arrived at the door without being observed, when I ordered my companion to enter by himself, and in case there should be company with her, deliver a letter which I had writ for that purpose, and say that a friend of her's in London, understanding that he intended to travel this road, had committed it to his care. He rapped at the door, to which the good old matron coming, told him, that being a lone woman, he must excuse her, if she did not open it, until he had declared his name and business. He answered, that his name was unknown to her, and that his business was to deliver a letter, which (to free her from all manner of apprehension) he would convey to her through the space between the door and threshold. This he instantly performed; and she no sooner read the contents, which specified my being present, than she cried, 'If the person who wrote this letter 'be at hand, let him speak, that I 'may be assured by his voice whether 'or not I may safely admit him.' I forthwith applied my mouth to the key-hole, and pronounced, 'Dear mo-'ther, you need not be afraid, it is I, 'so much indebted to your goodness, 'who now crave admittance.' She knew my voice, and opening the door immediately, received me with a truly maternal affection, manifesting by the tears she let fall, her concern lest I should be discovered, for she had been informed of every thing that had happened between Narcissa and me, from the dear captive's own mouth. When I explained the motive of my journey, which was no other than a desire of seeing the object of my love before I should quit the kingdom, that I might in person convince her of the necessity I was under to leave her, reconcile her to that event, by describing the advantage that in all probability would attend it, repeat my vows of eternal constancy, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of a tender embrace at parting. I say, when I had thus signified my intention, Mrs. Sagely told me, that Narcissa, upon her return from the Bath, had been so strictly watched, that nobody but one or two of the servants devoted to her brother, was admitted to her presence; that afterwards she had been a little enlarged, and was permitted to see company; during which indulgence, she had been several times at her cottage; but of late she had been betrayed by one of the servants, who discovered to the squire, that he had once carried a letter from her to the post-house directed to me; upon which information, she was now more confined than ever, and that I could have no chance of seeing her, unless I would run the risque of getting into the garden, where she and her maid were every day allowed to take the air, and lie hid until I should have an opportunity of speaking to them; an adventure attended with such danger, that no man in his right wits would attempt it. This enterprize, hazardous as it was, I resolved to perform, in spite of all the arguments of Mrs. Sagely, who reasoned, chid, and intreated, by turns; and the tears and prayers of Strap, who conjured me on his knees, to have more regard to myself as well as to him, than to tempt my own destruction in such a precipitate manner. I was deaf to every thing, but the suggestions of my love; and ordering him to return immediately with the horses to the inn from whence we set out, and wait for my coming in that place, he at first peremptorily refused to leave me, until I persuaded him, that if our horses should remain where they were till day-light, they would certainly be discovered, and the whole county alarmed. On this consideration, he took his leave in a sorrowful plight, kissed my hand, and weeping, cried, 'God 'knows if ever I shall see you again.' My kind landlady finding me obstinate, gave me her best advice how to behave in the execution of my project; and after having persuaded me to take a little refreshment, accommodated me with a bed, and left me to my repose. Early in the morning, I arose, and armed with a couple of loaded pistols and a hanger, went to the back of the squire's garden, climbed over the wall, and, according to Mrs. Sagely's direction,

ncealed myſelf in a thicket, n alcove that terminated a ood diſtance from the houſe, as told my miſtreſs chiefly . Here I abſconded from c in the morning to ſix in g, without ſeeing a human at laſt I perceived two wo- oaching, whom, by my heart, I ſoon recognized to orable Narciſſa and Miſs

I felt the ſtrongeſt agita- l at the ſight; and gueſſing would repoſe themſelves in ſtept into it unperceived, on the ſtone table a picture miniature, for which I had don, purpoſing to leave it a before I ſhould go abroad. t in this manner, as an in- to my own appearance, hout ſome previous intima- afraid might have an un- upon the delicate nerves of ſlaver; and then withdrew icket, where I could hear rſe, and ſuit myſelf to the es of the occaſion. As they I obſerved an air of melan- e countenance of Narciſſa, th ſuch unſpeakable ſweet- I could ſcarce refrain from her arms, and kiſſing away drop that ſtood collected in ching eye. According to tion, ſhe entered the alcove, ing ſomething on the table,

No ſooner did ſhe caſt her e features, than ſtartled at lance, ſhe cried, 'Good d the roſes inſtantly vaniſh- r cheeks. Her confidante, this exclamation, looked at ; and, ſtruck with the like- imed, 'O Jeſus! the very of Mr. Random!' Narciſſa llected herſelf a little, ſaid, r angel brought it hither as t to me in my affliction, I kful for the benefit, and erve it as the deareſt object re.' So ſaying, ſhe kiſſed rizing ardour, ſhed a flood d then depoſited the lifeleſs her lovely boſom. Tranſ- heſe ſymptoms of her unal- ion, I was about to throw her feet, when Miſs Wil- ſe reflection was leſs enga- at of her miſtreſs, obſerved that the picture could not tranſport it- ſelf hither, and that ſhe could not help thinking I was not far off. The gentle Narciſſa ſtarting at this conjecture, anſwered, 'Heaven forbid! for al- 'though nothing in the univerſe could 'yield me ſatisfaction equal to that of 'his preſence for one poor moment, in 'a proper place, I would rather for- 'feit his company, almoſt for ever, 'than ſee him here, where his life 'would be expoſed to ſo much dan- 'ger.' I could no longer reſtrain the impulſe of my paſſion, but breaking from my concealment, ſtood before her, when ſhe uttered a fearful ſhriek, and fainted in the arms of her com- panion. I flew towards the treaſure of my ſoul, claſped her in my embrace, and with the warmth of my kiſſes brought her again to life. O! that I were endowed with the expreſſion of a Raphael, the graces of a Guido, the magic touches of a Titian, that I might repreſent the fond concern, the chaſ- tened rapture, and ingenuous bluſh, that mingled on her beauteous face, when ſhe opened her eyes upon me, and pronounced, 'O heavens! is it you?'

I am afraid I have already encroach- ed upon the reader's patience, with the particulars of this amour, on which (I own) I cannot help being impertinently circumſtantial. I ſhall therefore omit the leſs material paſſages of this interview, during which I convinced her reaſon, though I could not appeaſe the ſad preſages of her love, with regard to the long voyage, and dangers I muſt undergo. When we had ſpent an hour (which was all ſhe could ſpare from the barbarity of her brother's vigilance) in lamenting over our hard fate, and in repeating our reciprocal vows, Miſs Williams reminded us of the neceſſity there was for our immediate parting; and ſure lovers never parted with ſuch ſorrow and reluctance as we. But becauſe my words are incapable of doing juſtice to this affecting circumſtance, I am obliged to draw a veil over it, and obſerve, that I returned in the dark to the houſe of Mrs. Sagely, who was overjoyed to hear of my ſucceſs, and oppoſed the tumults of my grief with ſuch ſtrength of reaſon, that my mind regained in ſome meaſure it's tranquility; and that very night, after having forced upon the good gentlewoman a

purſe of twenty guineas, as a token of my gratitude and eſteem, I took my leave of her, and ſet out on foot for the inn, where my arrival freed honeſt Strap from the horrors of unutterable dread.

We took horſe immediately, and alighted early next morning at Deal, where I found my uncle in great concern on account of my abſence, becauſe he had received his diſpatches, and muſt have weighed with the firſt fair wind, whether I had been on board or not. Next day, a briſk eaſterly gale ſpringing up, we ſet ſail, and in eight and forty hours got clear of the channel.

When we were about 200 leagues to weſtward of the Land's End, the captain taking me apart into the cabin, told me, that now he was permitted by his inſtructions, he would diſcloſe the intent and deſtination of our voyage: 'The ſhip,' ſaid he, 'which 'has been fitted out at a great expence, 'is bound for the coaſt of Guinea, 'where we ſhall exchange part of our 'cargo for ſlaves and gold duſt; from 'thence we will tranſport our negroes 'to Buenos Ayres in New Spain, 'where (by virtue of paſſports ob-'tained from our own court, and that 'of Madrid) we will diſpoſe of them 'and the goods that remain on board 'for ſilver, by means of our ſupercar-'go, who is perfectly well acquainted 'with the coaſt, the lingo, and inha-'bitants.' Being thus let into the ſecret of our expedition, I borrowed of the ſupercargo, a Spaniſh grammar, dictionary, and ſome other books of the ſame language, which I ſtudied with ſuch application, that before we arrived in New Spain, I could maintain a converſation with him in that tongue. Being arrived in the warm latitudes, I ordered (with the captain's conſent) the whole ſhip's company to be blooded and purged, myſelf undergoing the ſame evacuation, in order to prevent thoſe dangerous fevers to which northern conſtitutions are ſubject in hot climates; and I have reaſon to believe that this precaution was not unſerviceable, for we loſt but one ſailor during our whole paſſage to the coaſt.

One day, when we had been about five weeks at ſea, we deſcried to windward a large ſhip bearing down upon us with all the ſail ſhe could carry. Upon which my uncle ordere ſtudding-ſails to be hoiſted, a ſhip to be cleared for engaging finding that (to uſe the ſea phraſe), we were very much wr by the ſhip which had us in chac which by this time had hoiſted F colours, he commanded the ſtud ſails to be taken in, the courſes clewed up, the main-top ſail backed, the tompions to be take of the guns, and every man to to his quarters. While every was buſied in the performance o orders, Strap came upon the qu deck, trembling and looking a and with a voice half ſuppreſ fear, aſked if I thought we w match for the veſſel in purſuit Obſerving his conſternation, I 'What! are you afraid, Stra 'Afraid!' he replied, 'n-n-no 'ſhould I be afraid of? I thank 'I have a clear conſcience; but 'lieve it will be a very bloody 'and I wiſh you may not have 'ſion for another hand to aſſiſt 'the cock-pit.' I immediatel ceived his drift; and making th tain acquainted with his ſituatio ſired he might be ſtationed belo me and my mates. My uncl cenſed at his puſillanimity, ba ſend him down inſtantly, that h might not infect the ſhip's com whereupon I told the poor ſt that I had begged him for my aſ and deſired him to go down an my mates to get ready the inſtru and dreſſings. Notwithſtanding tisfaction he muſt have felt at tidings, he affected a ſhyneſs o ting the upper deck; and ſai hoped I did not imagine he was to do his duty above board; for lieved himſelf as well prepar death as any man in the ſhip, paragement to me or the capta was diſguſted at this affectatio in order to puniſh his hypocriſy, him he might take his choice, ei going down to the cock-pit wi or of ſtaying upon deck duri engagement. Alarmed at this ference, he replied, 'Well, to 'you, I'll go down; but remem 'is more for your ſake than my So ſaying, he diſappeared in a t ling, without waiting for an a By this time we could obſerve tw

n the ſhip which purſued us, ch was now but two ſhort miles This diſcovery had an evi- ect upon the ſailors, who did iple to ſay, that we ſhould be pieces, and blown out of the ind that if in caſe any of them oſe their precious limbs, they a begging for life, for there was ſion made by the merchants for oor ſouls who are maimed in vice. The captain underſtand- backwardneſs, ordered the aft, and ſpoke to them thus: ds, I am told you hang an I have gone to ſea thirty man and boy, and never ſaw h ſailors afraid before. May- ou think I want to expoſe you e lucre of gain. Whoſoever ſo, thinks a damned lye, for ole cargo is inſured; ſo that in hould be taken, my loſs would great. The enemy is ſtronger we to be ſure; what then! ve not a chance for carrying one of her maſts, and ſo get f her? If we find her too hard , 'tis but ſtriking at laſt. If an is hurt in the engagement, niſe, on the word of an honeſt , to make him a recompence ing to his loſs. So now, you re lazy, lubberly, cowardly get away, and ſculk in the nd bread-room; and you that ly boys, ſtand by me, and let e one broadſide for the honour d England.' This eloquent e was ſo well adapted to the diſ- of his hearers, that one and all pulling off their hats, waved r their heads, and ſaluted him ee cheers; upon which he ſent for two large caſe bottles of and having treated every man dram, they repaired to their , and waited impatiently for l of command. I muſt do my e juſtice to ſay, that in the his diſpoſition, he behaved utmoſt intrepidity, conduct, beration. The enemy being r, he ordered me to my ſta- d was juſt going to give the r hoiſting the colours, and hen the ſuppoſed Frenchman, own his white pennant, jack gn, hoiſted Engliſh ones, and un a-head of us. This was a joyful event to Captain Bowling, who immediately ſhewed his colours, and fired a gun to leeward: upon which the other ſhip ran along-ſide of us, hailed him, and giving him to know that ſhe was an Engliſh man of war of forty guns, ordered him to hoiſt out his boat and come on board. This command he obeyed with the more alacrity, becauſe, upon enquiry, he found that ſhe was commanded by an old meſſmate of his, who was overjoyed to ſee him, detained him to dinner, and ſent his barge for the ſupercargo and me, who were very much careſſed on his account. As this commander was deſtined to cruize upon the French, in the latitude of Martinico, his ſtem and quarters were adorned with white flowers de lis, and the whole ſhell of the ſhip ſo much diſguiſed for a decoy to the enemy, that it was no wonder my uncle did not know her, although he had ſailed on board of her many years. We kept company with her four days, during which time the captains were never aſunder, and then parted, our courſe lying different from her's.

In leſs than a fortnight after our ſeparation we made the land of Guinea, near the mouth of the river Gambia, and trading along the coaſt as far to the ſouthward of the line as Angola and Bengula, in leſs than ſix months diſpoſed of the greateſt part of our cargo, and purchaſed four hundred negroes, my adventure having been laid out in gold duſt.

Our complement being made up, we took our departure from Cape Negroe, and arrived in the Rio de la Plata in ſix weeks, having met with nothing remarkable in our voyage, except an epidemic fever, not unlike the gaol diſtemper, which broke out among our ſlaves, and carried off a good many of the ſhip's company; among whom I loſt one of my mates, and poor Strap had well nigh given up the ghoſt. Having produced our paſſport to the Spaniſh governor, we were received with great courteſy, ſold our ſlaves in a very few days, and could have put off five times the number at our own price; though we were obliged to ſmuggle the reſt of our merchandize, conſiſting of European bale goods, which however we made ſhift to diſpoſe of at a great advantage.

CHAP. XXX.

I AM INVITED TO THE VILLA OF A SPANISH DON, WHERE WE MEET WITH AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, AND MAKE A VERY INTERESTING DISCOVERY—WE LEAVE BUENOS AYRES, AND ARRIVE AT JAMAICA.

OUR ſhip being freed from the diſagreeable lading of negroes, to whom indeed I had been a miſerable ſlave, ſince our leaving the coaſt of Guinea, I began to enjoy myſelf, and breathe with pleaſure the pure air of Paraguay, this part of which is reckoned the Montpelier of South America, and has obtained, on account of it's climate, the name of Buenos Ayres. It was in this delicious place, that I gave myſelf entirely up to the thoughts of my dear Narciſſa, whoſe image ſtill kept poſſeſſion of my breaſt, and whoſe charms, enhanced by abſence, appeared to my imagination, if poſſible, more engaging than ever! I calculated the profits of my voyage, which even exceeded my expectations; reſolved to purchaſe a handſome ſinecure upon my arrival in England, and if I ſhould find the ſquire as averſe to me as ever, marry his ſiſter by ſtealth; and in caſe our family ſhould increaſe, rely upon the generoſity of my uncle, who was by this time worth a conſiderable ſum.

While I amuſed myſelf with theſe agreeable projects, and the tranſporting hopes of enjoying Narciſſa, we were very much careſſed by the Spaniſh gentlemen, who frequently formed parties of pleaſure for our entertainment, in which we made excurſions a good way into the country. Among thoſe who ſignalized themſelves by their civility to us, there was one Don Antonio de Ribera, a very polite young gentleman, with whom I had contracted an intimate friendſhip, who invited us one day to his country-houſe, and as a farther inducement to our compliance, promiſed to procure for us the company of an Engliſh ſignior, who had been ſettled in thoſe parts many years, and acquired the love and eſteem of the whole province, by his affability, good ſenſe, and honourable behaviour.

We accepted his invitation, and ſet out for his villa, where we l been longer than an hour, w perſon arrived in whoſe favo been ſo much prepoſſeſſed. H tall man, remarkably well ſha a fine mien and appearance manding reſpect, and ſeeme turned of forty; the features face were ſaddened with a reſe gravity, which in other c would have been thought the melancholy; but here appeared been contracted by his comme the Spaniards, who are remark that ſeverity of countenance. ſtanding from Don Antonio were his countrymen, he ſalute round very complaiſantly, and his eyes, very attentively on me ed a deep ſigh. I had been ſtr a profound veneration for hi firſt coming into the room; ſooner obſerved this expreſſio ſorrow, directed, as it were, i ticular manner to me, than a took part in his grief. I ſym involuntarily, and ſighed in Having aſked leave of our ent he accoſted us in Engliſh, pro ſatisfaction at ſeeing ſo man countrymen in ſuch a remot and aſked the captain, who we name of Signior Thoma, fr part of Britain he had ſailed, ther he was bound. My un him that we had ſailed from Thames, and were bound for place, by the way of Jamaic we intended to take in a l ſugar.

Having ſatisfied himſelf in other particulars about the ſt war, he gave us to underſtan had a longing deſire to reviſit l country, in conſequence of had already tranſmitted to E greateſt part of his fortune i bottoms, and would willi bark the reſt of it with himſe ſhip, provided the captain h jection to ſuch a paſſenger. very prudently replied, tha part he ſhould be glad of his if he could procure the conſ governor, without which he admit him on board, whate nation he had to oblige h gentleman approved of his d and telling him, that there no difficulty in obtaining

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beautiful amethyſt, the pro-

duction of that country; ſaying at the ſame time, that he was once bleſſed with a ſon, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age. This obſervation, delivered with a profound ſigh, made my heart throb with violence; a crowd of confuſed ideas ruſhed upon my imagination, which, while I endeavoured to unravel, my uncle perceived my abſence of thought, and tapping me on the ſhoulder, ſaid, 'Oons! are you aſleep, Rory!' Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo, with uncommon eagerneſs of voice and look, pronounced, 'Pray, captain, 'what is the young gentleman's name?' —'His name,' ſaid my uncle, 'is 'Roderick Random.'——'Gracious 'powers!' cried the ſtranger, ſtarting up; 'and his mother's?'—'His mo-'ther,' anſwered the captain, amazed, 'was called Charlotte Bowling.'— 'O bounteous Heaven!' exclaimed Don Rodrigo, ſpringing acroſs the table, and claſping me in his arms, 'my ſon! my ſon! have I found thee 'again? do I hold thee in my embrace, 'after having loſt and deſpaired of 'ſeeing thee ſo long?' So ſaying, he fell upon my neck and wept aloud with joy; while the power of nature operating ſtrongly in my breaſt, I was loſt in rapture, and while he preſſed me to his heart, let fall a ſhower of tears into his boſom. His utterance was choaked up a good while, by the agitation of his ſoul: at length he broke out into—'Myſterious Provi-'dence! O my dear Charlotte; there 'yet remains a pledge of our love! 'and ſuch a pledge! ſo found!—O 'Infinite Goodneſs; let me adore thy 'all-wiſe decrees!' Having thus expreſſed himſelf, he kneeled upon the floor, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and remained ſome minutes in a ſilent extaſy of devotion: I put myſelf in the ſame poſture, adored the all-good Diſpoſer in a prayer of mental thankſgiving; and when his ejaculation was ended, did homage to my father, and craved his parental bleſſing. He hugged me again with unutterable fondneſs, and having implored the protection of Heaven upon my head, raiſed me from the ground, and preſented me as his ſon to the company, who wept in concert over this affecting ſcene. Among the reſt, my uncle did not fail to diſcover the good-

neſs

neſs and joy of his heart: *albeit unuſed to the melting mood*, he blubbered with great tenderneſs, and wringing my father's hand, cried, 'Brother 'Random, I'm rejoiced to ſee you. 'God be praiſed for this happy meeting.' Don Rodrigo, underſtanding that he was his brother-in-law, embraced him affectionately, ſaying, 'Are 'you my Charlotte's brother? Alas, 'unhapy Charlotte! But why ſhould 'I repine? we ſhall meet again, never 'more to part! Brother, you are truly 'welcome.—Dear ſon, I am tranſported with unſpeakable joy! This day 'is a jubilee; my friends and ſervants 'ſhall ſhare my ſatisfaction.'

While he diſpatched meſſengers to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood to announce this event, and gave orders for a grand entertainment, I was ſo much affected with the tumults of paſſion, which aſſailed me on this great, ſudden, and unexpected occaſion, that I fell ſick, fevered, and in leſs than three hours, became quite delirious; ſo that the preparations were countermanded, and the joy of the family converted into grief and deſpair. Phyſicians were inſtantly called, I was plentifully blooded in the foot, my lower extremities were bathed in a decoction of ſalutiferous herbs; in ten hours after I was taken ill, I enjoyed a critical ſweat, and next day felt no remains of the diſtemper, but an agreeable laſſitude, which did not hinder me from getting up. During the progreſs of this fever, which, from the term of it's duration is called Ephemera, my father never once quitted my bed-ſide, but adminiſtered the preſcriptions of the phyſicians with the moſt pious care; while Captain Bowling manifeſted his concern by the like attendance. I no ſooner found myſelf delivered from the diſeaſe, than I bethought myſelf of my honeſt friend Strap; and reſolving to make him happy forthwith in the knowledge of my good fortune, told my father in general, that I had been infinitely obliged to this faithful adherent; and begged he would indulge me ſo far as to ſend for him without letting him know my happineſs, until he could receive an account of it from my own mouth.

My requeſt was inſtantly complied with, and a meſſenger with a ſpare mule detached to the ſhip, carrying orders from the captain to the mate to ſend the ſteward by the bearer. My health being in the mean time re-eſtabliſhed, and my mind compoſed, I began to reliſh this important turn of my fortune, in reflecting upon the advantages with which it muſt be attended; and as the idea of my lovely Narciſſa always joined itſelf to every ſcene of happineſs I could imagine, I entertained myſelf now with the proſpect of poſſeſſing her in that diſtinguiſhed ſphere to which ſhe was entitled by her birth and qualifications. Having often mentioned her name while I was deprived of my ſenſes, my father gueſſed that there was an intimate connexion between us, and diſcovering the picture which hung in my boſom by a ribband, did not doubt that it was the reſemblance of my amiable miſtreſs: in this belief he was confirmed by my uncle, who told him that it was the picture of a young woman to whom I was under promiſe of marriage. Alarmed at this piece of information, Don Rodrigo took the firſt opportunity of queſtioning me about the particulars of this affair; which when I had recounted, he approved of my paſſion, and promiſed to contribute all in his power towards it's ſucceſs. Though I never doubted his generoſity, I was tranſported on this occaſion, and throwing myſelf at his feet, told him, he had now compleated my happineſs; for without the poſſeſſion of Narciſſa, I ſhould be miſerable among all the pleaſures of life. He raiſed me with a ſmile of paternal fondneſs; ſaid he knew what it was to be in love; and obſerved, that if he had been as tenderly beloved by his father as I was by mine, he ſhould not now perhaps have cauſe—Here he was interrupted by a ſigh, the tear ruſhed into his eye, he ſuppreſſed the dictates of his grief, and the time being opportune, deſired me to relate the paſſages of my life, which my uncle had told him were manifold and ſurprizing. I recounted the moſt material circumſtances of my fortune, to which he liſtened with wonder and attention, manifeſting from time to time thoſe different emotions which my different ſituations may be ſuppoſed to have raiſed in a parent's breaſt; and when my detail was ended, bleſſed God for the adverſity I had undergone;

hich, he ſaid, enlarged the
ıg, improved the heart,
onſtitution, and qualified
ın for all the duties and
of life, much better than
on which affluence could

ıad thus ſatisfied his curi-
covered an inclination to
iculars of his ſtory; which
, by beginning with his
ınd proceeded to the day
pearing, as I have related
ırt of my memoirs. 'Care-
:,' continued he, 'and un-
ve in a place where every
ılled the memory of my dear
whom I had loſt through
ity of an unnatural parent,
leave of you, my child,
nfant, with a heart full of
le woe, but little ſuſpecting
ather's unkindneſs would
ended to my innocent or-
d ſetting out alone at mid-
the neareſt ſea-port, early
ıing got on board a ſhip,
s I had heard, for France,
aining with the maſter for
e, bade a long adieu to my
untry, and put to ſea with
fair wind. The place of
ation was Granville, but
he misfortune to run upon
rocks near the iſland of Al-
ılled the Caſkets, where the
ng high, the ſhip went to
e boat ſunk along-ſide, and
l on board periſhed, except
who, by the aſſiſtance of a
got aſhore on the coaſt of
y. I went directly to Caen,
as ſo lucky as to meet with
whom I had formerly
n my travels: with this
ı I ſet out for Paris, where
ommended by him and other
ıs a tutor to a young noble-
om I accompanied to the
ıpain. There we remained
ear, at the end of which
being recalled by his fa-
uitted my office and ſtaid
by the advice of a certain
grandee who took me into
ction, and introduced me to
nobleman, who was after-
:ated viceroy of Peru. He
n my attending him to his
:nt in the Indies; where,

'however, by reaſon of my religion, 'it was not in his power to make my 'fortune any other way than by en-'couraging me to trade, which I had 'not long proſecuted when my patron 'died, and I found myſelf in the midſt 'of ſtrangers, without one friend to 'ſupport and protect me. Urged by 'this conſideration, I ſold my effects 'and removed to this country, the 'governor of which having been ap-'pointed by the viceroy, was my in-'timate acquaintance. Here has Hea-'ven proſpered my endeavours, during 'a reſidence of ſixteen years, in which 'my tranquility was never invaded, 'but by the remembrance of your mo-'ther, whoſe death I have in ſecret 'mourned without ceaſing; and the 'reflection of you, whoſe fate I could 'never learn, notwithſtanding all my 'enquiries, by means of my friends 'in France; who, after the moſt ſtrict 'examination, could give me no other 'account, than that you went abroad 'ſix years ago, and was never after 'heard of. I could not reſt ſatisfied 'with this imperfect information, and 'though my hope of finding you was 'but languid, reſolved to go in queſt 'of you in perſon: for which purpoſe, 'I have remitted to Holland the va-'lue of twenty thouſand pounds, and 'am in poſſeſſion of fifteen thouſand 'more, with which I intended to em-'bark myſelf on board of Captain 'Bowling, before I diſcovered this 'amazing ſtroke of Providence, which 'you may be ſure has not altered my 'intention.'

My father having entertained us with this agreeable ſketch of his life, withdrew in order to relieve Don Antonio, who in his abſence had done the honours of his houſe; and I was juſt dreſſed for my appearance among the gueſts, when Strap arrived from the ſhip.

He no ſooner entered the grand apartment in which I was, and ſaw the magnificence of my apparel, than his ſpeech was loſt in amazement, and he gaped in ſilence at the objects that ſurrounded him. I took him by the hand, obſerved that I had ſent for him to be a witneſs and ſharer of my happineſs, and told him I had found a father. At theſe words he ſtarted, and after having continued ſome minutes with his mouth and eyes wide open, cried,

'Aha!

'Aha!—odd, I know what! Go thy 'ways, poor Narciſſa, and go thy ways 'ſomebody elſe—well—Lord, what a 'thing is love!—God help us! are all 'our mad pranks and proteſtations 'come to this! and have you fixed 'your habitation in this diſtant land! 'God proſper you, I find we muſt 'part at laſt; for I would not leave 'my poor carcaſe ſo far from my 'native home, for all the wealth of 'the univerſe!' With theſe ejaculations, he began to ſob and make wry faces; upon which I aſſured him of his miſtake, both in regard to Narciſſa, and my ſtaying in Paraguay, and informed him as briefly as I could, of the great event which had happened. Never was rapture more ludicrouſly expreſſed, than in the behaviour of this worthy creature, who cried, laughed, whiſtled, ſung, and danced, all in a breath; his tranſport was ſcarce over, when my father entered, who no ſooner underſtood that this was Strap, than he took him by the hand, ſaying, 'Is 'this the honeſt man, who befriended 'you ſo much in your diſtreſs?—You 'are welcome to my houſe, and I will 'ſoon put it in the power of my ſon to 'reward you for your good offices in 'his behalf; in the mean time, go 'with us, and partake of the repaſt 'that is provided.' Strap, wild as he was with joy, would by no means accept of the proffered honour, crying, 'God forbid! I know my diſtance; 'your worſhip ſhall excuſe me.' And Don Rodrigo finding his modeſty invincible, recommended him to his major-domo, to be treated with the utmoſt reſpect; while he carried me into a large ſaloon, where I was preſented to a numerous company, who loaded me with compliments and careſſes, and congratulated my father in terms not proper for me to repeat.

Without ſpecifying the particulars of our entertainment, let it ſuffice to ſay, it was at the ſame time elegant and ſumptuous, and the rejoicings laſted two days: after which, Don Rodrigo ſettled his affairs, converted his effects into ſilver and gold, viſited and took leave of all his friends, who were grieved at his departure, and honoured me with conſiderable preſents; and coming on board of my uncle's ſhip, with the firſt favourable wind we ſailed from *the Rio de la Plata*, and in two months came ſafe to an anchor in the harbour of Kingſton in the iſland of Jamaica.

CHAP. XXXI.

I VISIT MY OLD FRIEND THOMSON—WE SET SAIL FOR EUROPE—MEET WITH AN ODD ADVENTURE—ARRIVE IN ENGLAND—I RIDE ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM PORTSMOUTH TO SUSSEX—CONVERSE WITH MRS. SAGELY, WHO INFORMS ME OF NARCISSA'S BEING IN LONDON—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THIS INTELLIGENCE, I PROCEED TO CANTERBURY—MEET WITH MY OLD FRIEND MORGAN—ARRIVE AT LONDON—VISIT NARCISSA—INTRODUCE MY FATHER TO HER—HE IS CHARMED WITH HER GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY—WE COME TO A DETERMINATION OF DEMANDING HER BROTHER'S CONSENT TO OUR MARRIAGE.

I Enquired, as ſoon as I got aſhore, about my generous companion Mr. Thomſon; and hearing that he lived in a flouriſhing condition, upon the eſtate left him by his wife's father, who had been dead ſome years, I took horſe immediately, with the conſent of Don Rodrigo, who had heard me mention him with great regard, and in a few hours reached the place of his habitation.

I ſhould much wrong the delicacy of Mr. Thomſon's ſentiments, to ſay barely he was glad to ſee me: he felt all that the moſt ſenſible and diſintereſted friendſhip could feel on this occaſion; introduced me to his wife, a very amiable young lady, who had already bleſſed him with two fine children; and being as yet ignorant of my circumſtances, frankly offered me the aſſiſtance of his purſe and intereſt. I thanked him for his generous intention, and made him acquainted with my ſituation, on which he congratulated me with great joy, and after I had ſtaid with him a whole day and night, accompanied me back to Kingſton, to wait upon my father, whom he invited to his houſe. Don Rodrigo complied with his requeſt, and having been handſomely entertained during the

of a week, returned extreme-
tisfied with the behaviour of
l and his lady, to whom at
e presented a very valuable
ing, as a token of his esteem.
e course of my conversation
Thomson, he gave me to un-
that his and my old com-
Captain Oakhum was dead
ıths, and that immediately
death, a discovery had been
ome valuable effects that he
lously secreted out of a prize,
sistance of Dr. Macksnane,
ow actually in prison on that
nd being destitute of friends,
olely on the charity of my
ıose bounty he had implored
: abject manner, after hav-
the barbarous occasion of
m to that terrible extremity
of the Thunder, which we
erly related. Whatsoever
ı might have been guilty of,
d Mr. Thomson's genero-
ls him in his distress, which
much upon me also, that I
:n pistoles, in such a private
at he could never know his
ıy father and I were caressed
gentlemen on shore, Captain
ad writ to his owners, by the
ıich sailed a few days after
, signifying his prosperous
hereto, and desiring them to
ship and cargo homeward-
ter which precaution he ap-
lf so heartily to the task of
ship, that with the assistance
omson, she was full in less
eks. This kind gentleman
rocured for Don Rodrigo
London for the greatest part
and silver, by which means
red against the risk of the
he enemy; and before we
plied us with such large
of all kinds of stock, that
e, but the ship's company,
tuously during the voyage.
ing being ready, we took
of our kind entertainers,
on board at Port Royal, set
gland on the first day of
beat up to windward, with
ather; and one night, be-
elves near Cape Tiberoon,
an intention to wood and
water next morning in the bay. While we remained in this situation, a sailor having drank more new rum than he could carry, staggered over-board, and notwithstanding all the means that could be used to preserve him, went to the bottom and disappeared. About two hours after this melancholy accident happened, as I enjoyed the cool air on the quarter deck, I heard a voice rising, as it were out of the sea, and calling, 'Ho, the ship; ahoy!' Upon which one of the men upon the fore-castle cried, 'I'll be d—n'd, if that 'an't Jack Marlinspike, who went 'overboard!' Not a little surprized at this event, I jumped into the boat that lay along-side, with the second mate and four men, and rowing towards the place from whence the voice (which repeated the hail) seemed to proceed, we perceived something floating upon the water; when we had rowed a little farther, we discerned it to be a man riding upon a hen-coop, who, seeing us approach, pronounced with a hoarse voice, 'D—n your 'bloods! why did you not answer 'when I hailed?' Our mate, who was a veritable seaman, hearing this salute, said, 'By G—, my lads, this is none of 'our man: this is the devil; pull away 'for the ship.' The fellows obeyed his command, without question, and were already some fathoms on our return, when I insisted on their taking up the poor creature, and prevailed upon them to go back to the wreck, which when we came near the second time, and signified our intention, we received an answer of, 'Avast, avast! 'what ship, brother?' Being satisfied in this particular, he cried, 'D—n the 'ship, I was in hopes it had been my 'own; where are you bound?' We satisfied his curiosity in this particular too; upon which he suffered himself to be taken on board, and after having been comforted with a dram, told us he belonged to the Vesuvio man of war, upon a cruize off the island of Hispaniola; that he had fallen over-board about four and twenty hours ago, and the ship being under sail, they did not chuse to bring to, but tossed a hen-coop over-board for his convenience, upon which he was in good hopes of reaching the Cape next morning; howsomever, he was as well content

to be aboard of us, becauſe he did not doubt that we ſhould meet his ſhip; and if he had gone aſhore in the bay, he might have been taken priſoner by the French. My uncle and father were very much diverted with the account of this fellow's unconcerned behaviour; and in two days, meeting with the Veſuvio, as he expected, ſent him on board of her, according to his deſire.

Having beat up ſucceſsfully the windward paſſage, we ſtretched to the northward, and falling in with a weſterly wind, in eight weeks arrived in ſoundings, and in two days after made the Lizzard. It is impoſſible to expreſs the joy I felt at the ſight of Engliſh ground! Don Rodrigo was not unmoved, and Strap ſhed tears of gladneſs. The ſailors profited by our ſatisfaction; the ſhoe that was nailed to the maſt being quite filled with our liberality. My uncle reſolved to run up into the Downs at once, but the wind ſhifting when we were abreaſt of the iſle of Wight, he was obliged to turn into St. Helen's, and come to Spithead, to the great mortification of the crew, thirty of whom were immediately preſſed on board of a man of war.

My father and I went aſhore immediately at Portſmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ſhip and take care of our effects; and I diſcovered ſo much impatience to ſee my charming Narciſſa, that my father permitted me to ride acroſs the country to her brother's houſe; while he ſhould hire a poſt-chaiſe for London, where he would wait for me at a place to which I directed him.

Fired with all the eagerneſs of paſſion, I took poſt that very night, and in the morning reached an inn about three miles from the ſquire's habitation: here I remained till next evening, allaying the torture of my impatience with the rapturous hope of ſeeing that divine creature after an abſence of eighteen months, which far from impairing, had raiſed my love to the moſt exalted pitch! Neither were my reflections free from apprehenſions, that ſometimes intervened in ſpite of all my hope, and repreſented her as having yielded to the importunity of her brother, and bleſſed the arms of an happy rival. My thoughts were even maddened with the fear of her death; and when I arrived in the dark at the houſe of Mrs. Sagely, I had ſome time courage to deſire adm leſt my ſoul ſhould be ſhocked mal tidings. At length, ho knocked, and no ſooner cer good gentlewoman of my vo ſhe opened the door, and rec with a moſt affectionate embr brought tears into her aged ey 'Heaven's ſake! dear mother, 'tell me, how is Narciſſa? i 'ſame that I left her?' She b ears with ſaying, 'She is as h 'in as good health, and as mu 'as ever.' Tranſported at t rance, I begged to know if I ſee her that very night; when matron gave me to underſtand miſtreſs was in London, and th were ſtrangely altered in the houſe ſince my departure; th been married a whole year t da, who at firſt found means his attention ſo much from that he became quite careleſs lovely ſiſter, comforting him the clauſe in his father's will, ſhe ſhould forfeit her fortune rying without his conſent; miſtreſs being but indifferent by her ſiſter-in-law, had ma her freedom ſome months gone to town, where ſhe wa with Miſs Williams, in expe my arrival; and had been peſt the addreſſes of Lord Quiver finding her heart engaged, h upon a great many ſhifts to her that I was dead; but fi his artifices unſucceſsful, an ing of gaining her affection conſoled himſelf for her ind by marrying another lady fo ago, who had already left hi count of ſome family uneaſin ſides this intereſting informa told me, that there was no deal of harmony between Me the ſquire, who was ſo much at the number of gallants tinued to hover about her e marriage, that he had hurried into the country much againſt inclination, where their mu moſities had riſen to ſuch that they preſerved no decen company or ſervants, but al another in the groſſeſt terms.

This good old gentlewoma me a convincing proof of my

lterable love, gratified me
it of the laſt letter ſhe had
er with, in which I was
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id concern, that my ſoul
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Mrs. Sagely perceiving
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ve with Narciſſa and me.
ble gentlewoman was ſo
ed with my words, that the
own her ancient cheeks;
Heaven that I had not belied
ſhe had made on her firſt
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and pathetic expreſſions;
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nually, for the more com-
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de all night, I found my-
terbury in the morning,
ted to procure freſh hor-
I walked into the inn, per-
pothecary's ſhop on the
the ſtreet, with the name
over the door. Alarmed
overy, I could not help
at my old meſſmate had
place; and upon enquiry,
njecture true, and that he
lately to a widow in that
country, by whom he had got three thouſand pounds. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I went to his ſhop as ſoon as it was open, and found my friend behind the counter, buſy in preparing a glyſter. I ſaluted him at entrance, with "Your ſervant, Mr. Morgan." Upon which he looked at me, and replying, 'Your moſt humble ſervant, 'goot Sir;' rubbed his ingredients in the mortar, without any emotion. 'What!' ſaid I, 'Morgan, have you 'forgot your old meſſmate?' At theſe words, he looked up again, and ſtarting, cried, 'As Got is my—ſure 'it cannot—yes by my ſalfation, I pe-'lief it is my dear friend Mr. Rantom.' He was no ſooner convinced of my identity, than he threw down the peſtle, overſet the mortar, and jumping over the board, ſwept up the contents with his clothes, flew about my neck, hugged me affectionately, and daubed me all over with turpentine and the yolks of eggs, which he had been mixing when I came in. Our mutual congratulations being over, he told me, that he found himſelf a widower upon his return from the Weſt Indies; that he had got intereſt to be appointed ſurgeon of a man of war, in which capacity he ſerved ſome years, until he married an apothecary's widow, with whom he now enjoyed a pretty good ſum of money, peace and quiet, and an indifferent good trade. He was very deſirous of hearing my adventures, which I aſſured him I had not time to relate, but told him in general, my circumſtances were very good, and that I hoped to ſee him when I ſhould not be in ſuch a hurry as at preſent. He inſiſted, however, on my ſtaying breakfaſt, and introduced me to his wife, who ſeemed to be a decent ſenſible woman, pretty well ſtricken in years. In the courſe of our converſation, he ſhewed the ſleeve-buttons I had exchanged with him at our parting in the Weſt Indies, and was not a little proud to ſee that I had preſerved his with the ſame care. When I informed him of Mackſhane's condition, he ſeemed at firſt to exult over his diſtreſs; but after a little recollection, ſaid, 'Well, he has paid for his malice, I forgife him, and may Got forgive him likewiſe.' He expreſſed great concern for the ſoul of Captain Oakhum, which he believed was now

gnaſhing it's teeth. But it was ſome time before I could convince him of Thomſon's being alive, at whoſe good fortune, nevertheleſs, he was extremely glad.

Having renewed our proteſtations of friendſhip, I bade the honeſt Welchman and his ſpouſe farewel, and taking poſt-horſes, arrived at London that ſame night, where I found my father in good health, to whom I imparted what I had learned of Narciſſa. This indulgent parent approved of my intention of marrying her, even without a fortune, provided her brother's conſent could not be obtained; promiſed to make over to me in a few days a ſufficiency to maintain her in a faſhionable manner, and expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing this amiable creature, who had captivated me ſo much. As I had not ſlept the night before, and was beſides fatigued with my journey, I found myſelf under a neceſſity of taking ſome repoſe, and went to bed accordingly: next morning about ten o'clock, took a chair, and according to Mrs. Sagely's directions, went to my charmer's lodgings, and enquired for Miſs Williams. I had not waited in the parlour longer than a minute, when this young woman entered, and no ſooner perceived me, than ſhe ſhrieked and ran backward; but I got between her and the door, and claſping her in my arms, brought her to herſelf with an embrace. 'Good Heaven!' cried ſhe, 'Mr. Random, is it you indeed! my 'miſtreſs will run diſtracted with joy.' I told her, it was from an apprehenſion that my ſudden appearance might have ſome bad effect on my dear Narciſſa, that I had deſired to ſee her firſt, in order to concert ſome method of acquainting her miſtreſs gradually with my arrival. She approved of my conduct, and after having yielded to the ſuggeſtions of her own friendſhip, in aſking if my voyage had been ſucceſsful, charged herſelf with that office, and left me glowing with deſire of ſeeing and embracing the object of my love. In a very little time I heard ſomebody coming down ſtairs in haſte, and the voice of my angel pronounce, with an eager tone, 'O Heaven! is it 'poſſible! where is he?' How were my faculties arouzed at this well known ſound! and how was my ſoul *tranſported*, when ſhe broke in upon my view, in all the bloom beauty!

'Grace was in all her ſteps, he
'eye,
'In every geſture dignity and l

You whoſe ſouls are ſuſcept moſt delicate impreſſions, der boſoms have felt the a ciſſitudes of love, who ha an abſence of eighteen lo from the dear object of you found at your return the m as kind and as conſtant as could wiſh, do me juſtice o caſion, and conceive what t rapture poſſeſſed us both, flew into each other's arm was no time for ſpeech; l mutual embrace, we conti minutes in a ſilent trance of I thus encircled all that m dear; while I hung over h beheld her eyes ſparkle, and ture flush with virtuous when I ſaw her enchanting b with undiſſembled rapture, myſelf the happy cauſe; hea was my ſituation! I am commit my paper to the flan renounce my pen for ever, moſt ardent and lucky e poorly deſcribes the emot ſoul. 'O adorable Narciſſ 'O miracle of beauty, 'truth! I at laſt fold t 'arms! I at laſt can call 'No jealous brother ſhall 'happineſs again; fortu 'length recompenſed me 'ſufferings, and enabled 'juſtice to my love.' Th ture ſmiled ineffably char with a look of bewitching ſaid, 'And ſhall we never —'Never!' I replied, ' 'drous pattern of all ear 'tion! never, until death 'us! by this ambroſial ki 'ſand times more fragra 'breeze that ſweeps the or 'I never more will leave t

As my firſt tranſport a paſſion grew turbulent and was giddy with ſtanding o of bliſs, and all my virtue ſophy were ſcarce ſufficient the inordinate ſallies of de ciſſa perceived the conflict and with her uſual dignity o

f my imagination from the ob-
iew, and with eager expref-
intereſted curioſity, deſired to
: particulars of my voyage. In
tified her inclination, bringing
down to the preſent hour: ſhe
nitely ſurprized at the circum-
my finding my father, which
tears into her lovely eyes,
tranſported at hearing that he
my flame, diſcovered a longe
e of being introduced to him,
lated herſelf and me upon my
tune, and obſerved that this
d unexpected ſtroke of fate
) have been brought about by
:diate direction of Providence.
entertained ourſelves ſome
th the genuine effuſions of our
obtained her conſent to com-
happineſs as ſoon as my fa-
ıld judge it proper, and ap-
ith my own hands a valuable
, compoſed of diamonds and
s ſet alternately, which an old
ady of Paraguay had preſent-
/ith, I took my leave, pro-
return in the afternoon with
Irigo. When I went home,
rous parent inquired very af-
ely about the health of my
ciſſa, to whom that I might
ore agreeable, he put into my
:ed, by which I found myſelf
on of fifteen thouſand pounds,
of the profits of my own mer-
, which amounted to three
more. After dinner I ac-
d him to the lodging of my
who being dreſſed for the oc-
ade a moſt dazzling appear-
ould perceive him ſtruck with
e, which I really think was
)eautiful that ever was created
: ſun. He embraced her ten-
d told her, he was proud of
ſon who had ſpirit to attempt,
ifications to engage, the af-
of ſuch a fine lady. She
t this compliment, and with
of the ſofteſt languiſhment
pon me, ſaid, ſhe ſhould have
worthy of Mr. Random's at-
had ſhe been blind to his ex-
ry merit. I made no other
ıan a low bow. My father,
)ronounced, 'Such once was
ırlotte!' while the tear ruſhed
eye, and the tender heart of
nanifeſted itſelf in two pre-
cious drops of ſympathy, which, but for his preſence, I would have kiſſed away. Without repeating the particulars of our converſation, I ſhall only obſerve, that Don Rodrigo was as much charmed with her good ſenſe, as with her appearance; and ſhe was no leſs pleaſed with his underſtanding and polite addreſs. It was determined that he ſhould write to the ſquire, ſignifying his approbation of my paſſion for his ſiſter, and offering a ſettlement which he ſhould have no reaſon to reject; and that, if he ſhould refuſe the propoſal, we would crown our mutual wiſhes without any farther regard to his will.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY FATHER MAKES A PRESENT TO NARCISSA—THE LETTER IS DISPATCHED TO HER BROTHER—I APPEAR AMONG MY ACQUAINTANCE—BANTER'S BEHAVIOUR—THE SQUIRE REFUSES HIS CONSENT—MY UNCLE COMES TO TOWN—APPROVES OF MY CHOICE—I AM MARRIED—WE MEET THE SQUIRE AND HIS LADY AT THE PLAY—OUR ACQUAINTANCE IS COURTED.

AFTER having ſpent the evening to the ſatisfaction of all preſent, my father addreſſed himſelf thus to Narciſſa: 'Madam, give me leave to 'conſider you hereafter as my daugh-'ter, in which capacity I inſiſt upon 'your accepting this firſt inſtance of 'my paternal duty and affection.' With theſe words he put into her hand a bank-note of 500l. which ſhe no ſooner examined, than with a low curtſey ſhe replied, 'Dear Sir, though 'I have not the leaſt occaſion for this 'ſupply, I have too great a veneration 'for you, to refuſe this proof of your 'generoſity and eſteem, which I the 'more freely receive, becauſe I al-'ready look upon Mr. Random's in-'tereſt as inſeparably connected with 'mine.' He was extremely well pleaſed with her frank and ingenuous reply; upon which we ſaluted, and wiſhed her good night. The letter at my requeſt was diſpatched to Suſſex by an expreſs, and in the mean time Don Rodrigo, to grace my nuptials,

hired

hired a ready-furniſhed houſe, and ſet up a very handſome equipage.

Though I paſſed the greateſt part of the day with the darling of my ſoul, I found leiſure ſometimes to be among my former acquaintance, who were aſtoniſhed at the magnificence of my appearance: Banter in particular was confounded at the ſtrange viciſſitudes of my fortune; the cauſes of which he endeavoured in vain to diſcover, until I thought fit to diſcloſe the whole ſecret of my laſt voyage, partly in conſideration of our former intimacy, and partly to prevent unfavourable conjectures which he and others in all probability would have made in regard to my circumſtances. He profeſſed great ſatisfaction at this piece of news, and I had no cauſe to believe him inſincere, when I conſidered that he would now look upon himſelf as acquitted of the debt he owed me, and at the ſame time flatter himſelf with hopes of borrowing more. I carried him home to dinner with me, and my father liked his converſation ſo much, that upon hearing his difficulties, he deſired me to accommodate him for the preſent, and enquire if he would accept of a commiſſion in the army, towards the purchaſe of which he would willingly lend him money. Accordingly, I gave my friend an opportunity of being alone with me, when, as I expected, he told me he was juſt on the point of being reconciled to an old rich uncle, whoſe heir he was, but wanted a few pieces for immediate expence, which he deſired I would lend him, and take his bond for the whole. His demand was limited to ten guineas; and when I put twenty into his hand, he ſtared at me for ſome moments, then putting it into his purſe, ſaid, 'Ay, 'tis all one, 'you ſhall have the whole in a very 'ſhort time.' When I had taken his note, to ſave the expence of a bond, I expreſſed ſome ſurprize that a fellow of his ſpirit ſhould loiter away his time in idleneſs, and aſked why he did not chuſe to make his fortune in the army. 'What!' ſaid he, 'throw away my 'money upon a ſubaltern's commiſ-'ſion, to be under the command of a 'parcel of ſcoundrels who have raiſed 'themſelves above me by the moſt in-'famous practices! no, I love inde-'pendency too well to ſacrifice my life, 'health, and pleaſure, for ſu 'ful conſideration.' Findir verſe to this way of life, I the ſubject, and returned Rodrigo, who had juſt rec following epiſtle from the ſq

'SIR,

'CONCERNING a le 'I received, ſubſcribe 'dom, this is the anſwer. 'you, I know nothing of yc 'ſon, or pretended ſon, I h 'if he marries my ſiſter, at 'be it; I do declare, that h 'have one farthing of he 'which becomes my prope 'takes a huſband without m 'Your ſettlement, I do l 'all a ſham, and yourſelf 'than you ſhould be; but i 'all the wealth of the Indies 'ſhall never match in our fa 'the conſent of

'ORSON TO

My father was not much at this polite letter, after ha the character of the author; me, I was even pleaſed at h becauſe I now had an oppo ſhewing my diſintereſted love permiſſion I waited on my and having imparted the c her brother's letter, at whicl bitterly, in ſpite of all my c and careſſes, the time of ou was fixed at the diſtance of During this interval, in whi was wound up to the laſt ſtret turous expectation, Narciſſa e ed to reconcile ſome of her r town to her marriage with finding them all deaf to h ſtrances, either out of envy dice; ſhe told me with the chanting ſweetneſs, while th dewed her lovely cheeks, 'world will no longer que generoſity, when you take 'lorn beggar to your arms. ed with her ſorrow, I preſſ mourner to my breaſt, and ſhe was more dear and w that account, becauſe ſhe ficed her friends and fortu love for me. My uncle, character ſhe had a great v being by this time come to t

d him to my bride; and although not very much ſubject to refined ns, he was ſtruck dumb with ion at her beauty. After hav- ed and gazed at her for ſome e turned to me, ſaying, 'Odds Rory! here's a notable prize d; finely built, and glorioufly d, i'faith! if ſhe an't well man- hen you have the command of irrah, you deſerve to go to ſea ockle-ſhell.——No offence, I niece; you muſt not mind I ſay, being (as the ſaying is) n ſea-faring man, thof mayhap e as much regard for you as a- r.' She received him with great told him ſhe had longed a great ſee a perſon to whom ſhe was indebted for his generoſity to ſidom; that ſhe looked upon her uncle, by which name ſhe leave to call him for the fu- nd that ſhe was very ſure he y nothing that would give her offence. The honeſt captain nſported at her courteous beha- and inſiſted upon giving her a- he ceremony, ſwearing that he r as well as if ſhe was his own and that he would give two d guineas to the firſt fruit of , as ſoon as it could ſqueak. hing being prepared for the ſo- tion of our nuptials, which be performed privately at my houſe, the auſpicious hour ar- hen Don Rodrigo and my un- in the coach to fetch the bride ſs Williams; leaving me with , Banter, and Strap, neither of ad as yet ſeen my charming . My faithful valet, who was rack of impatience to behold of whom he had heard ſo no ſooner underſtood that the vas returned, than he placed at a window to have a peep as ſhe alighted; and when he r, clapped his hands toge- rned up the white of his eyes, h his mouth wide open, re- in a ſort of extaſy, which broke , '*O Dea certe! qualis in Eu- ipis, aut per juga Cynthi exercet r chorus!*' The doctor and Ban- e ſurprized to hear my man atin, but when my father led into the room, the object of their admiration was ſoon changed, as appeared in the countenances of both. Indeed they muſt have been the moſt inſenſible of all beings, could they have beheld without emotion the divine creature that approached! She was dreſſed in a ſack of white ſattin, embroidered on the breaſt with gold; the crown of her head was covered with a ſmall French cap, from whence deſcended her beautiful hair in ringlets that waved upon her ſnowy neck, which dignified the necklace I had given her; her looks glowed with modeſty and love; and her boſom, through the veil of gauze that ſhaded it, afforded a proſpect of Elyſium! I received this ineſtimable gift of Providence as became me; and in a little time the clergyman did his office; my uncle, at his own earneſt requeſt, acting the part of a father to my dear Narciſſa, who trembled very much, and had ſcarce ſpirits ſufficient to ſupport her under this great change of ſituation. Soon as ſhe was mine by the laws of heaven and earth, I printed a burning kiſs upon her lips, my father embraced her tenderly, my uncle hugged her with great affection, and I preſented her to my friend Banter, who ſaluted her in a very polite manner; Miſs Williams hung round her neck, and wept plentifully; while Strap fell upon his knees, and begged to kiſs his lady's hand, which ſhe preſented with great affability. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe my ow feelings at this juncture; let it ſuffice to ſay, that after having ſupped and entertained ourſelves till ten o'clock, I cautioned my Narciſſa againſt expoſing her health by ſitting up too late, and ſhe was prevailed upon to withdraw with her maid to an apartment deſtined for us. When ſhe left the room, her face was overſpread with a bluſh that ſet all my blood in a ſtate of fermentation, and made every pulſe beat with tenfold vigour! She was ſo cruel as to let me remain in this condition a full half hour; when, no longer able to reſtrain my impatience, I broke from the company, burſt into her chamber, puſhed out her confidante, locked the door, and found her—O heav'n and earth! a feaſt, a thouſand times more delicious than my moſt ſanguine hope preſaged! But let me not profane the chaſte myſ-

teries

teries of Hymen: I was the happieſt of men!

In the morning I was waked by three or four drums, which Banter had placed under the window; upon which I withdrew the curtain, and enjoyed the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of contemplating thoſe angelic charms, which were now in my poſſeſſion! 'Beauty! which, whether ſleeping or awake, ſhot forth peculiar graces!' The light darting upon my Narciſſa's eyes, ſhe awoke alſo, and recollecting her ſituation, hid her bluſhes in my boſom. I was diſtracted with joy! I could not believe the evidence of my ſenſes, and looked upon all that had happened, as the fictions of a dream! In the mean time my uncle knocked at the door, and bade me turn out, for I had had a long ſpell. I roſe accordingly, and ſent Miſs Williams to her miſtreſs, myſelf receiving the congratulations of Captain Bowling, who rallied me in his ſea phraſe with great ſucceſs. In leſs than an hour, Don Rodrigo led my wife in to breakfaſt, where ſhe received the compliments of the company on her looks; which, they ſaid, if poſſible, were improved by matrimony. As her delicate ears were offended with none of thoſe indecent ambiguities, which are too often ſpoke on ſuch occaſions, ſhe behaved with dignity, unaffected modeſty, and eaſe; and as a teſtimony of my affection and eſteem, I preſented her, in preſence of them all, with a deed, by which I ſettled the whole fortune I was poſſeſſed of, on her and her heirs for ever. She accepted it with a glance of moſt tender acknowlegment, obſerved, that ſhe could not be ſurprized at any thing of this kind I ſhould do, and deſired my father to take the trouble of keeping it; ſaying, 'Next 'to my own Mr. Random, you are 'the perſon in whom I ought to have 'the greateſt confidence.' Charmed with her prudent and ingenuous manner of proceeding, he took the paper, and aſſured her that it ſhould not loſe it's value while in his cuſtody.

As we had not many viſits to give and receive, the little time we ſtayed in town was ſpent in going to public diverſions, where I have the vanity to think Narciſſa ſeldom was eclipſed. One night in particular, we had ſent our footman to keep one of the ſtage-boxes, which we no ſooner entered, than we perceived in the oppoſite box the ſquire and his lady, who ſeemed not a little ſurprized at ſeeing us. I was pleaſed at this opportunity of confronting them; the more, becauſe Melinda was robbed of all her admirers by my wife, who happened that night to outſhine her ſiſter both in beauty and dreſs. She was piqued at Narciſſa's victory, toſſed her head a thouſand different ways, flirted her fan, looked at us with diſdain, then whiſpered to her huſband, and broke out into an affected giggle; but all her arts proved ineffectual, either to diſcompoſe Mrs. Random, or to conceal her own mortification, which at length forced her away long before the play was done. The news of our marriage being ſpread, with many circumſtances to our diſadvantage by the induſtry of this malignant creature, a certain ſet of perſons, fond of ſcandal, began to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, which they no ſooner underſtood to be independant, than the tables were turned, and our acquaintance was courted as much as it had been deſpiſed before. But Narciſſa had too much dignity of pride to encourage this change of conduct, eſpecially in her relations, whom ſhe could never be prevailed upon to ſee, after the malicious reports they had raiſed to her prejudice.

CHAP. XXXIII.

MY FATHER INTENDS TO REVISIT THE PLACE OF HIS NATIVITY—WE PROPOSE TO ACCOMPANY HIM—MY UNCLE RENEWS HIS WILL IN MY FAVOUR, DETERMINING TO GO SEA AGAIN—WE SET OUT FOR SCOTLAND—ARRIVE AT EDINBURGH——PURCHASE OUR PATERNAL ESTATE—PROCEED TO IT—HALT AT THE TOWN WHERE I WAS EDUCATED—TAKE UP MY BOND TO CRAB—THE BEHAVIOUR OF POTION AND HIS WIFE, AND ONE OF MY FEMALE COUSINS—OUR RECEPTION AT THE ESTATE—STRAP MARRIES MISS WILLIAMS, AND IS SETTLED BY MY FATHER TO HIS

SATISFACTION—I AM ND MORE HAPPY.

her intending to revisit his
e country, and pay the tri-
ew tears at my mother's
ciſſa and I reſolved to ac-
m in the execution of his
and accordingly prepared
ney; in which, however,
ould not engage, being re-
y his fortune once more at
e mean time, he renewed
avour of my wife and me,
ed it in the hands of his
law: while I (that I might
ting to my own intereſt)
the ſquire to produce his
l at Doctor's Commons,
ed a proctor to manage the
abſence.

ng being thus ſettled, we
of all our friends in Lon-
et out for Scotland, Don
arciſſa, Miſs Williams and
oach, and Strap with two
ery on horſeback: as we
ſtages, my charmer held it
ll till we arrived at Edin-
ere we propoſed to reſt our-
weeks.

n Rodrigo having intelli-
he fox-hunter had ſpent his
h was to be expoſed to ſale
auction, he determined to
chaſe of the ſpot where he
nd actually bought all the
elonged to his father.

days after this bargain was
left Edinburgh in order to
poſſeſſion; and by the way,
night in that town where I
d. Upon enquiry, I found
rab was dead; whereupon
his executor, paid the ſum
h intereſt, and took up my
. Potion and his wife hear-
arrival, had the aſſurance
the inn where we lodged,
p their names, with a de-
g permitted to pay their re-
y father and me: but their
viour towards me, when I
han, had made too deep an
on my mind, to be effaced
n mercenary piece of con-
I therefore rejected their
th diſdain, and bade Strap
that my father and I deſired
communication with ſuch
l *wretches as they were.*

They had not been gone half an hour, when a woman, without any ceremony, opened the door of the room where we ſat, and making towards my father, accoſted him with, 'Uncle, your ſervant; I am glad to 'ſee you.' This was no other than one of my female couſins, mentioned in the firſt part of my memoirs; to whom Don Rodrigo replied, 'Pray, 'who are you, Madam?'—'O!' cried ſhe, 'my couſin Rory there knows me 'very well.—Don't you remember me, 'Rory?'—'Yes, Madam,' ſaid I; 'for my own part, I ſhall never for-'get you.—Sir, this is one of the young 'ladies who (as I have formerly told 'you) treated me ſo humanely in my 'childhood!' When I pronounced theſe words, my father's reſentment glowed in his viſage, and he ordered her to be gone with ſuch a commanding aſpect, that ſhe retired in a fright, muttering curſes as ſhe went down ſtairs. We afterwards learned that ſhe was married to an enſign, who had already ſpent all her fortune; and that her ſiſter had borne a child to her mother's footman, who is now her huſband, and keeps a petty ale-houſe in the country.

The fame of our flouriſhing condition having arrived at this place before us, we got notice that the magiſtrates intended next day to compliment us with the freedom of their town; upon which my father, conſidering their complaiſance in the right point of view, ordered the horſes to the coach early in the morning.

We proceeded to our eſtate, which lay about twenty miles from this place; and when we came within half a league of the houſe, were met by a prodigious number of poor tenants, men, women, and children, who teſtified their joy by loud acclamations, and accompanied our coach to the gate. As there is no part of the world in which the peaſants are more attached to their lords than in Scotland, we were almoſt devoured by their affection. My father had always been their favourite, and now that he appeared their maſter, after having been thought dead ſo long, their joy broke out into a thouſand extravagances. When we entered the court-yard, we were ſurrounded by a vaſt number, who crouded together ſo cloſely to ſee us, that ſeveral were in danger of being ſqueezed to death;

thoſe who were near Don Rodrigo fell upon their knees, and kiſſed his hand, or the hem of his garment, praying aloud for long life and proſperity to him; others approached Narciſſa and me in the ſame manner; while the reſt clapped their hands at a diſtance, and invoked Heaven to ſhower it's choiceſt bleſſings on our heads. In ſhort, the whole ſcene, though rude, was ſo affecting, that the gentle partner of my heart wept over it, and my father himſelf could not refrain from dropping a tear.

Having welcomed his daughter and me to his houſe, he ordered ſome bullocks to be killed, and ſome hogſheads of ale to be brought from the neighbouring village, to regale thoſe honeſt people, who had not enjoyed ſuch a holiday for many years before.

Next day we were viſited by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, moſt of them our relations, one of whom brought along with him my couſin, the fox-hunter, who had ſtaid at his houſe, ſince he was obliged to leave his own. My father was generous enough to receive him kindly, and even promiſe to purchaſe for him a commiſſion in the army, for which he expreſſed great thankfulneſs and joy.

My charming Narciſſa was univerſally admired and loved for her beauty, affability, and good ſenſe; and ſo well pleaſed with the ſituation of the place, and the company round, that ſhe has not, as yet, diſcovered the leaſt deſire of changing her habitation.

We had not been many days ſettled, when I prevailed upon my father to pay a viſit to the village where I had been at ſchool. Here we were received by the principal inhabitants, who entertained us in the church, where Mr. Syntax, the ſchool-maſter, (my tyrant being dead) pronounced a Latin oration in honour of our family. And none exerted themſelves more than Strap's father and relations, who looked upon the honeſt valet as the firſt gentleman of their race, and honoured his benefactors accordingly. Having received the homage of this place, we retired, leaving forty pounds for the benefit of the poor of the pariſh; and that very night, Strap being a little elevated with the regard that had been ſhewn to him, and to me on hi count, ventured to tell me, th had a ſneaking kindneſs for Williams; and that if his lady would uſe our intereſt in his b he did not doubt that ſhe would to his addreſſes. Surprized at thi poſal, I aſked if he knew the ſt that unfortunate young gentlew Upon which, he replied, 'Ye 'I know what you mean; ſhe ha 'unhappy, I grant you, but w 'that? I am convinced of her 'mation; or elſe you and my 'lady would not treat her wit 'reſpect. As for the cenſure 'world, I value it not a fig' 'beſides, the world knows not 'the matter.' I commended hi ſophy, and intereſted Narciſſa cauſe; who interceded ſo effe that in a little time Miſs W yielded her conſent, and the married with the conſent of Do rigo, who gave him five h pounds to ſtock a farm, and ma overſeer of his eſtate. My g bed-fellow gave her maid th ſum; ſo that they live in grea and plenty within half a mile and daily put up prayers for c ſervation.

If there be ſuch a thing as tru neſs on earth, I enjoy it. The ous tranſports of my paſſion are tled and mellowed into endearin neſs and tranquility of love, r that intimate connexion and inte of hearts, which nought but wedlock can produce. Fortu determined to make ample am her former cruelty; for my writes, that notwithſtanding t in my father-in-law's will, o the ſquire founds his claim, certainly recover my wife's for conſequence of a codicil which explains that clauſe, a her reſtriction to the age of after which ſhe was at her own I would have ſet out for Londo diately after receiving this pie telligence, but my dear angel qualmiſh of late, and begins remarkably round in the waiſt I cannot leave her in ſuch an ing ſituation, which I hope duce ſomething to crown my

FINIS.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE.

Ταράσσει τὺς Ἀνθρώπυς ὰ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

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M DCC LXXXI.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. PITT,

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatched houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perſuaded that every time a man ſmiles, but much more ſo when he laughs, it adds ſomething to this fragment of life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—(not under your protection, it muſt protect itſelf, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you ſmile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a miniſter of ſtate;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your honour)

I am, good Sir,

Your well-wiſher, and

moſt humble fellow-ſubject,

L. STERNE.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

RISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

I Wiſh either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when got me: had they duly conſider- much depended upon what they then doing—that not only the tion of a rational being was con- in it, but that poſſibly the happy ion and temperature of his body, s his genius and the very caſt of ind—and, for aught they knew contrary, even the fortunes of ole houſe, might take their turn the humours and diſpoſitions were then uppermoſt—had they weighed and conſidered all this, roceeded accordingly—I am ve- erſuaded I ſhould have made a lifferent figure in the world from which the reader is likely to ſee Believe me, good folks, this is inconſiderable a thing as many may think it—you have all, I ay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are tranſfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe——well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; ſo that when they are once ſet a going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter—away they go cluttering like hey-go-mad; and, by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden walk, which when they are once uſed to, the devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

'Pray my dear,' quoth my mother, 'have you not forgot to wind up the 'clock?'—'Good G—d!' cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time, 'did ever woman, ſince the 'creation of the world, interrupt a 'man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?'—'Pray, what was your father ſaying?'——'Nothing.'

CHAP. II.

——'Then, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad.'—'Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least; because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

'The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason in scientifick research, he stands confessed—a being guarded and circumscribed with rights. The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, (their souls being inversely as their enquiries) shew us incontestibly, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the same hand, engendered in the same course of nature, endowed with the same loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—that he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations—is a being of as much activity—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature, as my Lord-chancellor of England.—He may be benefitted—he may be injured—he may obtain redress;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorff, or the best ethick writers, allow to arise out of that state and relation.

'Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?—or that, through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description—and that in this sad disordered state of nerves he had lain down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together—I tremble to think what a foundation 'had been laid for a thousand weaknesses 'both of body and mind, which no skill 'of the physician or the philosopher could 'ever afterwards have set thoroughly to 'rights.'

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle Mr. Toby Shandy do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily, complained of the injury—but once more particularly, as my Uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it—the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach—he said his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child:—'But, alas!' continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, 'My 'Triftram's misfortunes began nine 'months before ever he came into the 'world.'

——My mother, who was sitting by, looked up—but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair, understood him very well,

CHAP. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it who are no readers at all—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my Life and

Opinions

e likely to make ſome noiſe
, and, if I conjecture right,
all ranks, profeſſions, and
ns of men whatever—be no
n the Pilgrim's Progreſs it-
n the end, prove the very
Montaigne dreaded his
d turn out, that is, a book
r-window—I find it neceſ-
ult every one a little in his
herefore muſt beg pardon
a little farther in the ſame
hich cauſe, right glad I
have begun the hiſtory of
e way I have done; and
ble to go on, tracing every
as Horace ſays, *ab ovo*.
I know, does not recom-
ſhion altogether: but that
ſpeaking only of an epick
agedy—(I forget which;)
it was not ſo, I ſhould
race's pardon; for in writ-
ave ſet about, I ſhall con-
neither to his rules, nor to
ules that ever lived.
however, as do not chuſe
r back into theſe things, I
better advice, than that
r the remaining part of this
I declare before-hand, 'tis
for the curious and inqui-

the door —— I was begot
, betwixt the firſt Sunday
Monday in the month of
the year of our Lord one
ren hundred and eighteen.
I was.—But how I came
y particular in my account
hich happened before I was
ing to another ſmall anec-
only in our family, but
publick for the better clear-
point.
, you muſt know, who was
Turky merchant, but had
eſs for ſome years, in or-
to, and die upon, his pa-
in the county of ——, was,
ne of the moſt regular men
ing he did, whether 'twas
ſineſs, or matter of amuſe-
ever lived. As a ſmall ſpe-
is extreme exactneſs of his,
was in truth a ſlave, he
t a rule for many years of
the firſt Sunday-night of
every month throughout the whole year
— as certain as ever the Sunday-night
came—to wind up a large houſe-clock,
which we had ſtanding on the back-
ſtairs head, with his own hands:—and
being ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty
years of age, at the time I have been
ſpeaking of—he had likewiſe gradually
brought ſome other little family con-
cernments to the ſame period; in order,
as he would often ſay to my Uncle To-
by, to get them all out of the way at
one time, and be no more plagued and
peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one mis-
fortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell
upon myſelf, and the effects of which,
I fear, I ſhall carry with me to my
grave; namely, that from an unhappy
aſſociation of ideas which have no con-
nection in nature, it ſo fell out at
length, that my poor mother could ne-
ver hear the ſaid clock wound up, but
the thoughts of ſome other things una-
voidably popped into her head—and
vice verſâ:—which ſtrange combina-
tion of ideas, the ſagacious Locke, who
certainly underſtood the nature of theſe
things better than moſt men, affirms to
have produced more wry actions than all
other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum
in my father's pocket-book, which now
lies upon the table, that on Lady-day,
which was on the 25th of the ſame
month in which I date my geniture—
my father ſet out upon his journey to
London with my eldeſt brother Bobby,
to fix him at Weſtminſter-ſchool; and,
as it appears from the ſame authority,
that he did not get down to his wife
and family till the ſecond week in May
following—it brings the thing almoſt
to a certainty. However, what follows
in the beginning of the next chapter,
puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

—— 'But pray, Sir, what was your
'father doing all December, January,
'and February?'—'Why, Madam,
'he was all that time afflicted with a
'ſciatica.'

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of November 1718,
which, to the æra fixed on, was
as near nine calendar months as any

husband could in reason have expected —was I, Tristram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disasterous world of ours.—I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours—which, o' my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest!——Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power—but that is not my case—and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it; —for which cause, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in skaiting against the wind in Flanders—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her, by saying she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil—yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small hero sustained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the last chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No, that particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself;—besides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once—you must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my Life, but my Opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship.—*O dies præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in it's nature, or tedious in it's telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:—or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along—don't fly off—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short, do any thing—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of Dame Nature—had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage—grave deportment—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly

lift; the wife of the parſon iſh was touched with pity— g often lamented an incon- to which her huſband's flock any years been expoſed, in- there was no ſuch thing as a of any kind or degree, to be the caſe have been never ſo ithin leſs than ſix or ſeven s, riding—which ſaid ſeven , in dark nights and diſmal country thereabouts being ut a deep clay, was almoſt ourteen; and that in effect imes next to having no mid- —it came into her head, that e doing as ſeaſonable a kind- whole pariſh, as to the poor erſelf, to get her a little in- ſome of the plain principles ſineſs, in order to ſet her up no woman thereabouts was lified to execute the plan ſhe ed than herſelf, the gentle- ry charitably undertook it; g great influence over the fe- of the pariſh, ſhe found no n effecting it to the utmoſt of . In truth, the parſon join- ereſt with his wife's in the ir; and in order to do things ould be, and give the poor od a title by law to practiſe, e had given by inſtitution— lly paid the fees for the ordi- ence himſelf, amounting in , to the ſum of eighteen ſhil- four-pence; ſo that, betwixt , the good woman was fully n the real and corporal poſ- her office, together with all , *members, and appurtenances er.*

laſt words, you muſt know, according to the old form ſuch licences, faculties and ſually ran, which in like caſes fore been granted to the ſiſter- t it was according to a neat of *Didius* his own deviſing, ng a particular turn for taking and new framing over again, of inſtruments in that way, hit upon this dainty amend- t coaxed many of the old li- trons in the neighbourhood, to r faculties afreſh, in order to whim-wham of his inſerted.

I own, I never could envy Didius in theſe kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taſte.—Did not Dr. Kunaſtrokius, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himſelf—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES; —their running-horſes—their coins, and their cockle-ſhells—their drums and their trumpets—their fiddles, their pallets—their maggots, and their butterflies?—and ſo long as a man rides his hobby-horſe peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

——*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*; —that is, there is no diſputing againſt hobby-horſes; and, for my part, I ſeldom don—or could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fidler and painter, according as the fly ſtings——Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right. —But the truth is, I am not a wiſe man; —and, beſides, am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great lords and tall perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace—others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering

it away like ſo many little party-coloured devils aſtride a mortgage—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.—'So much the better,' ſay I to myſelf; 'for in caſe the worſt ſhould 'happen, the world will make a ſhift 'to do excellently well without them; 'and, for the reſt—why—God ſpeed 'them—e'en let them ride on without 'oppoſition from me; for were their 'lordſhips unhorſed this very night, 'tis 'ten to one but that many of them 'would be worſe mounted by one half 'before to-morrow morning.'

Not one of theſe inſtances, therefore, can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.—But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions—and, what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold ſuch a one, my lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment;—when I ſee ſuch a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes—then, my lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the hobby-horſe, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

'MY LORD,

'I Maintain this to be a dedication, 'notwithſtanding it's ſingularity 'in the three great eſſentials of matter, 'form, and place: I beg, therefore, 'you will accept it as ſuch, and that 'you will permit me to lay it, with the 'moſt reſpectful humility, at your lord-'ſhip's feet—when you are upon them '—which you can be when you pleaſe; '—and that is, my lord, whenever 'there is occaſion for it—and I will 'add, to the beſt purpoſes too. I have 'the honour to be, my lord, your lord-'ſhip's moſt obedient, and moſt de-'voted, and moſt humble ſervant,

'TRISTRAM SHANDY.'

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate—duke, marquis, earl, viſcount or baron, of this or any other realm in Chriſtendom—nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publickly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall; but is honeſtly a true virgin dedication, untried on upon any ſoul living.

I labour this point ſo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might ariſe againſt it from the manner in which I propoſe to make the moſt of it—which is the putting it up fairly to publick ſale; which I now do.

——Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry—I reſolved within myſelf, from the very beginning, to deal ſquarely and openly with your great folks in this affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one duke, marquis, earl, viſcount, or baron, in theſe his majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight genteel dedication, and whom the above will ſuit—(for, by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it)—it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your lordſhips ſees, is good, the colouring tranſparent—the drawing not amiſs;—or, to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience, and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20—I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12—the compoſition as 9—the colouring as 6—the expreſſion 13 and a half—and the deſign—if I may be allowed, my lord, to underſtand my own deſign, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20—I think

annot well fall ſhort of 19.
l this—there is keeping in it;
dark ſtrokes in the hobby-
hich is a ſecondary figure,
of back-ground to the whole)
force to the principal lights
vn figure, and make it come
rfully;—and beſides, there is
riginality in the *tout enſemble*.
ſed, my good lord, to order
be paid into the hands of Mr.
for the benefit of the author;
e next edition care ſhall be
t this chapter be expunged,
lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions,
l good actions, be placed at
of the preceding chapter: all
om the words, '*De guſtibus diſputandum*,' and whatever
is book relates to HOBBY-
but no more, ſhall ſtand de-
your lordſhip.—The reſt I
o the MOON; who, by the
the Patrons or Matrons I can
as moſt power to ſet my book
nd make the world run mad

IGHT GODDESS!

u art not too buſy with Can-
Miſs Cunegund's affairs—
riſtram Shandy's under thy
n alſo.'

CHAP. X.

ATEVER degree of ſmall
rit, the act of benignity in
the midwife might juſtly
in whom that claim truly
firſt ſight ſeems not very ma-
iis hiſtory;—certain however
at the gentlewoman, the par-
, did run away at that time
vhole of it: and yet, for my
nnot help thinking but that
himſelf, though he had not
fortune to hit upon the deſign
as he heartily concurred in
nent it was laid before him,
:artily parted with his money
: into execution, had a claim
hare of it—if not to a full
atever honour was due to it.
rld, at that time, was pleaſed
ne the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known, then, that for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office—and that was, in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to Roſinante, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that Roſinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover, Roſinante, as is the happineſs of moſt Spaniſh horſes, fat or lean—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the ſame time, that Roſinante's continency (as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the Yangueſian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the word, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatick work—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don Quixote's horſe: in all other points, the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt ſuch another—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade, as Humility herſelf could have beſtrided.

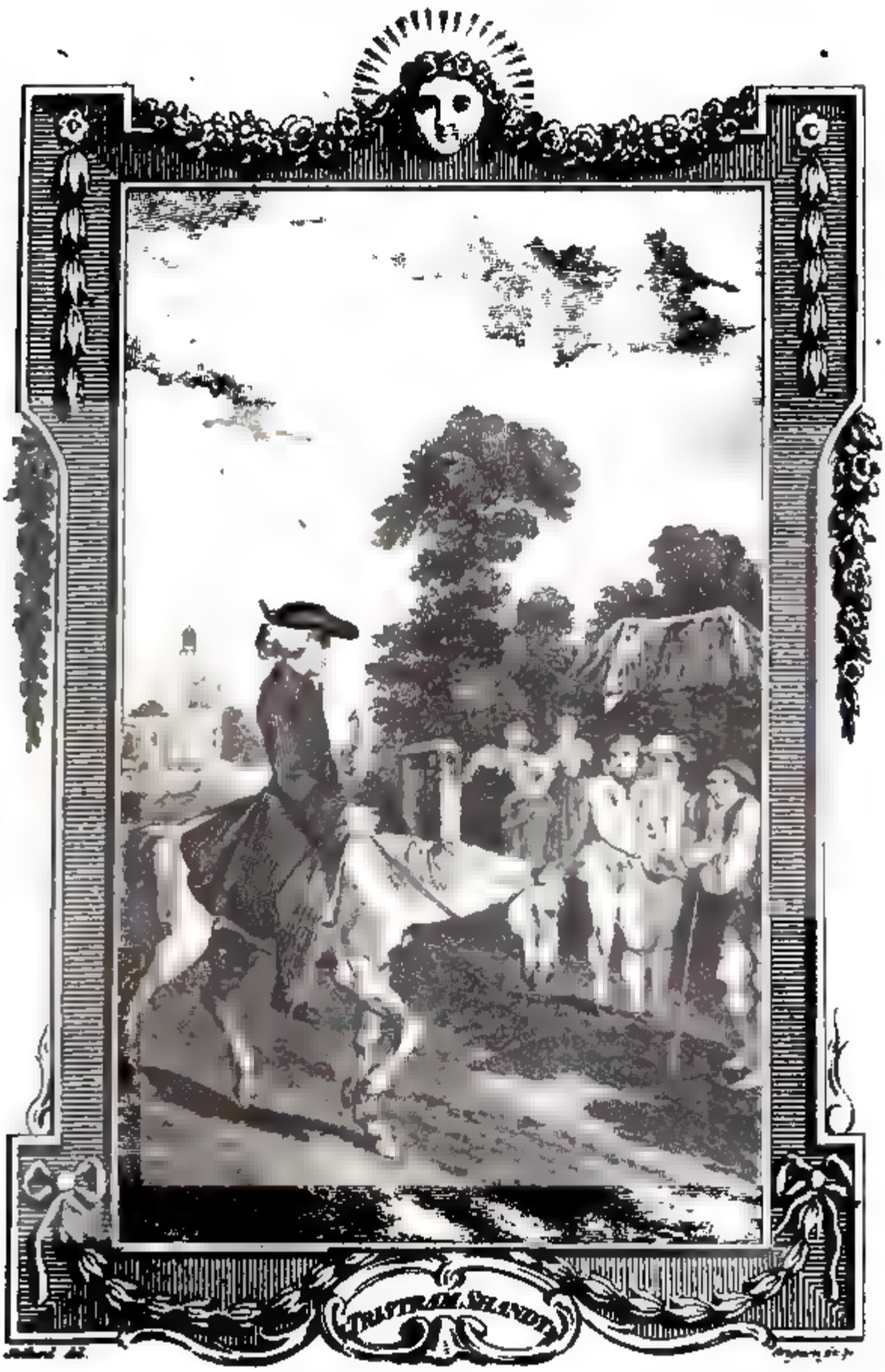
In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peaked ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilver-headed ſtuds, and a noble pair of

of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of grey ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, ſilk fringe, *poudre d'or*—all which he had purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life; together with a grand embоſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.——But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy-door; and, in lieu of them, had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle, as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him—you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſſed—the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well—the ſpinning-wheel forgot it's round—even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and, as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations—to hear the groans of the ſerious, and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was—he loved a jeſt in his heart; —and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf——ſo that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, inſtead of giving the true cauſe—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;—that they were, centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption—and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times, he would give fifty humorous and appoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferable to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi, et fuga ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him:—that in all other exercitations, he could ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along, to as much account as in his ſtudy;—that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon—or a hole in his breeches—as ſteadily on the one as in the other;—that briſk trotting and ſlow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements—but that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing; he could compoſe his ſermon—he could compoſe his cough—and, in caſe nature gave a call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep.——In ſhort, the parſon upon ſuch encounters would aſſign any cauſe, but the true cauſe—and he witheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows—In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country—it ſo fell out, that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt—as much



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red his beaſt, he had never a efuſe him; the upſhot of which rally this, that his horſe was pped, or ſpavined, or greazed; vas twitter-boned, or broken--or ſomething, in ſhort, or id befallen him, which would carry no fleſh—ſo that he had e or ten months a bad horſe to f, and a good horſe to purchaſe ad.

the loſs in ſuch a balance nount to, *communibus annis*, I ave to a ſpecial jury of ſuffer- ne ſame traffick to determine; t it be what it would, the ho- leman bore it for many years a murmur, till at length, by ill accidents of the kind, he neceſſary to take the thing un- ideration; and upon weighing le, and ſumming it up in his e found it not only diſpropor- his other expences, but with- avy an article in itſelf, as to im from any other act of ge- in his pariſh: beſides this, he d, that with half the ſum thus away, he could do ten times good—and what ſtill weighed h him than all other conſidera- t together, was this—that it all his charity into one par- nnel, and where, as he fan- was the leaſt wanted, namely, ild-bearing and child-getting his pariſh; reſerving nothing npotent—nothing for the aged g for the many comfortleſs was hourly called forth to re poverty, and ſickneſs, and dwelt together.

ſe reaſons, he reſolved to diſ- the expence; and there ap- t two poſſible ways to extri- clearly out of it;—and theſe er to make it an irrevocable more to lend his ſteed upon cation whatever—or elſe be ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch ad made him, with all his infirmities, to the very end pter.

dreaded his own conſtancy in e very chearfully betook him- ſecond; and though he could have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour—yet, for that very rea- ſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chuſing rather to bear the contempt of his ene- mies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyrick upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiri- tual and refined ſentiments of this reve- rend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs Knight of La Mancha; whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſto- ry: the thing I had in view was, to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit, the devil a ſoul could find it out—I ſup- poſe his enemies would not, and that his friends could not—but no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circum- ſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire.—'The parſon had a 'returning fit of pride which had juſt 'ſeized him, and he was going to be 'well mounted once again in his life; 'and if it was ſo, 'twas plain as the 'ſun at noon-day, he would pocket 'the expence of the licence, ten times 'told, the very firſt year—ſo that every 'body was left to judge what were his 'views in this act of charity.'

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made en- tirely eaſy upon that ſcore——it be- ing juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh, and the whole world at the ſame time,

behind him—and ſtands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cauſe to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of ſome men—order them as they will, they paſs through a certain medium, which ſo twiſts and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praiſe which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheleſs forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.—But to know by what means this came to paſs, and to make that knowledge of uſe to you, I inſiſt upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain ſuch a ſketch of his life and converſation, as will carry it's moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing ſtops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parſon's name, and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation) it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for hear—I was within an ace of ſaying, nine hundred years:—but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indiſputable in itſelf;—and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying, it had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long—which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think, ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us all together, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, that his own great grandfather was the man who did either this or that.

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced

againſt by the prudent car
rick's family, and their re
ſervation of theſe records I q
do farther inform us, that
was originally of Daniſh ext
had been tranſplanted into
early as in the reign of H
King of Denmark, [redacted]h
ſeems, an anceſtor of this
and from whom he was linea
ed, held a conſiderable poſt
of his death. Of what natu
ſiderable poſt was, this reco
—it only adds, that, for ne
turies, it had been totally
altogether unneceſſary, not
court, but in every other c
chriſtian world.

It has often come into m
this poſt could be no other
the king's chief jeſter;—an
let's Yorick, in our Shakeſp
of whoſe plays, you know,
ed upon authenticated fact
tainly the very man.

I have not the time to loo
Grammaticus's Daniſh Hiſt
the certainty of this;—but
leiſure, and can eaſily get
you may do it full as well

I had juſt time, in my tra
Denmark with Mr. Noddy
—whom, in the year 1741,
nied as governor, riding
him at a prodigious rate t
parts of Europe, and of wh
journey performed by us
delectable narrative will be
progreſs of this work—I h
I ſay, and that was all, t
truth of an obſervation mac
ſojourner in that country, N
Nature was neither very lav
ſhe very ſtingy, in her gifts o
capacity to it's inhabitants;
a diſcreet parent, was mod
to them all; obſerving ſuc
tenor in the diſtribution of
as to bring them, in thoſe
ty near to a level with eac
that you will meet with fe
in that kingdom of refined
great deal of good plain h
derſtanding amongſt all ra
ple, of which every body
——which is, I think, ver

With us, you ſee, the
different:—we are all ups

ther.—You are a great ga-
, 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you
it dunce and a blockhead:—
ere is a total want of inter-
gs—no, we are not so irre-
at comes to—but the two ex-
e more common, and in a
gree, [illegible] is unsettled island—
ture, in her gifts and dispo-
this kind is most whimsical
ious; Fortune herself not be-
so in the bequest of her goods
ls than she.

all that ever staggered my
gard to Yorick's extraction,
what I can remember of him,
l the accounts I could ever
, seemed not to have had one
of Danish blood in his whole
nine hundred years, it might
ave all run out.—I will not
ze one moment with you a-
or, happen how it would, the
is—that instead of that cold
d exact regularity of sense and
you would have looked for
xtracted; he was, on the con-
mercurial and sublimated a
n, as heteroclite a creature in
lensions; with as much life
, and *gaité de cœur* about
e kindliest climate could have
d and put together. With
ail, poor Yorick carried not
: of ballast—he was utterly
d in the world; and at the
enty-six knew just about as
to steer his course in it, as a
unsuspicious girl of thirteen—
pon his first setting out, the
: of his spirits, as you will
an him foul ten times in a day
body's tackling; and as the
more slow-paced were often-
ray—you may likewise ima-
s with such he had generally
k to get the most entangled.
I know, there might be some
f unlucky wit at the bottom
ecas;—for, to speak the truth,
ad an invincible dislike and
in his nature to gravity——
vity, as such—for where gra-
anted, he would be the most
erious of mortal men for days
together—but he was an ene-
affectation of it, and declared
against it, only as it appeared
a cloak for ignorance, or for folly—
and then, whenever it fell in his way,
however sheltered and protected, he sel-
dom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talk-
ing, he would say, that gravity was an
arrant scoundrel, and he would add—
of the most dangerous kind too, because
a sly one; and that, he verily believed,
more honest, well-meaning people, were
bubbled out of their goods and money
by it in one twelvemonth, than by pock-
et-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In
the naked temper which a merry heart
discovered, he would say, there was no
danger—but to itself——whereas, the
very essence of gravity was design, and
consequently deceit;—'twas a taught
trick, to gain credit of the world for
more sense and knowledge than a man
was worth;—and that, with all its pre-
tensions, it was no better, but often
worse, than what a French wit had
long ago defined it; viz. 'A mysté-
'rious carriage of the body to cover
'the defects of the mind:'—which de-
finition of gravity, Yorick, with great
imprudence would say, deserved to be
wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man un-
hacknied and unpractised in the world,
and was altogether as indiscreet and
foolish on every other subject of discourse
where policy is wont to impress restraint.
Yorick had no impression but one, and
that was what arose from the nature of
the deed spoken of; which impression
he would usually translate into plain
English without any periphrasis—and
too oft, without much distinction of
either personage, time, or place—so that
when mention was made of a pitiful or
an ungenerous proceeding—he never
gave himself a moment's time to reflect
who was the hero of the piece—what
his station—or how far he had power
to hurt him hereafter:—but if it was
a dirty action—without more ado—the
man was a dirty fellow—and so on.——
And as his comments had usually the
ill fate to be terminated either in a bon
mot, or to be enlivened throughout
with some drollery or humour of ex-
pression, it gave wings to Yorick's in-
discretion. In a word, though he ne-
ver sought, yet at the same time, as he
seldom shunned occasions of saying what
came uppermost, and without much

ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour—his gibes and his jeſts, about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was Yorick's cataſtrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE *mortgager* and *mortgagee* differ the one from the other not more in length of purſe, than the *jeſter* and *jeſtee* do in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of the beſt of Homer's can pretend to—namely, that the one raiſes a ſum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in ſome evil hour—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe incidental mementos. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this ſtamp—which, notwithſtanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſſed out in courſe.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion—to the uttermoſt mite. To which Yorick, with his uſual carelеſſneſs of heart, would as often anſwer with a 'Pſhaw!—and if the ſubject was ſtarted in the fields, with a hop, ſkip, and a jump at the end of it: but if cloſe pent up in the ſocial chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not ſo readily fly off in a tangent—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon diſcretion in words to this purpoſe, though ſomewhat better put together.

'Truſt me, dear Yorick, this wa-
'wary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner
'or later bring thee into ſcrapes and
'difficulties, which no after-wit can
'extricate thee out of.—In theſe ſallies,
'too oft, I ſee, it happens, that a per-
'ſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in
'the light of a perſon injured, with all
'the rights of ſuch a ſituation belong-
'ing to him; and when thou viewſt
'him in that light too, and reckonſt up
'his friends, his family, his kindred
'and allies—and muſterſt up with them
'the many recruits which will riſe un-
'der him from a ſenſe of common dan-
'ger—'tis no extravagant arithmetick,
'to ſay, that for every ten jokes, thou
'haſt got a hundred enemies; and till
'thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm
'of waſps about thine ears, and art
'half ſtung to death by them, thou
'wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

'I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom
'I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur
'from ſpleen or malevolence of intent
'in theſe ſallies—I believe and know
'them to be truly honeſt and ſportive:
'——But conſider, my dear lad, that
'fools cannot diſtinguiſh this—and that
'knaves will not; and thou haſt
'not what it is, either to provoke the
'one, or to make merry with the
'other:—whenever they aſſociate for
'mutual defence, depend upon it, they
'will carry on the war in ſuch a man-
'ner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to
'make thee heartily ſick of it, and of
'thy life too.

'Revenge from ſome baneful cauſe
'ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee,
'which no innocence of heart or in-
'tegrity of conduct ſhall ſet right.—The
'fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter—
'thy character, which led the way to
'them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it—
'thy faith queſtioned—thy works be-
'lyed—thy wit forgotten—thy learn-
'ing

ampled on. To wind up the
ne of thy tragedy, Cruelty and
dice, twin ruffians, hired and
by Malice in the dark, ſhall
together at all thy infirmities
iſtakes—the beſt of us, my dear
open there;——and truſt me—
e, Yorick,—*when to gratify a*
e appetite, it is once reſolved
hat an innocent and an helpleſs
re ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy
to pick up ſticks enough from
icket where it has ſtrayed, to
a fire to offer it up with!'
k ſcarce ever heard this ſad va-
n of his deſtiny read over to
t with a tear ſtealing from his
a promiſſory look attending it,
was reſolved, for the time to
ride his tit with more proprie-
, alas, too late!—a grand con-
, with ***** and ***** at the
it, was formed before the firſt
n of it.—The whole plan of
k, juſt as Eugenius had fore-
vas put in execution all at once
o little mercy on the ſide of the
nd ſo little ſuſpicion in Yorick,
was carrying on againſt him—
n he thought, good eaſy man!
ly preferment was o'ripening,
ſmote his root, and then he fell,
a worthy man had fallen be-
.

k, however, fought it out with
inable gallantry for ſome time;
owered by numbers, and worn
ength by the calamities of the
it more ſo by the ungenerous
in which it was carried on—he
wn the ſword; and though he
his ſpirits in appearance to the
died, nevertheleſs, as was ge-
hought, quite broken-hearted.
inclined Eugenius to the ſame
was as follows.
hours before Yorick breathed
Eugenius ſtept in with an in-
ake his laſt ſight and laſt fare-
im: upon his drawing Yorick's
and aſking how he felt himſelf,
looking up in his face, took
his hand—and, after thanking
the many tokens of his friend-
him—for which, he ſaid, if it
ir fate to meet hereafter, he
hank him again and again—he
told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever. 'I 'hope not!' anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke—'I hope not, Yorick!' ſaid he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand; and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. 'Come, come, Yorick,' quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, 'my dear lad, be comforted—let not 'all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake 'thee at this criſis when thou moſt 'wants them;—who knows what re-'ſources are in ſtore, and what the 'power of God may yet do for thee?'—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head. 'For my 'part,' continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, 'I de-'clare I know not, Yorick, how to part 'with thee—and would gladly flatter 'my hopes,' added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, 'that there is ſtill 'enough left of thee to make a biſhop '—and that I may live to ſee it.'—— 'I beſeech thee, Eugenius,' quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand—his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius—'I beſeech thee to take a view of 'my head.'—'I ſee nothing that ails 'it,' replied Eugenius. 'Then, alas! 'my friend,' ſaid Yorick, 'let me tell 'you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ-'ſhapen'd with the blows which ***** 'and *****, and ſome others, have ſo 'unhandſomely given me in the dark, 'that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, 'that ſhould I recover, and "mitres "thereupon be ſuffered to rain down "from heaven as thick as hail, not one "of them would fit it."—Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantick tone;—and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of ſambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke;

he

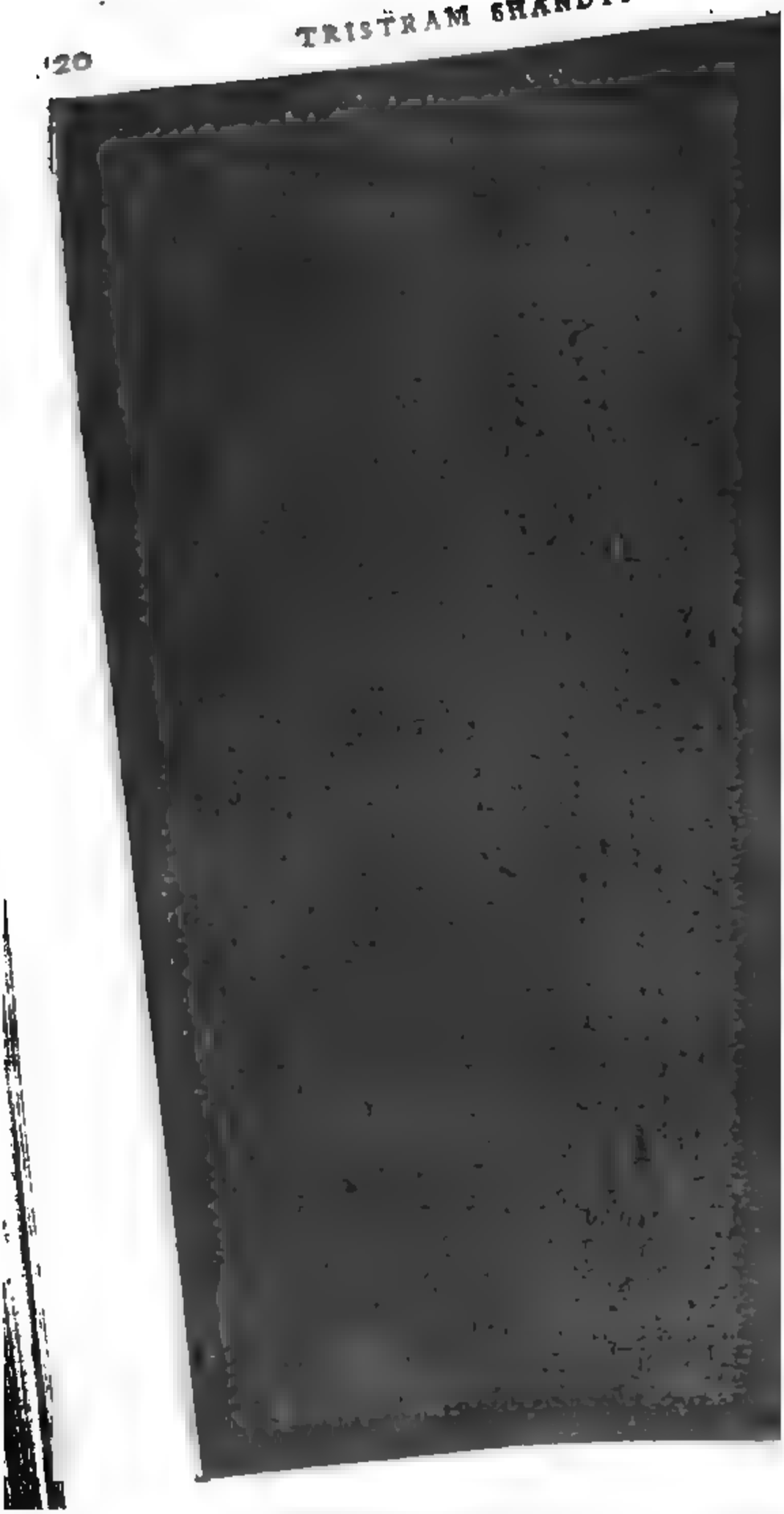
he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door——he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ———, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

ALAS, POOR YO

Ten times a day [illegible] the consolation to [illegible] inscription read over [illegible] of plaintive tones, as [illegible] pity and esteem for [illegible] crossing the church-[illegible] side of his grave—[illegible] by without stopping to [illegible] it—and sighing, as he [illegible]

Alas, poor Yo[illegible]



CHAP. XIII.

long ſince the reader of this ical work has been parted midwife, that it is high time her again to him, merely to mind that there is ſuch a the world, and whom, up- dgment I can form upon at preſent—I am going to hin for good and all: but ter may be ſtarted, and fected buſineſs fall out be- der and myſelf, which may diate diſpatch—'twas right that the poor woman ſhould the mean time:—becauſe, wanted, we can no way do

told you, that this good perſon of no ſmall note nce throughout our whole nſhip—that her fame had to the very out-edge and of that circle of impor- ch kind every ſoul living, a ſhirt to his back or no, rounding him;—which way, whenever 'tis ſaid is of great weight and the *world*—I deſire may contracted in your wor- a compound-ratio of the n, knowledge, abilities, (meaſuring both ways) brought before you.

caſe, if I remember, I four or five miles, which chended the whole pa- ed itſelf to two or three mlets in the ſkirts of which made a con- of it. I muſt add, that , very well looked inge-houſe, and ſome and farms within two as I ſaid, from the ſmoke ney:—but I muſt here, rm you, that all this ly delineated and ex- now in the hands of ch, with many other ments to this work, the end of the twentieth ell the work—I de- of ſuch a thing;—but mentary, ſcholium, illuſ- n, and key to ſuch paſſages, inci- s, or inuendos, as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*—which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoken in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage-ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this hiſtory;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards—it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory—though it be but the hiſtory of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way—or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule—ſtraight forward—for inſtance, from Rome all the way to Loretto—without ever once turning his head aſide to the right-hand or to the left—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he ſhould get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: for, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile;
Anecdotes to pick up;
Inſcriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in;
Traditions to ſift;
Perſonages to call upon;
Panegyricks to paſte up at this door,
Paſquinades at that—all which, both the man and his mule are quite exempt

from. To ſum up all; there are archives at every ſtage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:—in ſhort, there is no end of it!—For my own part, I declare, I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could—and am not yet born:—I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happened, but not *how*—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;—and that is—not to be in a hurry—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year—which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him—is ſo much more fully expreſſed in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand.—It is as follows.

'And this indenture further witneſſeth, That the ſaid Walter Shandy, 'merchant, in conſideration of the ſaid 'intended marriage to be had, and, by 'God's bleſſing, to be well and truly 'ſolemnized and conſummated between 'the ſaid Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforeſaid, and divers 'other good and valuable cauſes and 'conſiderations him thereunto ſpecially 'moving—doth grant, covenant, condeſcend, conſent, conclude, bargain, 'and fully agree, to and with John 'Dixon, and James Turner, Eſqrs. 'the above-named truſtees, &c. &c.—'To wit, That in caſe it ſhould hereafter ſo fall out, chance, happen, or 'otherwiſe come to paſs—that the ſaid 'Walter Shandy, merchant, ſhall have 'left off buſineſs before the time of 'times that the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall according to the courſe of 'nature, or otherwiſe, have left off 'bearing and bringing forth children; '—and that, in conſequence of the 'ſaid Walter Shandy having ſo left off 'buſineſs, he ſhall, in deſpite, and 'againſt the free will, conſent, and 'good-liking, of the ſaid Elizabeth 'Mollineux—make a departure from 'the City of London, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his eſtate at 'Shandy-Hall, in the county of——, 'or at any other country-ſeat, caſtle, 'hall, manſion-houſe, meſſuage or 'grainge-houſe, now purchaſed, or 'hereafter to be purchaſed, or upon 'any part or parcel thereof—That 'then, and as often as the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall happen to be 'enſient with child or children ſeverally 'and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, during her ſaid co'verture—he the ſaid Walter Shandy 'ſhall, at his own proper coſt and 'charges, and out of his own proper 'monies, upon good and reaſonable 'notice—which is hereby agreed to be 'within ſix weeks of her the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning or 'time of ſuppoſed and computed de'livery—pay, or cauſe to be paid, 'the ſum of 120l. of good and lawful 'money, to John Dixon and James 'Turner, Eſqrs. or aſſigns——upon 'TRUST and confidence, and for and 'unto the uſe and uſes, intent, end, 'and purpoſe following:—That is to 'ſay, That the ſaid ſum of 120l. ſhall 'be paid into the hands of the ſaid 'Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwiſe applied by them the ſaid truſtees, 'for the well and truly hiring of one 'coach, with able and ſufficient horſes, 'to carry and convey the body of the 'ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, and the 'child or children which ſhe ſhall be 'then and there enſient and pregnant 'with—unto the city of London; and 'for the further paying and defraying 'of all other incidental coſts, charges, 'and expences whatſoever—in and 'about, and for and relating to, her 'ſaid intended delivery and lying-in, 'in the ſaid city or ſuburbs thereof. 'And that the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall and may, from time to 'time, and at all ſuch time and times

'as

here covenanted and agreed
-peaceably and quietly hire
id coach and horſes, and have
ngreſs, egreſs, and regreſs,
hout her journey, in and from
id coach, according to the te-
ue intent and meaning of theſe
s; without any let, ſuit, trou-
diſturbance, moleſtation, diſ-
, hindrance, forfeiture, evic-
exation, interruption, or in-
ance whatſoever.—And that it
noreover be lawful to and for
d Elizabeth Mollineux, from
o time, and as oft or often as
ll well and truly be advanced in
d pregnancy to the time here-
ſtipulated and agreed upon—to
d reſide in ſuch place or places,
ſuch family or families, and
ſuch relations, friends and
erſons, within the ſaid city of
n, as ſhe at her own will and
e, notwithſtanding her preſent
ure, and as if ſhe was a *feme ſole*
married—ſhall think fit.—**And
ndenture further witneſſeth,**
for the more effectually carrying
ſaid covenant into execution,
id Walter Shandy, merchant,
reby grant, bargain, ſell, releaſe,
nfirm, unto the ſaid John Dixon
mes Turner, Eſqrs. their heirs,
ors and aſſigns, in their ac-
ſſeſſion now being, by virtue of
lenture of bargain and ſale for
to them the ſaid John Dixon and
Turner, Eſqrs. by him the
Valter Shandy, merchant, there-
de; which ſaid bargain and
or a year, bears date the day
efore the date of theſe preſents,
by force and virtue of the ſtatute
nſferring of uſes into poſſeſſion
ll that the manor and lordſhip
andy, in the county of ——,
all the rights, members, and
enances thereof; and all and
the meſſuages, houſes, build-
barns, ſtables, orchards, gar-
backſides, toſts, crofts, garths,
es, lands, meadows, feedings,
es, marſhes, commons, woods,
-woods, drains, fiſheries, wa-
and water-courſes;—together
all rents, reverſions, ſervices,
ties, fee-farms, knights fees,
of frank-pledge, eſcheats, re-
mines, quarries, goods and chat-
f felons and fugitives, felons of
themſelves and put in exigent, deo-
dands, free warrens, and all other roy-
alties and ſeignories, rights, and juriſ-
dictions, privileges and hereditaments
whatſoever—**and alſo** the advowſon,
donation, preſentation, and free diſ-
poſition, of the rectory or parſonage
of Shandy aforeſaid, and all and every
the tenths, tythes, glebe-lands ——'
In three words—'My mother was to
lay in, (if ſhe choſe it) in London.'

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my Uncle Toby Shandy—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which was this:—'That in caſe my mother here-
after ſhould, at any time, put my fa-
ther to the trouble and expence of a
London journey, upon falſe cries and
tokens;—that for every ſuch inſtance,
ſhe ſhould forfeit all the right and
title which the covenant gave her
to the next turn—but no more;—and
ſo on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual
a manner, as if ſuch a covenant be-
twixt them had not been made.'—
This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment;—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doomed, by marriage-articles, to have my noſe ſqueezed as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about—and what train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my life, have

purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country in but a pettiſh kind of a humour. The firſt twenty or five and twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which he ſaid might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved;—then what vexed him more than every thing elſe was, the provoking time of the year—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green-gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling.——Had he been whiſtled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole year, he ſhould not have ſaid three words about it!

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtained from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and regiſtered down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe Bobby ſhould fail him. The diſappointment of this, he ſaid, was ten times more to a wiſe man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had coſt him, put together—Rot the 120l.—he did not mind it a ruſh!

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolances of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church the firſt Sunday;—of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpened a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions—and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation; that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had croſſed the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—'Certainly,' he would ſay to himſelf over and over again, 'the woman could not 'be deceived herſelf;—if ſhe could—'what weakneſs!'—Tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance; and, before all was over, played the deuce and all with him—for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtruck full upon his brain;—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were; that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body—as well as weakneſs of the mind:—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf, for a ſtage or two together, how far the cauſe of theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.—In a word, as ſhe complained to my Uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt of moods—*ſhewing* and *piſhing* all the way down—yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill to himſelf;—which was, the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice which my Uncle Toby's clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign:—when my father happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper—took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come—to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues

—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of his temper, which might, or not, add to the number.—'Tis by the name of perſeverance in cauſe—and of obſtinacy in a e: of this my mother had ſo nowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas urpoſe to make any remonſtrance, e e'en reſolved to ſit down quiet- l make the moſt of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

the point was that night agreed, r rather determined, that my mo- ould lie-in of me in the country, k her meaſures accordingly; for urpoſe, when ſhe was three days, abouts, gone with child, ſhe be- caſt her eyes upon the midwife, you have ſo often heard me men- nd before the week was well nd, as the famous Dr. Maning- is not to be had, ſhe had come nal determination in her mind— ſtanding there was a ſcientifick r within ſo near a call as eight f us, and who, moreover, had ly wrote a five ſhillings book up- ſubject of midwifery, in which expoſed, not only the blunders ſterhood itſelf—but had likewiſe ded many curious improvements quicker extraction of the fœtus -births, and ſome other caſes of which belay us in getting into rld;—notwithſtanding all this, her, I ſay, was abſolutely deter- to truſt her life, and mine with no ſoul's hand but this old wo- nly.—Now this I like;—when not get at the very thing we never to take up with the next degree to it:—no, that's pitiful deſcription.—It is no more than from this very day, in which I writing this book for the edi- of the world—which is March 9, that my dear, dear Jenny, g I looked a little grave, as the eapening a ſilk of five and twen- ngs a yard—told the mercer, ſhe ry ſhe had given him ſo much ; and immediately went and herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of ten- yard.—'Tis the duplication of d the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; at leſſened the honour of it ſome- n my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon—as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twen- ty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits in rela- tion to his choice. To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poſſi- ble in a caſe of this kind;—he felt himſelf concerned in a particular man- ner, that all ſhould go right in the pre- ſent caſe—from the accumulated ſor- row he lay open to ſhould any evil be- tide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy-Hall.—He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by load- ing him with the whole blame of it.—

'Alas o'day!—had Mrs Shandy, poor 'gentlewoman! had but her wiſh in 'going up to town juſt to lie-in and 'come down again—which, they ſay, 'ſhe begged and prayed for upon her 'bare knees—and which, in my opi- 'nion, conſidering the fortune which 'Mr. Shandy got with her, was no 'ſuch mighty matter to have complied 'with—the lady and her babe might 'both of them have been alive at this 'hour!'

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable:—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf—nor was it altogether for the care of his off- ſpring and wife that he ſeemed ſo ex- tremely anxious about this point;—my father had extenſive views of things— and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deep- ly concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the begin- ning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, up-

on one frivolous errand or another—ſet in ſo ſtrong—as to become dangerous to our civil rights; though, by the bye—a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in—a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down—a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by French politicks or French invaſions;—nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution, which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared, that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at once, in a ſtate apoplexy—'And 'then,' he would ſay, 'the Lord have 'mercy upon us all!'

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper — without the remedy along with it.

'Was I an abſolute prince,' he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he roſe from his arm-chair, 'I would appoint able judges 'at every avenue of my metropolis, who 'ſhould take cognizance of every fool's 'buſineſs who came there; — and if, 'upon a fair and candid hearing, it 'appeared not of weight ſufficient to 'leave his own home, and come up bag 'and baggage, with his wife and chil-'dren, farmers ſons, &c. &c. at his 'backſide, they ſhould be all ſent back, 'from conſtable to conſtable, like va-'grants, as they were, to the place of 'their legal ſettlements. By this means 'I ſhould take care, that my metro-'polis tottered not through it's own 'weight—that the head be no longer 'too big for the body—that the ex-'tremes, now waſted and pinned in, 'be reſtored to their due ſhare of nou-'riſhment, and regain with it their na-'tural ſtrength and beauty:—I would 'effectually provide, that the meadows 'and corn-fields of my dominions, 'ſhould laugh and ſing; — that good 'cheer and hoſpitality flouriſh once 'more—and that ſuch weight and in-'fluence be put thereby into the hands 'of the ſquirality of my kingdom, as 'ſhould counterpoiſe what I 'my nobility are now takin 'them.

'Why are there ſo few pala 'gentlemen's ſeats,' he would ſome emotion, as he walked a room, 'throughout ſo many 'provinces in France? whence 'the few remaining *chateaus* 'them are ſo diſmantled—ſo un 'ed—and in ſo ruinous and d 'condition?—Becauſe, Sir,' (h ſay) 'in that kingdom no man 'country intereſt to ſupport—t 'intereſt of any kind, which 'has any where in it, is conc 'in the court, and the looks 'grand monarque; by the ſun 'whoſe countenance, or the clou 'paſs acroſs it, every Frenchm 'or dies.'

Another political reaſon which ed my father ſo ſtrongly to guar the leaſt evil accident in my lying-in in the country—was, ſuch inſtance would infallibly balance of power, too great alr to the weaker veſſels of the g his own, or higher ſtations;— with the many other uſurpe which that part of the conſtitu hourly eſtabliſhing—would, in prove fatal to the monarchial domeſtick government eſtabliſh firſt creation of things by God

In this point he was entire Robert Filmer's opinion, that and inſtitutions of the greatef chies in the eaſtern part of the wo originally all ſtolen from that a pattern and prototype of this and paternal power—which, fo tury, he ſaid, and more, had been degenerating away into government; the form of whi ever deſirable in great combin the ſpecies — was very troubl ſmall ones — and ſeldom prod thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow fuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private lick, put together—my father having the man-midwife by all my mother by no means. M begged and intreated, ſhe w once recede from her prerogati matter, and ſuffer him to chuſe —my mother, on the contrary upon her privilege in this n chuſe for herſelf—and have no

—'twas ſeven to one.——What
ny mother do?—She had the ad-
e (otherwiſe ſhe had been certain-
rpowered) of a ſmall reinforce-
f chagrin perſonal at the bottom,
bore her up, and enabled her to
the affair with ſo equal an ad-
e—that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*.
ord, my mother was to have the
oman—and the operator was to
icence to drink a bottle of wine
ny father and my uncle Toby
in the back parlour—for which
to be paid five guineas.

ıſt beg leave, before I finiſh this
, to enter a caveat in the breaſt
fair reader;—and it is this—Not
it abſolutely for granted, from
uarded word or two which I have
n it—'that I am a married man.'
n, the tender appellation of 'my
dear Jenny'—with ſome other
of conjugal knowledge, inter-
here and there, might naturally
have miſled the moſt candid
in the world into ſuch a deter-
on againſt me.—All I plead for,
caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice;
ıt you do ſo much of it to me,
l as to yourſelf—as not to pre-
or receive ſuch an impreſſion of
l you have better evidence than,
poſitive, at preſent can be pro-
againſt me.—Not that I can be ſo
unreaſonable, Madam, as to de-

'the pure and ſentimental parts of the
'beſt French romances;—it will really,
'Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what
'a variety of chaſte expreſſions this de-
'licious ſentiment, which I have the
'honour to ſpeak of, is dreſſed out.'

CHAP. XIX.

I Would ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe—knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too, in philoſophy;—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant;—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common track—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by—if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant—and that was, in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of Chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was—

'Cæſars and Pompeys,' he would ſay, 'by mere inſpiration of the names, have 'been rendered worthy of them!—And 'how many,' he would add, 'are 'there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their 'characters and ſpirits been totally 'depreſſed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!

'I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks,' (or as the caſe happened) my father would ſay—'that you do not heartily 'ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine—'which, to thoſe,' he would add, 'who 'have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom—I own, has an air more of fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it:—and 'yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume 'to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in 'ſtating a caſe to you, not as a party in 'the diſpute—but as a judge; and truſting my appeal upon it to your own 'good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in 'this matter——you are a perſon free 'from as many narrow prejudices of 'education as moſt men—and, if I 'may preſume to penetrate farther into 'you—of a liberality of genius above 'bearing down an opinion, merely be'cauſe it wants friends. Your ſon—'your dear ſon—from whoſe ſweet and 'open temper you have ſo much to expect—your Billy, Sir!—would you 'for the world, have called him *Judas?* '—would you, my dear Sir,' he would ſay, laying his hand upon your breaſt, with the genteeleſt addreſs—and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible piano of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires—'Would you, 'Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had pro'poſed the name for your child, and 'offered you his purſe along with it, 'would you have conſented to ſuch a 'deſecration of him?——O my God!' he would ſay, looking up, 'if I know 'your temper right, Sir, you are in'capable of it!—you would have tram'pled upon the offer—you would have 'thrown the temptation at the tempter's 'head with abhorrence!

'Your greatneſs of mind in this ac'tion, which I admire, with that gene'rous contempt of money, which you 'ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is 'really noble—and what renders it 'more ſo, is the principle of it—the 'workings of a parent's love upon the 'truth and conviction of this very hy'potheſis, namely, that was y 'called Judas, the ſordid and t 'ous idea, ſo inſeparable from th 'would have accompanied him 'life like his ſhadow, and, in 'made a miſer and a raſcal of h 'ſpite, Sir, of your example!'

I never knew a man able to this argument.—But, indeed, of my father as he was—he w tainly irreſiſtible both in his and diſputations,—he was born tor—Θεοδίδακτος. Perſuaſion hu his lips, and the elements of log rhetorick were ſo blended up in and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd at the weakneſſes and paſſions reſpondent—that Nature migh ſtood up and ſaid—'This ma 'quent.'—In ſhort, whether he the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the 'twas hazardous in either caſe t him.——And yet, 'tis ſtrange, never read Cicero, nor Quintilia ratore, nor Iſocrates, nor Ariſt Longinus, amongſt the ancient Voſſius, nor Skioppius, nor Ran Farnaby, amongſt the modern what is more aſtoniſhing, he ha in his whole life the leaſt light of ſubtilty ſtruck into his mind, ſingle lecture upon Crackenthorp gerſdicius, or any Dutch logi commentator—he knew not ſo as in what the difference of an ar *ad ignorantiam*, and an argum *hominem* conſiſted; ſo that I well ber, when he went up along wit enter my name at Jeſus College i —it was a matter of juſt wond my worthy tutor, and two or th lows of that learned ſociety—tha who knew not ſo much as the n his tools, ſhould be able to wo that faſhion with them.

To work with them in the be ner he could, was what my fat however, perpetually forced u for he had a thouſand little f notions of the comick kind to d moſt of which notions, I verily at firſt entered upon the footing whims, and of a *vive la bagate* as ſuch he would make men them for half an hour or ſo, and ſharpened his wit upon them, them till another day.

I mention this, not only as m hypotheſis or conjecture upon t greſs and eſtabliſhment of my

opinions—but as a warning
ied reader againſt the indiſ-
ion of ſuch gueſts, who, after
ndiſturbed entrance, for ſome
our brains—at length claim
ſettlement there—working
like yeaſt—but more gene-
the manner of the gentle
inning in jeſt, but ending in
arneſt.

this was the caſe of the ſin-
ny father's notions—or that
nt, at length, became the
s wit—or how far, in many
ns, he might, though odd,
ly right—the reader, as he
em, ſhall decide. All that
here, is, that in this one, of
e of Chriſtian names, how-
ed footing, he was ſerious;
niformity—he was ſyſtema-
like all ſyſtematick reaſon-
ild move both heaven and
wiſt and torture every thing
ſupport his hypotheſis. In
epeat it over again—he was
ad, in conſequence of it, he
all kind of patience when-
people, eſpecially of condi-
hould have known better—
and as indifferent about the
mpoſed upon their child, or
an in the choice of *Ponto* or
eir puppy-dog.

would ſay, looked ill—and
ver this particular aggraval
viz. that when once a vile
wrongfully or injudiciouſly
is not like the caſe of a
ſter, which, when wronged,
after be cleared—and, poſſi-
time or other, if not in the
at leaſt after his death—be,
r other, ſet to rights with the
the injury of this, he would
never be undone—nay, he
n whether an act of parlia-
reach it—He knew, as well
at the legiſlature aſſumed a
urnames—but for very ſtrong
ich he could give, it had never
ured, he would ſay, to go a

ſervable, that though my fa-
ſequence of this opinion, had,
old you, the ſtrongeſt likings
gs towards certain names—
were ſtill numbers of names
g ſo equally in the balance
, that they were abſolutely in-
different to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom*, were of this claſs: theſe my father called neutral names—affirming of them, without a ſatire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each other's effects: for which reaſon, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-ſtone to chuſe amongſt them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of Chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epſom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in algebra with him; 'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing;—*William* ſtood pretty high—*Numps* again was low with him—and *Nick*, he ſaid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for *Triſtram*—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum natura*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: ſo that, in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved—he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth, above the key of the diſcourſe—and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered—whether he had ever read—or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recording!—'No,' he would ſay;—'*Triſtram*—the thing is im-'poſſible!'

What could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions—unleſs he gives them proper vent—it was the identical thing which my father did—for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*—ſhewing the world, with great candour and

modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page, will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman—who though ſingular, yet inoffenſive in his notions—ſo played upon in them by croſs-purpoſes—to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had purpoſely been planned and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations.—In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day ſuffering ſorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!—Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound! which, to his ears, was uniſon to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his aſhes! I ſwear it—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf in traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man—it muſt have been here!—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

—'How could you, Madam, be 'ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chap-'ter? I told you in it, *that my mother* '*was not a Papiſt.*'—'Papiſt! you told 'me no ſuch thing, Sir.'—'Madam, I 'beg leave to repeat it over again, that 'I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, 'by direct inference, could tell you, 'ſuch a thing.'—'Then, Sir, I muſt 'have miſſed a page.'—'No, Madam, 'you have not miſſed a word.'—'Then 'I was aſleep, Sir.'—'My pri 'dam, cannot allow you that re 'Then I declare, I know nothi 'about the matter.'—'That, 'is the very fault I lay to your 'and as a puniſhment for it, I 'upon it, that you immediat 'back, that is as ſoon as you g 'next full-ſtop, and read th 'chapter over again.'——I h poſed this penance upon the la ther out of wantonneſs or crue from the beſt of motives; and ſhall make her no apology for ſhe returns back——'tis to reb cious taſte, which has crept in ſands beſides herſelf—of reading forwards, more in queſt of the ad than of the deep erudition an ledge which a book of this caſt over as it ſhould be, would i impart with them.—The mind accuſtomed to make wiſe reflecti draw curious concluſions, as along; the habitude of whi Pliny the Younger affirm, that read a book ſo bad, but he dr profit from it. The ſtories o and Rome, run over without t and application—do leſs ſervi firm it, than the Hiſtory of I and Pariſmenus, or of the Seve pions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fi 'Have you read over again the 'Madam, as I deſired you?'- 'have: and did you not obſ 'paſſage, upon the ſecond 'which admits the inference?' 'a word like it!'—'Then, 'be pleaſed to ponder well the 'but one of the chapter, whe 'upon me to ſay, it was *ne* 'ſhould be born before I was ch 'Had my mother, Madam, been 'that conſequence did not follo

* The Romiſh Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in caſes of danger, b born—but upon this proviſo, that ſome part or other of the child's body be ſe baptizer:——But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held among April 10, 1733—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determini though no part of the child's body ſhould appear—that baptiſm ſhall neverthele miniſtered to it by injection—'*par le moyen d'une petite canulle*;'—Anglicè, *a* 'Tis very ſtrange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had ſo good a mechanical he for tying and untying the knots of ſchool-divinity—ſhould, after ſo much pains upon this—give up the point at laſt as a ſecond *la choſe impoſſible*—'Infantes in 'uteris exiſtentes,' (quoth St. Thomas) 'baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*.'——O Thomas!

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm *by injection*, as *to the doctors of the Sorbonne*—with their conſultation thereupon, it is as folk

It is a terrible misfortune for this ſame book of mine, but more ſo to the republick of letters—ſo that my own is quite ſwallowed up in the conſideration of it—that this ſelf-ſame vile pruriency for freſh adventures in all things, has got ſo ſtrongly into our habit and humours—and ſo wholly intent are we upon ſatisfying the impatience of our concupiſcence that way—that nothing but the groſs and more carnal parts of a compoſition will down:—the ſubtle hints and ſly communications of ſcience fly off, like ſpirits, upwards—the heavy moral eſcapes downwards—and both the one and the other are as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wiſh the male reader has not paſſed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one in which the female reader has been detected. I wiſh it may have it's effects—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAP.

MEMOIRE preſenté à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de SORBONNE *.

'UN chirurgien accoucheur, repreſente à meſſieurs les docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il 'y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne ſçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant 'eſt tellement renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mere, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de ſon 'corps; ce qui ſeroit un cas, ſuivant les rituels, de lui conférer, du moins ſous condition, 'le baptême. Le chirurgien, qui conſulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une *petite canulle*, de 'pouvoir baptiſer immediatement l'enfant, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere.—Il demand 'ſi ce moyen, qu'il vient de propoſer, eſt permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en ſervir dans 'le cas qu'il vient d'expoſer.'

REPONSE.

'LE Conſeil eſtime, que le queſtion propoſée ſouffre de grandes difficultes. Les théolo-'giens poſent d'un coté pour principe, que la baptême, qui eſt une naiſſance ſpirituelle, 'ſuppoſe une premiere naiſſance: il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jeſus 'Chriſt, comme ils l'enſeignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæſt. 88. artic. 11. ſuit cette 'doctrine comme une verité conſtante; "L'on ne peut," dit ce S. Docteur, "bap-"tiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres:" & S. Thomas eſt fondé 'ſur ce, que les enfans ne ſont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres 'hommes; d'ou il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour 'recevoir par leur miniſtére, les ſacremens néceſſaires au ſalut: "*Pueri in maternis uteris* "*exiſtentes nondum prodierant in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non* "*poſſunt ſubjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum miniſterium ſacramenta recipiant ad ſalu-*"*tem.*" Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les theologiens ont établi ſur les 'mêmes matieres; & ils deffendent tous, d'une maniére uniforme, de baptiſer les en-'fans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, s'ils ne ſont paroître quelque partie 'de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui ſont les régles des 'diocéſes, paroît former une autorité qui termine la queſtion preſente; cependant le 'Conſeil de conſcience conſiderant d'un côté que le raiſonnement des théologiens 'eſt uniquement fondé ſur une raiſon de convenance, & que la deffenſe des rituels 'ſuppoſe que l'on ne peut baptiſer immediatement les enfans ainſi renfermés dans 'le ſein de leurs meres, ce qui eſt contre la ſuppoſition preſente; & d'un autre côté, 'conſiderant que les mêmes théologiens enſeignent, que l'on peut riſquer les ſacremens 'que Jeſus Chriſt à établis comme des moyens faciles, mais néceſſaires pour ſanctifier 'les hommes; & d'ailleurs eſtimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le ſein de leurs 'meres, pourroient être capables de ſalut, parcequ'ils ſont capables de damnation—— 'pour ces conſiderations, & en égard à l'expoſé, ſuivant leſquel on aſſure avoir trouvé un 'moyen certain de baptiſer ces enfans ainſi renfermés, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere. 'Le Conſeil eſtime que l'on pourroit ſe ſervir du moyen propoſé, dans la confiance qu'il 'à, que Dieu n'a point laiſſé ces ſortes d'enfans ſans aucuns ſecours; & ſuppoſant, com-'me il eſt expoſé, que le moyen dont il s'agit eſt propre à leur procurer le baptême; 'cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autoriſant la pratique propoſée, de changer une regle 'univerſellement établie, le Conſeil croit que celui qui conſulte doit s'addreſſer à ſon 'évêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité & du danger du moyen propoſé, & 'comme, ſous le bon plaiſir de l'évêque, le Conſeil eſtime qu'il faudroit recourir au 'Pape, qui à le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'egliſe, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la 'loi ne ſçauroit obliger, quelque ſage & quelque utile que paroiſſe la maniére de baptiſer

* Vide Deventer. Paris edit. 4to, 1734. p. 366.

CHAP. XXI.

——'I wonder what's all that noiſe, 'and running backwards and forwards 'for, above ſtairs!' quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my Uncle Toby—who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoaking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black pluſh breeches which he had got on. 'What can they be doing brother?' quoth my father: 'we can ſcarce hear 'ourſelves talk.'

'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left-thumb, as he began his ſentence; 'I think,' ſays he; ——But to enter rightly into my Uncle Toby's ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the outlines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

——Pray what was that man's name—for I write in ſuch a hurry I have no time to recollect or look for it—who firſt made the obſervation, that there was great inconſtancy in our air and climate? Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it- that it is this which has fu with ſuch a variety of odd a ſical characters—that was n was found out by another ma a century and a half after hin again, that this copious ſtore original materials, is the true a cauſe that our comedies are better than thoſe of France, or that either have or can be w the continent—that diſcovery fully made till about the middl William's reign, when the g den, in writing one of his long (if I miſtake not) moſt fortu upon it. Indeed, towards end of Queen Anne, the grea began to patronize the notion, fully explained it to the wo or two of his Spectators—bu covery was not his.—Then, and laſtly, that this ſtrange in in our climate, producing ſo irregularity in our charact thereby, in ſome ſort, make u by giving us ſomewhat to merry with when the weathe ſuffer us to go out of doors—ſervation is my own; and w out by me this very rainy da 26, 1759, and betwixt the hou and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labo aſſociates in this great harve

'dont il s'agit, le Conſeil ne pourroit l'approuver ſans le concours de ces deux
'On conſeile au moins à celui qui conſulte, de s'addreſſer à ſon évêque, & d
'part de la preſente déciſion; afin que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſu
'les docteurs ſouſſignés s'appuyent, il puiſſe étre autoriſé dans le cas de néce
'riſqueroit trop d'attendre que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d'e
'moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l'enfant. Au reſte, le C
'eſtimant que l'on pourroit s'en ſervir, croit cependant, que ſi les enfans do
'venoient au monde, contre l'eſperance de ceux qui ſe ſeroient ſervis du mê
'il ſeroit néceſſaire de les baptiſer *ſous condition*: & en cela le Conſeil ſe c
'tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroît
'partie de ſon corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiſer *ſous*
's'il vient heureuſement au monde.

'Déliberé en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril 1733.

'A. Le Moy
'L. De Rom
'De Marci

Mr. Triſtram Shandy's compliments to Meſſrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny Marcilly; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.- to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſu the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, ſlap-daſh, *by injection*, would not b and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized a *condition*;)—and provided, in the ſecond place, that the thing can be done—v *Shandy* apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, *& ſans faire à la mere.*

now ripening before our eyes;
, by ſlow ſteps of cauſal in-
at our knowledge, phyſical,
:al, phyſiological, polemical,
mathematical, ænigmatical,
biographical, romantical, che-
l obſtetrical, with fifty other
of it, (moſt of them ending,
), in *ical*) have, for theſe two
ies and more, gradually been
ıpwards towards that Ακμὴ of
ctions, from which, if we may
ɔnjecture from the advances
t ſeven years, we cannot poſ-
r off.

hat happens, it is to be hop-
put an end to all kind of
vhatſoever—the want of all
vriting will put an end to all
eading—and that in time—
gets poverty, poverty peace,
ı courſe, put an end to all
ıowledge—and then—we ſhall
o begin over again; or, in
s, be exactly where we ſtarted.
appy! thrice happy times!—
ı that the æra of my begetting,
s the mode and manner of it,
ı little altered—or that it could
put off, with any convenience
ıer or mother, for ſome twen-
ınd twenty years longer, when
the literary world might have
: chance.——

ɔrgot my Uncle Toby, whom
hile we have left knocking
ut of his tobacco-pipe.

mour was of that particular
hich does honour to our at-
and I ſhould have made no
ranking him amongſt one of
ıte productions of it, had not
ıred too many ſtrong lines in it
y likeneſs, which ſhewed that
the ſingularity of his temper
ı blood than either wind or
any modifications or combi-
them whatever: and I have,
oft-times wondered, that my
ɔugh I believe he had his rea-
t, upon his obſerving ſome
excentricity, in my courſe
as a boy—ſhould never once
to account for them in this
all the Shandy family were of
ıl character throughout—I
nales—the females had no cha-
l——except, indeed, my Great
ıah,—who, about ſixty years
married and got with child by
the coachman; for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of Chriſtian names, would often ſay, ſhe might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange—and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted between my father and my Uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt—as is generally the caſe.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly, at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge it's office.—Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.—My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell—not with a pedantick *feſcue*—or in the deciſive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himſelf and his reader—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive—to them I write—and by them I ſhall be read—if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long—to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows.

My Uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude—poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was, a moſt extreme and unparalleled modeſty of nature—though I correct the word nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, whether this

modeſty;

modeſty of his was natural or acquired.—Which ever way my Uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have very little choice in them—but to things——and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſſed him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my Uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very ſource—that he had ſpent a great part of his time in converſe with your ſex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which ſuch fair examples render irreſiſtible—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wiſh I could ſay ſo—for unleſs it was with his ſiſter-in-law, my father's wife and my mother—my Uncle Toby ſcarce exchanged three words with the ſex in as many years.—No, he got it, Madam, by a blow.—'A blow!'—Yes, Madam; it was owing to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of Namur, which ſtruck full upon my Uncle Toby's groin—'Which way could 'that effect it?'—The ſtory of that, Madam, is long and intereſting—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here—'tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in it's proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you—Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already—that my Uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarified by the conſtant heat of a little family pride—they both ſo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my Aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greateſt emotion.—The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do—the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family, would ſet my Uncle Toby's honour and modeſty o'bleeding; and he wo take my father aſide, in the gre cern imaginable, to expoſtul tell him, he would give him in the world, only to let the ſt

My father, I believe, had love and tenderneſs for my Un that ever one brother bore tow ther, and would have done an nature, which one brother could have deſired of another made my Uncle Toby's heart e or any other point. But this his power.

——My father, as I told a philoſopher in grain—ſpec ſyſtematical—and my Aunt Di fair was a matter of as much co to him, as the retrogradation o nets to Copernicus—the backſ Venus in her orbit fortified the can ſyſtem, called ſo after his n the backſlidings of my Aunt her orbit, did the ſame ſervic bliſhing my father's ſyſtem—truſt, will for ever hereafter the Shandean ſyſtem, after his.

In any other family diſho father, I believe, had as nice ſhame as any man whatever—ther he, nor (I dare ſay) Co would have divulged the affair caſe, or have taken the leaſt n to the world, but for the ol they owed, as they thought to 'Amicus Plato,' my father w conſtruing the words to my U by, as he went along—'Amica 'that is, Dinah was my aunt—'gis amica Veritas—but Tru 'ſiſter.'

This contrariety of humour my father and my uncle, was t of many a fraternal ſquabble one could not bear to hear of family diſgrace recorded—other would ſcarce ever let a da an end without ſome hint at it.

'For God's ſake,' my Unc would cry, 'and for my ſake, 'all our ſakes, my dear broth 'dy, do let this ſtory of our a 'ber aſhes ſleep in peace!— 'you—how can you have ſo li 'ing and compaſſion for the 'of our family?'—'What is 'racter of a family to an hyp my father would reply.—'Nay 'come to that—what is the life 'mily?'—'The life of a fami

would ſay, throwing him- his arm-chair, and lifting s, his eyes, and one leg. life;'—my father would ing his point. 'How ma- ds of 'em are there every ome caſt away, (in all ci- ntries at leaſt)—and con- nothing but commom air, tion of an hypotheſis!'— a ſenſe of things,' my Un- ould anſwer, 'every ſuch downright *murder*, let who it it.'—'There lies your y father would reply; 'for, *tia*, there is no ſuch thing —'tis only *death*, brother.' Toby would never offer to by any other kind of argu- hat of whiſtling half a do- Lillabullero.—You muſt the uſual channel through affions got vent, when any ed or ſurprized him—but hen any thing which he abſurd was offered.

ne of our logical writers, e commentators upon them, mber, have thought proper me to this particular ſpecies —I here take the liberty to f, for two reaſons. Firſt, er to prevent all confuſion it may ſtand as much diſtin- ever, from every other ſpe- ment—as the *Argumentum iam, ex Abſurdo, ex For-* other argument whatſoever; ndly, that it may be ſaid dren's children, when my to reſt—that their learned s head had been buſied to poſe once, as other people's ad invented a name—and thrown it into the TREA- *Ars Logica*, for one of the werable arguments in the e. And if the end of diſ- more to ſilence than con- may add, if they pleaſe, to eſt arguments too.

erefore, by theſe preſents, r and command, that it be diſtinguiſhed by the name the *Argumentum Fiſtulato-* o other—and that it rank th the *Argumentum Baculi-* e the *Argumentum ad Cru-* for ever hereafter be treated ne chapter.

he *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man; and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman;—as theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture—and moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other, —let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joſeph Hall, who was Biſhop of Exeter in King James the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his Decads, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Alderſgate Street, 'that it is an abo- 'minable thing for a man to commend 'himſelf:'—and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreſſions (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader—not for want of penetration in him—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreſſion—and it is this: that though my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my Uncle Toby's moſt whimſical character; —when my Aunt Dinah and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſyſtem: notwithſtanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my Uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time——not the great contours of it—that was impoſſible—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touched in, as we went along, ſo

that

that you are much better acquainted with my Uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progreſs in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſome ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtibly are the ſunſhine—they are the life, the ſoul of reading——take them out of this book, for inſtance—you might as well take the book along with them—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: —reſtore them to the writer—he ſteps forth like a bridegroom—bids all-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author; whoſe diſtreſs, in this matter, is truly pitiable: for if he begins a digreſſion—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock ſtill; and if he goes on with his main work—then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a going—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going there forty years, if it pleaſes the Fountain of Health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Have a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I ſet off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glaſs in the human breaſt, according to the [illegible] emendation of that arch-critick, h[illegible] en place—firſt, this fooliſh conſ[illegible] would certainly have followed—[illegible] very wiſeſt and the very grave[illegible] all, in one coin or other, muſt ha[illegible] window-money every day of our[illegible]

And, ſecondly—that had the ſa[illegible] been there ſet up, nothing more[illegible] have been wanting, in order to ha[illegible] en a man's character, but to hav[illegible] a chair and gone ſoftly; as you w[illegible] a dioptrical bee-hive, and look[illegible] viewed the ſoul ſtark naked—o[illegible] all her motions—her machina[illegible] traced all her maggots from th[illegible] engendering to their crawling [illegible] watched her looſe in her friſks, h[illegible] bols, her capricios; and after ſo[illegible] tice of her more ſolemn deportme[illegible] ſequent upon ſuch friſks, &c. [illegible] taken your pen and ink and ſe[illegible] nothing but what you had ſee[illegible] could have ſworn to—but this is[illegible] vantage not to be had by the bio[illegible] in this planet; in the planet M[illegible] (belike) it may be ſo, if not be[illegible] for him—for there the intenſe[illegible] the country, which is proved b[illegible] putators, from it's vicinity to [illegible] to be more than equal to that [illegible] hot iron—muſt, I think, long a[illegible] vitrified the bodies of the inha[illegible] (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit t[illegible] the climate (which is the final [illegible] ſo that betwixt them both, all t[illegible] ments of their ſouls, from top [illegible] tom, may be nothing elſe, for [illegible] the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhe[illegible] contrary, but one fine tranſpare[illegible] of clear glaſs (bating the u[illegible] knot)—ſo that, till the inhabitan[illegible] old and tolerably wrinkled, whe[illegible] rays of light, in paſſing throug[illegible] become ſo monſtrouſly refracted[illegible] turn reflected from their ſurfaces[illegible] tranſverſe lines to the eye, that [illegible] cannot be ſeen through—his fo[illegible] as well, unleſs for mere ceremo[illegible] the trifling advantage which th[illegible] lical point gave her—might, [illegible] other accounts, I ſay, as well [illegible] fool out o'doors as in her own [illegible]

But this, as I ſaid above, i[illegible] caſe of the inhabitants of this [illegible] our minds ſhine not through t[illegible] but are wrapt up here in a dar[illegible] ing of uncryſtalized fleſh and b[illegible] that, if we would come to the [illegible] characters of them, we muſt [illegible] other way to work.

in good truth, are the ways, iman wit has been forced to o this thing with exactneſs.

for inſtance, draw all their s with wind-inſtruments—Vir- notice of that way in the affair ınd Æneas—but it is as fal- s the breath of Fame—and, , beſpeaks a narrow genius. I ;norant that the Italians pre- mathematical exactneſs in their ns of one particular ſort of among them, from the *forte* of a certain wind-inſtrument —which they ſay is infallible. ıot mention the name of the t in this place—'tis ſufficient : amongſt us—but never think ; a drawing by it—this is ænig- ınd intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *n*—and therefore, I beg, Ma- :n you come here, that you s faſt as you can, and never ıke any enquiry about it,

are others, again, who will ıan's character from no other ıe world, but merely from his ıs—but this often gives a very outline—unleſs, indeed, you tch of his repletions too; and ting one drawing from the ıpound one good figure out of ı.

I have no objection to this me- that I think it muſt ſmell too the lamp, and be rendered operoſe, by forcing you to ;e to the reſt of his *non-natu-* hy the moſt natural actions of ſe ſhould be called his non-na- : another queſtion.

ıre others, Fourthly, who diſ- ' one of theſe expedients—not fertility of his own, but from ıs ways of doing it, which borrowed from the honourable hich the Pentagraphick * bre- he bruſh have ſhewn in taking Theſe, you muſt know, are : hiſtorians.

theſe you will ſee drawing a h character *againſt the light*— iberal—diſhoneſt—and hard :haracter of a man who ſits.

to mend the matter, will awing of you in the *camera*— ſt unfair of all—becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors, in giving you my Uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever—nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other ſide of the Alps—nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges—or touch upon his non-naturals—but, in a word, I will draw my Uncle Toby's character from his *hobby-horſe*.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my Uncle Toby's character,—I would here previouſly have convinced him that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his hobby-horſe, though I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other: yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the hobby-horſe.—By long journies and much friction it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of hobby-horſical matter as it can hold;—ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the hobby-horſe which my Uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, a hobby-horſe well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall—and from Penzance to York back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopped to have taken a view of him.

ıgraph; an inſtrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any

Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute—whether he was really a hobby-horſe or no: but as the philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptick, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room; ſo would my Uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his hobby-horſe was a hobby-horſe indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my Uncle Toby mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my Uncle Toby ſo well—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him—but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you firſt how my Uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wounds in my Uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the ſiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to England, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffered unſpeakable miſeries—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*—both of which bones were diſmally cruſhed, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet—as by it's ſize—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my Uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it—which he would often tell him was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in London, and had taken a houſe—and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers—and that my father thought my Uncle Toby could no where be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe—he aſſigned him the very beſt apartment in it. And what was a much more ſincere mark of his affection ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it—my uncle's viſitors at leaſt thought ſo, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my Uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himſelf out of them, I very believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my Uncle Toby were—'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs: if you could—I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation—not as a man—nor even as a woman—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment or probable conjecture to yourſelf, of what was to come in the next page—I would tear it out of my book.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

I Have begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my Uncle Toby was involved, from the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King William's wars—but if he has not—I then inform him that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the Engliſh and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterſcarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the Engliſh were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of St. Roch: the iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this; that the Dutch lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard, and that the Engliſh made themſelves maſters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the French officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my Uncle Toby was an eye-witneſs at Namur—the army of the beſiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from ſeeing much of each others operations—my Uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between the ſcarp and counterſcarp—the glacis and covered-way—the half-moon and ravelin—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my Uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my Uncle Toby was in one of his beſt explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my Uncle Toby, was this—that in the attack of the counterſcarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itſelf from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-ſtop—the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides

—and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my Uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh enquirers—he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my Uncle Toby had great command of himſelf—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered-way without falling down the counter-ſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly:—he did ſo—and theſe little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates—yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxiſms and exacerbations of his wound my Uncle Toby muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

——My Uncle Toby could not philoſophize upon it—'twas enough he felt it was ſo—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months together, he was reſolved ſome way or other to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lye in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing, and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with it's invirons, it might be a means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon—becauſe my Uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of St. Roch—ſo that pretty confident he could ſtick upon the identical ſpot of groun he was ſtanding on when th ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his and not only freed him from a v ſad explanation—but, in the proved the happy means, as y read, of procuring my Uncle T hobby-horſe.

CHAP. II.

THERE is nothing ſo when you are at the ex making an entertainment of th as to order things ſo badly, your criticks and gentry of refin run it down: nor is there any likely to make them do it, as leaving them out of the party—(is full as offenſive, of beſtowi attention upon the reſt of your ſo particular a way, as if there ſuch thing as a critick (by occu at table.

—— I guard againſt both; the firſt place, I have left half places purpoſely open for them- the next place, I pay them a —Gentlemen, I kiſs your ha proteſt no company could give the pleaſure—by my ſoul I am ſee you—I beg only you will n ſtrangers of yourſelves, but ſi without any ceremony, and fall tily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, ar upon the point of carrying my c ſance ſo far, as to have left a open for them—and in this ver ſtand on; but being told by (though not by occupation—bu ture) that I had acquitted myſ enough, I ſhall fill it up direct ing, in the mean time, that I able to make a great deal of mo next year.

——'How, in the name of w 'could your Uncle Toby, w 'ſeems, was a military man, an 'you have repreſented as no f 'at the ſame time ſuch a co 'pudding-headed, muddle-head 'low, as——' Go look!

So, Sir Critick, I could have ed; but I ſcorn it——'tis langu urbane—and only befitting th

not give clear and ſatisfactory
s of things, or dive deep enough
firſt cauſes of human ignorance
fuſion. It is moreover the re-
nt—and therefore I reject it;
igh it might have ſuited my
oby's character as a ſoldier ex-
well—and had he not accuſ-
himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to
the Lillabullero, as he wanted
age, 'tis the very anſwer he
ave given; yet it would by no
ave done for me. You ſee, as
can be, that I write as a man
ion—that even my ſimilies, and
ions, and my illuſtrations, and
phors, are euridite—and that I
ain my character properly, and
it properly, too—elſe what
ecome of me? Why, Sir, I
e undone——at this very mo-
it I am going here to fill up
e againſt a critick—I ſhould
de an opening for a couple.
Therefore I anſwer thus.
, Sir, in all the reading which
ve ever read, did you ever read
book as Locke's Eſſay upon
man Underſtanding?—Don't
me raſhly—becauſe many, I
quote the book, who have not
—and many have read it who
and it not.—If either of theſe
caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I
ll you in three words what the
s.—It is a hiſtory——' 'A
! of who? what? where?
'—'Don't hurry yourſelf—It
iſtory-book, Sir, (which may
recommend it to the world)
t paſſes in a man's own mind;
you will ſay ſo much of the
nd no more—believe me, you
it no contemptible figure in a
yſick circle.
is by the way.
if you will venture to go along
e, and look down into the bot-
this matter, it will be found
cauſe of obſcurity and con-
in the mind of man, is three-

organs, dear Sir, in the firſt
Secondly, ſlight and tranſient
ions made by the objects when
d organs are not dull. And
, a memory like unto a ſieve,
e to retain what it has received.
down Dolly your chamber-
nd I will give you my cap and

'bell along with it, if I make not this
'matter ſo plain, that Dolly herſelf
'ſhould underſtand it as well as Mal-
'branche.—When Dolly has indited
'her epiſtle to Robin, and has thruſt
'her arm into the bottom of her pocket
'hanging by her right ſide—take that
'opportunity to recollect that the or-
'gans and faculties of perception can
'by nothing in this world be ſo aptly
'typified and explained as by that one
'thing which Dolly's hand is in ſearch
'of.—Your organs are not ſo dull that
'I ſhould inform you—'tis an inch,
'Sir, of red ſeal-wax.

'When this is melted and dropped
'upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too
'long for her thimble, till the wax
'is over-hardened, it will not receive
'the mark of her thimble from the
'uſual impulſe which was wont to im-
'print it.—Very well.—If Dolly's wax,
'for want of better, is bees-wax, or of
'a temper too ſoft—though it may re-
'ceive—it will not hold the impreſſion,
'how hard ſoever Dolly thruſts againſt
'it—and laſt of all, ſuppoſing the wax
'good, and eke the thimble, but ap-
'plied thereto in careleſs haſte, as her
'miſtreſs rings the bell—in any one of
'theſe three caſes, the print left by the
'thimble will be as unlike the proto-
'type as a braſs jack.

'Now you muſt underſtand, that not
'one of theſe was the true cauſe of the
'confuſion in my Uncle Toby's diſ-
'courſe; and it is for that very reaſon
'I enlarge upon them ſo long, after the
'manner of great phyſiologiſts — to
'ſhew the world, what it did *not* ariſe
'from.

'What it *did* ariſe from, I have hint-
'ed above, and a fertile ſource of ob-
'ſcurity it is—and ever will be—and
'that is, the unſteady uſes of words
'which have perplexed the cleareſt and
'moſt exalted underſtandings.

'It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whe-
'ther you have ever read the literary
'hiſtories of paſt ages—if you have—
'what terrible battles, 'yclept logoma-
'chies, have they occaſioned and per-
'petuated with ſo much gall and ink-
'ſhed—that a good-natured man can-
'not read the accounts of them without
'tears in his eyes.

'Gentle critick! when thou haſt
'weighed all this, and conſidered with-
'in thyſelf how much of thy own know-
'ledge, diſcourſe, and converſation, has

'been

'been peſtered and diſordered, at one 'time or other, by this, and this only— 'What a pudder and racket in COUN- 'CILS about ὁσία and ὑπόϛασις; and in 'the SCHOOLS of the learned about 'power and about ſpirit—about eſ- 'ſences, and about quinteſſences—about 'ſubſtances, and about ſpace—What 'confuſion in greater THEATRES from 'words of little meaning, and as in- 'determinate a ſenſe! when thou con- 'ſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at 'my Uncle Toby's perplexities—thou 'wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp 'and his counterſcarp—his glacis and 'his covered-way—his ravelin and his 'half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas—by 'heaven! his life was put in jeopardy 'by words.'

CHAP. III.

WHEN my Uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application—which, by the bye, did my Uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good—he was enabled, by the help of ſome marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobeſius's Military Architecture and Pyroballogy, tranſlated from the Flemiſh, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterſcarp with great order—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his firſt motive made neceſſary, my Uncle Toby was able to croſs the Maes and Sambre; make diverſions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salſines, &c. and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it. The more n Toby pored over his map, the took a liking to it—by the ſu ceſs and electrical aſſimilation, you—through which I ween t of connoiſſeurs themſelves, friction and incumbition, have pinneſs, at length, to get all be —be-pictured—be-butterflied, fiddled.

The more my Uncle Toby this ſweet fountain of ſcience, th was the heat and impatience thirſt—ſo that before the firſt ye confinement had well gone rou was ſcarce a fortified town in Flanders, of which, by one n other, he had not procured a reading over as he got them, a fully collating therewith the of their ſieges, their demolitio improvements, and new wo which he would read with tha application and delight, that h forget himſelf—his wound— finement—his dinner.

In the ſecond year, my Unc purchaſed Ramelli and Catane lated from the Italian—likewi nus, Marolis, the Chevalier Lorini, Cochorn, Sheeter, th de Pagan, the Marſhal Vauban Blondel—with almoſt as ma books of military architecture, Quixote was found to have of when the curate and barber inv library.

Towards the beginning of t year, which was in Auguſt nine, my Uncle Toby found ſary to underſtand a little of p —and having judged it beſt to knowledge from the fountain-h began with N. Tartaglia, who was the firſt man who detected poſition of a cannon ball's d that miſchief under the noti right line—This N. Tartaglia to my Uncle Toby to be an in thing.

——Endleſs is the ſearch of

No ſooner was my Uncle T tisfied which road the cannon-b *not* go, but he was inſenſibly and reſolved in his mind to enq find out which road the ball *did* which purpoſe he was obliged t afreſh with old Maltus, and him devoutly.—He proceeded Gallileo and Torricellius—whe

trical rules, infallibly laid
and the preciſe path to be
A—or elſe an HYPERBO-
it the parameter, or latus
e conick ſection of the ſaid
the quantity and ampli-
ct ratio, as the whole line
double the angle of in-
ed by the breach upon an
ane;—and that the ſemi-
Stop! my dear Uncle To-
-go not one foot farther
orny and bewildered track
are the ſteps! intricate are
f this labyrinth! intricate
ibles which the purſuit of
ching phantom, KNOW-
ill bring upon thee!—O
fly—fly—fly from it as
ent!—Is it fit—good-na-
thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with
upon thy groin, whole
ing thy blood with hectick
—Alas! 'twill exaſperate
ms—check thy perſpira-
orate thy ſpirits—waſte
ſtrength—dry up thy radi-
e—bring thee into a coſ-
f body—impair thy health
n all the infirmities of thy
—O my uncle! my Uncle

H A P. IV.

ot give a groat for that
owledge in pen-craft, who
erſtand this—that the beſt
e in the world, tacked very
aſt ſpirited apoſtrophe to
by—would have felt both
d upon the reader's palate
forthwith put an end to
ough I was in the middle

rs of my ſtamp have one
common with painters.
xact copying makes our
triking, we chuſe the leſs
it more pardonable to
t truth, than beauty. This
erſtood *cum grano ſalis*;
it will—as the parallel is
the ſake of letting the apo-
than any thing elſe—'tis
terial whether upon any
e reader approves of it or

er end of the third year,

my Uncle Toby, perceiving that the parameter and ſemi-parameter of the conick ſection angered his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt—to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven—and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound; concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on: when, lo!—all of a ſudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery—complained to my father—grew impatient with the ſurgeon—and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed, at leaſt, by that time.—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the beſt of brothers—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: my Uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes—'twas unexpected——My Uncle Toby, by nature was not eloquent—it had the greater effect——the ſurgeon was confounded:—not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater marks of impatience—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my Uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word; he had been all patience—all ſubmiſſion.

——We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it—but we often treble the force.—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed; but much more ſo, when he heard my Uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly—or ſending for Monſieur Ronjat, the king's ſerjeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature—the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter paſſion

ſion to it: theſe my Uncle Toby had in common with his ſpecies; and either of them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors—but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way—and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhewed itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my Uncle Toby's head.—There was ſo, and 'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my Uncle Toby in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. V.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of a ruling paſſion—or, in other words, when his *hobby-horſe* grows head-ſtrong—farewel cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My Uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurprize; and could get leave to ſay as much—he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many Olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my Uncle Toby's mind.—The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid—he broiled with impatience to put his deſign in execution—and ſo, without conſulting farther with any ſoul living—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one ſoul's advice—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon Change. So leaving a bank note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one ſide, and Trim on the other—my Uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reaſon, or rather the ri ſudden demigration, was as fo

The table in my Uncle Tob and at which, the night be change happened, he was ſitt his maps, &c. about him—bei what of the ſmalleſt, for that i great and ſmall inſtruments o ledge which uſually lay croud it—he had the accident, in reac for his tobacco-box, to thro his compaſſes, and in ſtooping his compaſſes up, with his threw down his caſe of inſtrum ſnuffers—and as the dice toc againſt him, in his endeavo catch the ſnuffers in falling— Monſieur Blondel off the tal Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a m as my Uncle Toby was, to redreſſing all theſe evils by h he rung his bell for his man 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle 'pr'ythee ſee what confuſio 'here been making—I muſt h 'better contrivance, Trim.—C 'not take my rule, and me 'length and breadth of this ta 'then go and beſpeak me on 'again?'——'Yes, and ple 'honour,' replied Trim, makir 'but I hope your honour wil 'well enough to get down 'country-ſeat—where, as you 'takes ſo much pleaſure in fort 'we could manage this matte

I muſt here inform you, tha vant of my Uncle Toby's, v by the name of Trim, had be poral in my uncle's own comp his real name was James Bu having got the nick-name of the regiment, my Uncle Tob when he happened to be very a him, would never call him by name.

The poor fellow had been for the ſervice, by a wound o knee by a muſket-bullet, at t of Landon, which was two ye the affair of Namur—and as t was well beloved in the regim a handy fellow into the bar Uncle Toby took him for his and of excellent uſe was he ing my Uncle Toby in the ca in his quarters, as a valet, barber, cook, ſempſter, and nu indeed, from firſt to laſt, wait

Plate III

m with great fidelity.

y loved the man in
ttached him more to
similitude of their
rporal Trim, (for
I shall call him) by
attention to his
fortified towns,
laying and peep-
master's plans,
what he gain-
r, as a body-
per se—had
in the science;
by the cook and
know as much of the
olds as my Uncle

nore stroke to give to
im's character—and
line in it.—The fel-
—or rather, to hear
carriage, however,
pectful, 'twas easy
nt when you had
is tongue a-going—
of him—he was vo-
interlardings of *your*
pectfulness of Corpo-
, interceding so strong
cution—that though
been incommoded—
ell be angry. My
seldom either the one
im—or, at least, this
oke no squares with
e Toby, as I said,
d besides, as he ever
hful servant—but as
e could not bear to
—Such was Corporal

presume,' continued
ur honour my advice,
opinion in this mat-
rt welcome, Trim,'
'oby—'speak—speak
est upon the subject,
ar.'—'Why, then,'
t hanging his ears,
head, like a country
g his hair back from
standing erect as be-
—'I think,' quoth
his left, which was
little forwards—and
right-hand open to-
Dunkirk, which was
hangings;) 'I think,'

quoth Corporal Trim, 'with humble 'submission to your honour's better 'judgment—that these ravelins, bastions, curtins, and horn-works, make 'but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle 'piece of work of it here upon paper, 'compared to what your honour and I 'could make of it, were we in the 'country by ourselves, and had but a 'rood or a rood and a half of ground 'to do what we pleased with.—As 'summer is coming on,' continued Trim, 'your honour might sit out of 'doors, and give me the nography——' ('Call it ichnography,' quoth my uncle) —'of the town or citadel your honour 'was pleased to sit down before—and 'I will be shot by your honour upon 'the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it 'to your honour's mind.'——'I dare 'say thou would'st, Trim,' quoth my uncle.—'For, if your honour,' continued the corporal, 'could but mark me 'the polygon, with it's exact lines and 'angles——' 'That I could do very 'well,' quoth my uncle.—'I would 'begin with the fossé; and if your 'honour could tell me the proper depth 'and breadth——' 'I can to a hair's 'breadth, Trim,' replied my uncle.— 'I would throw out the earth upon 'this hand towards the town, for the 'scarp—and on that hand towards the 'campaign, for the counterscarp.'

——'Very right, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'And when I had sloped them to your mind—an' please 'your honour, I would face the glacis, 'as the finest fortifications are done in 'Flanders, with sods—and as your 'honour knows they should be—and if 'would make the walls and parapets 'with sods too.'—'The best engineers 'call them gazons, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby.—'Whether they are ga- 'zons or sods, is not much matter,' replied Trim; 'your honour knows they 'are ten times beyond a facing either 'of brick or stone.'—'I know they 'are, Trim, in some respects;'—quoth my Uncle Toby, nodding his head— 'for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon 'right onwards, without bringing any 'rubbish down with it, which might 'fill the fossé, (as was the case at St. 'Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the 'passage over it.'

'Your honour understands these 'matters,' replied Corporal Trim, 'bet- 'ter than any officer in his majesty's

'service—but would your honour please 'to let the bespeaking of the table alone, 'and let us but go into the country, I 'would work under your honour's di- 'rections like a horse, and make forti- 'fications for you something like a 'tansy, with all their batteries, saps, 'ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should 'be worth all the world's riding twenty 'miles to go and see it.'

My Uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on—but it was not a blush of guilt—of modesty—or of anger——it was a blush of joy!—He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.—'Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, 'thou hast said enough.'—'We might begin the campaign,' continued Trim, 'on the very day that his 'majesty and the allies take the field, and 'demolish them town by town as fast 'as—' 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'say no more.'—'Your honour,' continued Trim, 'might sit in your arm- 'chair,' [Pointing to it.]—'this fine 'weather, giving me your orders, and 'I would——' 'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Besides, your 'honour would get not only pleasure 'and good pastime—but good air, and 'good exercise, and good health—'and your honour's wound would be 'well in a month.'—'Thou hast said 'enough, Trim!'—quoth my Uncle Toby—(putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—'I like thy project 'mightily.'—'And if your honour 'pleases, I'll this moment go and buy 'a pioneer's spade to take down with 'us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a 'pick-ax, and a couple of——' 'Say 'no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand—'Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'say no more!—'but go down, Trim, this moment, my 'lad, and bring up my supper this in- 'stant.'

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper—to no purpose—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my Uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get me 'to-bed.'—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination—my Uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him—so that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final d tion, and had concerted the wh his and Corporal Trim's decam

My Uncle Toby had a l country-house of his own, in t where my father's estate lay a which had been left him by an with a small estate of about on pounds a year. Behind this l contiguous to it, was a kitch of about half an acre; and s torn of the garden, and cut c by a tall yew-hedge, was a green, containing just about ground as Corporal Trim w —so that as Trim uttered t 'A rood and a half of gro 'what they would with;' thi bowling-green instantly presen and became curiously painted upon the retina of my Unc fancy—which was the physic making him change colour, of heightening his blush to a definate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post dow loved mistress with more he pectation, than my Uncle T enjoy this self-same thing in say, in private—for it was from the house, as I told you yew-hedge, and was cover other three sides, from mortal rough holly and thick set shrubs—so that the idea of seen, did not a little contrib idea of pleasure pre-concei Uncle Toby's mind.—Vain however thick it was planted private soever it might seem dear Uncle Toby, of enjoyi which took up a whole rood of ground—and not have it k

How my Uncle Toby and Trim managed this matter- history of their campaigns, w no way barren of events—ma uninteresting under-plot in t and working-up of this d present the scene must drop—a for the parlour fire-side.

CHAP. VI.

——'What can they be d 'ther?' said my father.—'I t plied my Uncle Toby—th told you, his pipe from his m striking the ashes out of it a

—'I think,' replied he—not be amiss, brother, if we bell.'

what's all that racket over-ad, Obadiah?'—quoth my fa-my brother and I can ſcarce ſelves ſpeak.'

anſwered Obadiah, making a urds his left-ſhoulder—'my is taken very badly.'—'And Suſannah running down the here, as if they were going to er?'—'Sir, ſhe is running teſt cut into the town,' re-diah, 'to fetch the old mid-'Then ſaddle a horſe,' quoth , 'and do you go directly for Slop, the man-midwife, with ſervices—and let him know ſtreſs is fallen into labour—t I deſire he will return with all ſpeed.'

very ſtrange,' ſays my father, himſelf to my Uncle Toby, h ſhut the door—'as there is ſo n operator as Doctor Slop ſo nat my wife ſhould perſiſt to the in this obſtinate humour of truſting the life of my child, had one misfortune already, to rance of an old woman:—and the life of my child, brother—own life, and with it the lives e children I might, peradven-ve begot out of her hereafter.'

ap, brother,' replied my Uncle ny ſiſter does it to ſave the ex-—'A pudding's end!' replied —'the doctor muſt be paid for inaction as action—if not to keep him in temper.'

Then it can be out of nothing hole world,' quoth my Uncle the ſimplicity of his heart—deſty.—My ſiſter, I dare ſay,' 'does not care to let a man near her ****.' I will not or my Uncle Toby, had com-e ſentence or not—'tis for his to ſuppoſe he had; as, I think, have added no ONE WORD uld have improved it.

the contrary, my Uncle Toby fully arrived at his period's the world ſtands indebted to ſnapping of my father's to-, for one of the neateſt ex-thas ornamental figure in ora-ch rhetoricians ſtyle the *apo-puſt*. Heaven! how does the *puro pin* and the *pen mano* of the Italian artiſts—the inſenſible *mare* or *leſs*, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*—give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen!—be nice—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

—'My ſiſter, mayhap,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'does not chuſe to let a 'man come ſo near her ****.' Make this daſh—'tis an *apoſiopeſis*.—Take the daſh away, and write *backſide*—'tis *bawdy*.—Scratch *backſide* out, and put *covered way* in—'tis a metaphor—and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much in my Uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence—that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe or not the caſe—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe ſo critically, happened through accident or anger, will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philoſopher—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapped ſhort in the middle—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no ſuch thing—he threw them with all the violence in the world—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis—he ſtarted up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked ſomething like heat—and the manner of his reply to what my Uncle Toby was ſaying, proved it was ſo.

—'Not chuſe,' quoth my father, (repeating my Uncle Toby's words) 'to let a man come ſo near her!—By 'Heaven, brother Toby! you would 'try the patience of a Job—and I think 'I have the plagues of one already, 'without it!'—'Why?—where?—'wherein?—wherefore?—upon what 'account?' replied my Uncle Toby, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.—'To think,' ſaid my father, 'of a man living to 'your age, brother, and knowing ſo

'little about women!'—'I know no-'thing at all about them,' replied my Uncle Toby—'and I think,' continued he, 'that the ſhock I received the year 'after the demolition of Dunkirk, in 'my affair with Widow Wadman—'which ſhock, you know, I ſhould not 'have received, but from my total ig-'norance of the ſex—has given me juſt 'cauſe to ſay, that I neither know nor 'do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.'—'Me-'thinks, brother,' replied my father, 'you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as 'the right end of a woman from the 'wrong.'

It is ſaid, in Ariſtotle's Maſter-Piece, that when a man doth think of any thing which is paſt—he looketh down upon the ground:—but that when he think-eth of ſomething that is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens.

My Uncle Toby, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither, for he looked horizontally. —'Right end,' quoth my Uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece—'Right end of a woman!—I de-'clare,' quoth my Uncle, 'I know no 'more which it is than the man in the 'moon—and if I was to think,' con-tinued my Uncle Toby, (keeping his eye ſtill fixed upon the bad joint) 'this 'month together, I am ſure I ſhould 'not be able to find it out.'

'Then, Brother Toby,' replied my father, 'I will tell you.

'Every thing in this world,' conti-nued my father—(filling a freſh pipe)—'every thing in this earthly world, my 'dear brother Toby, has two handles.' 'Not always,' quoth my Uncle Toby. —'At leaſt,' replied my father, 'every 'one has two hands—which comes to 'the ſame thing.—Now, if a man was 'to ſit down coolly, and conſider with 'himſelf the make, the ſhape, the con-'ſtruction, come-at-ability, and conve-'nience of all the parts which conſtitute 'the whole of that animal called woman, 'and compare them analogically—' 'I 'never underſtood rightly the meaning 'of that word;' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'ANALOGY,' replied my father, 'is 'the certain relation and agreement, 'which different——' Here a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two—and, at the ſame time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſ-ſertation itſelf—(conſidering the confu-ſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtick miſ-adventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tole-rable good reading ſince my Uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to ſaddle a horſe and go for Doctor Slop, the man-midwife—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poe-tically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come—though morally and truly ſpeaking, the man perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hyper-critick will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſ-tance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door—and, after finding it to be no more than two mi-nutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three fifths, —ſhould take upon him to inſult over me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time—I would re-mind him, that the idea of duration, and of it's ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas—and is the true ſcholaſtick pen-dulum—and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter—abjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore deſire him to conſi-der, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Doctor Slop, the man-midwife's houſe—and that whilſt Oba-diah has been going thoſe ſaid miles and back, I have brought my Uncle Toby from Namur, quite acroſs all Flan-ders, into England—that I have had him ill upon my hands near four years —and have ſince travelled him and Ca-poral Trim in a chariot and four, a jour-ney of near two hundred miles down into Yorkſhire—all which put toge-

rve prepared the reader's imagi-
or the entrance of Doctor Slop
ie ſtage—as much, at leaſt, (I
s a dance, a ſong, or a concerto
the acts.

y hyper-critick is intractable,
g, that two minutes and thirteen
are no more than two minutes
teen ſeconds—when I have ſaid
an about them—and that this
ough it might ſave me drama-
will damn me biographically,
g my book from this very mo-
profeſſed ROMANCE, which
was a book apocryphal——If
ius preſſed—I then put an end
whole objection and controverſy
t all at once—by acquainting
at Obadiah had not got above
re yards from the ſtable-yard,
he met with Doctor Slop—and
ie gave a dirty proof that he had
h him, and was within an ace
g a tragical one too.

ine to yourſelf——but this had
egin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

GINE to yourſelf a little ſquat,
ourtly figure of a Doctor Slop,
at four feet and a half perpendi-
eight, with a breadth of back,
ſuſquipedality of belly, which
ave done honour to a ſerjeant in
ſe-guards.

were the outlines of Doctor
figure, which—if you have read
h's Analyſis of Beauty—and if
ve not, I wiſh you would—you
ow, may as certainly be caraca-
and conveyed to the mind by
rokes as three hundred.

ine ſuch a one—for ſuch, I ſay,
ie outlines of Dr. Slop's figure,
ſlowly along, foot by foot, wad-
rough the dirt upon the vertebræ
le diminutive poney, of a pretty
—but of ſtrength—alack!—ſcarce
have made an amble of it, under
fardel, had the roads been in an
g condition.—They were not.—
e to yourſelf, Obadiah mounted
ſtrong monſter of a coach-horſe,
into a full gallop, and making
ticable ſpeed the adverſe way.

, Sir, let me intereſt you a mo-
a this deſcription.

Doctor Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate—ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it round it's axis—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. Slop, in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of Whiſton's comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horſe.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's poney, quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Doctor Slop have been, when you read, (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, an dhad approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane—when Obadiah and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious—pop—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter—ſo impromptu! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Doctor Slop was.

What could Doctor Slop do?—He croſſed himſelf.—'Pugh!'—But the doctor, Sir, was a papiſt.—'No mat-'ter; he had better have kept hold of 'the pummel.'——He had ſo—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for, in croſſing himſelf, he let go his whip—and in attempting to ſave his whip betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipped, he loſt his ſtirrup—in loſing which he loſt his ſeat——and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by the bye, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onſet, he left his poney to it's deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtyle and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left, (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Doctor Slop—once as he was falling—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.——'Ill-timed complaiſance!—Had

'not

'not the fellow better have ſtopped his 'horſe, and got off and helped him?' —Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow—but the momentum of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once.—He rode in a circle three times round Doctor Slop, before he could fully accompliſh it any how; —and at laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an exploſion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Doctor Slop ſo beluted, and ſo tranſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Doctor Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my Uncle Toby were diſcourſing upon the nature of women—it was hard to determine whether Doctor Slop's figure, or Doctor Slop's preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them; for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him—Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unaneled, with all his ſtains and blotches on him.—He ſtood like Hamlet's ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door, (Obadiah ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared—and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with Obadiah's exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my Uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn—for no mortal, who had beheld Doctor Slop in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my Uncle Toby's opinion, that mayhap his ſiſter might not care to let ſuch a Doctor Slop come ſo near her ****. —But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my Uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.—No; the reaſon was—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Doctor Slop's preſence at that time, was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; though it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have ſolved it; for he had Doctor Slop, but the week befo my mother was at her full reck and as the doctor had heard ſince, 'twas natural and very too in him, to have taken a Shandy-Hall, as he did, merel how matters went on.

But my father's mind took tunately a wrong turn in the i tion; running, like the hyper- altogether upon the ringing of and the rap upon the door—in their diſtance, and keeping his intent upon the operation, as power to think of nothing elſ mon-place infirmity of the grea thematicians! working with m main at the demonſtration, and ing all their ſtrength upon it, t have none left in them to draw rollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and upon the door, ſtruck likewiſ upon the ſenſorium of my Unc —but it excited a very different thoughts—the two irreconcilea ſations inſtantly brought Stevi great engineer, along with the my Uncle Toby's mind. Wh neſs Stevinus had in the affair greateſt problem of all——it ſolved—but not in the next cha

CHAP. XI.

WRITING, when prop naged, (as you may t think mine is) is but a differe for converſation. As no one, wh what he is about in good e would venture to talk all—fo thor, who underſtands the juſt ries of decorum and good-b would preſume to think all: t reſpect which you can pay to t er's underſtanding, is to halve t ter amicably, and leave him fo to imagine, in his turn, as well ſelf.

For my own part, I am eterna ing him compliments of this ki do all that lies in my power to imagination as buſy as my own 'Tis his turn now——I ha an ample deſcription of Doct fad overthrow, and of his fad ance in the back-parlour—his f tion muſt now go on with it for

reader imagine, then, that
lop has told his tale—and in
ds, and with what aggrava-
fancy chuſes!——let him ſup-
t Obadiah has told his tale
with ſuch rueful looks of af-
ncern, as he thinks will beſt
he two figures, as they ſtand
ther——let him imagine, that
has ſtepped up ſtairs to ſee my
—and, to conclude this work
nation—let him imagine the
ſhed—rubbed down—condol-
-felicitated—got into a pair of
pumps, ſtepping forwards to-
door, upon the very point of
pon action.

—truce, good Doctor Slop!
bſtetrick hand; return it ſafe
oſom to keep it warm—little
know what obſtacles—little
think what hidden cauſes re-
peration!—haſt thou, Doctor
t thou been intruſted with the
les of this ſolemn treaty which
ht thee into this place?—Art
e, that at this inſtant, a daugh-
rcina is put obſtetrically over
—Alas!—'tis too true.—Be-
ſon of Pilumnus! what
do?—Thou haſt come forth
—thou haſt left thy *tire tete*—
nvented forceps—thy crotchet
irt—and all thy inſtruments
n and deliverance, behind thee.
ven! at this moment they are
p in a green baize bag, be-
two piſtols, at the bed's head.
—call!—ſend Obadiah back
coach-horſe to bring them
eed!—'Make great haſte, O-
' quoth my father, 'and I'll
e a crown.'—'And,' quoth
Toby, 'I'll give him ano-

CHAP. XII.

UR ſudden and unexpected
arrival,' quoth my Uncle To-
ſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop,
of them ſitting down to the
er, as my Uncle Toby began
—' inſtantly brought the great
into my head; who, you muſt
a favourite author with me.'
,' added my father, making uſe
argument *Ad Crumenam*—'I
twenty guineas to a ſingle
' crown-piece, (which will ſerve to give
' away to Obadiah when he gets back)
' that this ſame Stevinus was ſome en-
' gineer or other, or has wrote ſome-
' thing or other, either directly or in-
' directly, upon the ſcience of fortifi-
' cation.'

' He has ſo;' replied my Uncle To-
by.—' I knew it,' ſaid my father;
' though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot
' ſee what kind of connection there can
' be betwixt Doctor Slop's ſudden com-
' ing, and a diſcourſe upon fortifica-
' tion—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what
' we will, brother—or let the occaſion
' be never ſo foreign or unfit for the
' ſubject—you are ſure to bring it in.—
' I would not, brother Toby,' con-
' tinued my father—' I declare, I would
' not have my head ſo full of curtins
' and horn-works——' 'That I dare
' ſay, you would not!' quoth Dr. Slop;
interrupting him, and laughing moſt
immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critick could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father—he would grow teſty upon it at any time—but to be broke in upon by one, in a ſerious diſcourſe, was as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe—he ſaw no dif-ference.

' Sir,' quoth my uncle Toby, ad-dreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop, ' the
' curtins my brother Shandy mentions
' here, have nothing to do with bed-
' ſteads—though, I know, Du Cange
' ſays, that bed-curtains, in all proba-
' bility, have taken their name from
' them—nor have the horn-works, he
' ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to
' do with the horn-works of cuckol-
' dom——but the *curtin*, Sir, is the
' word we uſe in fortification for that
' part of the wall or rampart which
' lies between the two baſtions and
' joins them.—Beſiegers ſeldom offer to
' carry on their attacks directly againſt
' the curtin, for this reaſon, becauſe
' they are ſo well *flanked*.'—(' It is the
' caſe of other curtains,' quoth Doctor Slop, laughing.) ' However,' continu-ed my Uncle Toby, ' to make them
' ſure, we generally chuſe to place ra-
' velins before them, taking care only
' to extend them beyond the foſſé or
' ditch.—The common men, who know
' very little of fortification, confound
' the ravelin and the half-moon toge-
' ther—though they are very different
' things—

'things——not in their figure or con-
'ſtruction, for we make them exactly
'alike in all points—for they always
'conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient
'angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight,
'but in form of a creſcent.'—'Where
'then lies the difference?' quoth my
father, a little teſtily.——'In their ſi-
'tuations,' anſwered my Uncle Toby:
'for when a ravelin, brother, ſtands
'before the curtin, it is a ravelin; and
'when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion,
'then the ravelin is not a ravelin—it is
'a half-moon——a half-moon, like-
'wiſe, is a half-moon, and no more;
'ſo long as it ſtands before it's baſtion
'——but was it to change place, and
'get before the curtin—'twould be no
'longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in
'that caſe, is not a half-moon—'tis no
'more than a ravelin.'—'I think,'
quoth my father, 'that the noble ſcience
'of defence has it's weak ſides—as well
'as others.'

——'As for the *horn-works*——'
('Heigh! ho!' ſighed my father,)——
'which,' continued my Uncle Toby,
'my brother was ſpeaking of, they are
'a very conſiderable part of an out-
'work——they are called by the French
'engineers, *ouvrage a corne*, and we
'generally make them to cover ſuch
'places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than
'the reſt—'tis formed by two epaul-
'ments or demi-baſtions—they are very
'pretty; and if you will take a walk,
'I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth
'your trouble.—I own,' continued my
Uncle Toby, 'when we crown them—
'they are much ſtronger; but then they
'are very expenſive, and take up a great
'deal of ground; ſo that, in my opi-
'nion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or
'defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe
'the double tenaille——' 'By the
'mother who bore us, brother Toby!'
quoth my father, not able to hold out
any longer—'you would provoke a
'ſaint!—Here have you got us, I know
'not how, not only ſouſe into the
'middle of the old ſubject again—but
'ſo full is your head of theſe confound-
'ed works, that though my wife is this
'moment in the pains of labour, and
'you hear her cry out, yet nothing
'will ſerve you but to carry off the
'man-midwife.'—'*Accoucheur*, if you
'pleaſe!' quoth Doctor Slop. 'With
'all my heart,' replied my father; 'I
'*don't* care what they call you—but I
'wiſh the whole ſcience of forti
'with all it's inventors, at the
'it has been the death of thou
'and it will be mine in the
'would not, I would not, brot
'by, have my brains ſo full
'mines, blinds, gabions, pal
'ravelins, half-moons, and ſuc
'pery, to be proprietor of Nam
'of all the towns in Flanders'

My Uncle Toby was a man
of injuries——not from want
rage—I have told you in the fift
ter of this ſecond book, that h
man of courage—and will ad
that where juſt occaſions preſe
called it forth—I know no mar
whoſe arms I would have ſoone
ſhelter——nor did this ariſe fr
inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of hi
lectual parts—for he felt this i
my father's as feelingly as a ma
do—but he was of a peaceful,
nature—no jarring element in
was mixed up ſo kindly within h
Uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart
liate upon a fly.

—'Go,' ſays he, one day at
to an overgrown one which had
about his noſe, and tormented h
elly all dinner-time—and which
infinite attempts, he had caught
as it flew by him—'I'll not hur
ſays my Uncle Toby, riſing fr
chair, and going acroſs the roo
the fly in his hand—'I'll not hur
'of thy head!—Go,' ſays he,
up the ſaſh, and opening his han
ſpoke, to let it eſcape—'go, poo
'get thee gone; why ſhould
'thee?—This world, ſurely,
'enough to hold both thee and

I was but ten years old wh
happened—but whether it was,
action itſelf was more in uniſon
nerves at that age of pity, wh
ſtantly ſet my whole frame into
bration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſ
or how far the manner and expr
it might go towards it—or in w
gree, or by what ſecret magick-
of voice and harmony of movem
tuned by mercy, might find a pa
my heart, I know not—this I
that the leſſon of univerſal go
then taught and imprinted by m
Toby, has never ſince been wor
my mind: and though I would
preciate what the ſtudy of th
humaniores, at the univerſity, ha

n that reſpect, or diſcredit the
ps of an expenſive education
upon me, both at home and
ce—yet I often think, that I,
half of my philanthrophy to
ccidental impreſſion.
his is to ſerve for parents and
inſtead of a whole volume
ubject.
not give the reader this ſtroke
ncle Toby's picture, by the
with which I drew the other
—that taking in no more than
hobby-horſical likeneſs—this
of his moral character. My
this patient endurance of
which I mention, was very
as the reader muſt long ago
: he had a much more acute
ſenſibility of nature, attend-
a little ſoreneſs of temper;
is never tranſported him to
which looked like malignan-
n the little rubs and vexa-
ſe, 'twas apt to ſhew itſelf in
nd witty kind of peeviſhneſs—
owever, frank and generous
are—at all times open to con-
nd, in the little ebullitions of
cid humour towards others,
cularly towards my Uncle
om he truly loved—he would
pain, ten times told, (except
air of my Aunt Dinah, or
hypotheſis was concerned)
he ever gave.
uracters of the two brothers,
ew of them, reflected light
other, and appeared with
ntage in this affair which
t Stevinus.
ot tell the reader, if he keeps a
ORSE—that a man's hobby-
tender a part as he has about
that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes
le Toby's could not be unfelt
—No—as I ſaid above—my
by did feel them, and very
).
Sir, what ſaid he?—How
have?'—O, Sir! it was great
n as my father had done in-
hobby-horſe—he turned his
out the leaſt emotion, from
p, to whom he was addreſ-
ourſe—and looked up into my
e, with a countenance ſpread
ſo much good-nature—ſo
fraternal—ſo inexpreſſibly
rards him—it penetrated my
father to his heart: he roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he ſpoke—'Brother Toby,' ſaid he, 'I beg thy 'pardon—forgive, I pray thee, this 'raſh humour which my mother gave 'me!'—'My dear, dear brother,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, riſing up by my father's help, 'ſay no more about 'it—you are heartily welcome, had it 'been ten times as much, brother.'—'But 'tis ungenerous,' replied my father, 'to hurt any man—a brother 'worſe——but to hurt a brother of 'ſuch gentle manners—ſo unprovok-'ing—and ſo unreſenting—'tis baſe—'by Heaven, 'tis cowardly!'—'You 'are heartily welcome, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'had it been fifty 'times as much!'—'Beſides, what 'have I to do, my dear Toby,' cried my father, 'either with your amuſe-'ments or your pleaſures, unleſs it was 'in my power (which it is not) to 'increaſe their meaſure?'

——'Brother Shandy,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, looking wiſtfully in his face—'you are much miſtaken in this 'point—for you do increaſe my plea-'ſure very much, in begetting children 'for the Shandy family at your time of 'life.'—'But, by that, Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Mr. Shandy increaſes 'his own.'—'Not a jot,' quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

'MY brother does it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'out of *prin-'ciple*.'—'In a family way, I ſup-'poſe,' quoth Doctor Slop.—'Pſhaw!' ſaid my father, 'it is not worth talking 'of.'

CHAP. XIV.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my Uncle Toby were left both ſtanding, like Brutus and Caſſius at the cloſe of the ſcene, making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words—he ſat down——my Uncle Toby exactly followed his example—only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to ſtep home for Stevinus—my Uncle Toby's houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropped the ſubject of Stevinus—but my Uncle Toby had no reſentment in his heart; and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

'Your ſudden appearance, Doctor 'Slop,' quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, 'inſtantly brought Stevinus 'into my head.'——(My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head.)— 'Becauſe,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'the celebrated ſailing-chariot, which 'belonged to Prince Maurice, and was 'of ſuch wonderful contrivance and 'velocity, as to carry half a dozen 'people thirty German miles in I don't 'know how few minutes—was invent-'ed by Stevinus, that great mathema-'tician and engineer.'

'You might have ſpared your ſer-'vant the trouble,' quoth Doctor Slop, '(as the fellow is lame) of going for 'Stevinus's account of it; becauſe, in 'my return from Leyden through the 'Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, 'which is two long miles, on purpoſe 'to take a view of it.'

—'That's nothing,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'to what the learned Pei-'reſkius did; who walked a matter of 'five hundred miles, reckoning from 'Paris to Schevling, and from Schev-'ling to Paris back again, in order to 'ſee it—and nothing elſe.'

Some men cannot bear to be outgone.

'The more fool Peireſkius!' replied Doctor Slop.—But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireſkius at all: but that Peireſkius's indefatigable labour in trudging ſo far on foot, out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Doctor Slop, in that affair, to nothing.— 'The more fool Peireſkius!' ſaid he again.—'Why ſo?' replied my father, taking his brother's part—not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill upon my father's mind—but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.—'Why ſo,' ſaid he: 'Why is Peireſkius, or any 'man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite 'for that, or any other morſel of found 'knowledge?—For, notwithſtanding I 'know nothing of the chariot in queſ-'tion,' continued he, 'the inventor of 'it muſt have had a very mechanical 'head; and though I cannot gueſs 'upon what principles of philoſ 'has atchieved it—yet certain 'machine has been conſtructe 'ſolid ones, be they what they 'it could not have anſwered at t 'my brother mentions.'

'It anſwered,' replied my Toby, 'as well, if not bette 'as Peireſkius elegantly expre 'ſpeaking of the velocity of it' 'tion, "*Tam citus erat, quam* "*ventus*;" which, unleſs I ha 'got my Latin, is, that *it was a* '*as the wind itſelf*.'

'But pray, Doctor Slop,' quo father, interrupting my uncle, (t not without begging pardon for the ſame time;) 'upon what prin 'was this ſelf-ſame chariot 'going?'—'Upon very pretty 'ciples, to be ſure!' replied Slop—'and I have often wond continued he, evading the qu 'why none of our gentry, wh 'upon large plains like this of '(eſpecially they whoſe wives a 'paſt child-bearing)—attempt m 'of this kind; for it would no 'be infinitely expeditious upon 'calls, to which the ſex is ſubje 'the wind only ſerved—but wou 'excellent good huſbandry to ma 'of the winds, which coſt no 'and which eat nothing, rather 'horſes, which (the devil take 'both coſt and eat a great deal.'

'For that very reaſon,' replie father—'becauſe they coſt nothing 'becauſe they eat nothing—the f 'is bad——it is the conſumpti 'our products, as well as the m 'factures of them, which gives 'to the hungry, circulates trade, 'in money, and ſupports the va 'our lands—and though, I own 'was a prince, I would generou 'compenſe the ſcientifick head 'brought forth ſuch contrivances 'I would as peremptorily ſuppre 'uſe of them.'

My father here had got into hi ment—and was going on as pr rouſly with his diſſertation upon as my Uncle Toby had before, his of fortification—but, to the h much ſound knowledge, the deſtin the morning had decreed that no tation of any kind ſhould be ſpun b father that day—for, as he open mouth to begin the next ſentence—

CH

CHAP. XV.

ped Corporal Trim with Stevi-
-but 'twas too late—all the dif-
d been exhauſted without him,
running into a new channel.
You may take the book home
Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby,
to him.
pr'ythee, corporal,' quoth my
rolling,—' look firſt into it,
if thou can'ſt ſpy aught of a
chariot in it.'
al Trim, by being in the ſer-
learned to obey—and not to
ite: ſo taking the book to a
, and running over the leaves
pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim,
ſee no ſuch thing!—however,'
l the corporal, drolling a little
n, 'I'll make ſure work of it,
ſe your honour.'—So taking
he two covers of the book, one
and, and letting the leaves fall
he bent the covers back,' he
book a good ſound ſhake.
e is ſomething fallen out,
r,' ſaid Trim, 'an' pleaſe
nour; but it is not a chariot,
thing like one.'—' Pr'ythee,
al,' ſaid my father, ſmiling;
it then?'—' I think,' anſwer-
ſtooping to take it up—' 'tis
e a ſermon—for it begins with
of Scripture, and the chapter
ſe—and then goes on—not as
t, but like a ſermon directly.'
mpany ſmiled.
not conceive how it is poſſible,'
y Uncle Toby, 'for ſuch a
a ſermon to have got into my
s.'
k 'tis a ſermon,' replied Trim;
pleaſe your honours, as it is
nd, I will read you a page:'—
, you muſt know, loved to
elf read almoſt as well as talk.
ve ever a ſtrong propenſity,'
father, 'to look into things
roſs my way by ſuch ſtrange
s as theſe; and as we have
better to do, at leaſt till O-
gets back, I ſhall be obliged
brother—if Doctor Slop has
ction to it—to order the cor-
give us a page or two of it—
as able to do it, as he ſeems
'—' An' pleaſe your honour,'
im, 'I officiated two whole
'campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to
'the chaplain of the regiment.'—' He
'can read it,' quoth my Uncle Toby,
'as well as I can.—Trim, I aſſure you,
'was the beſt ſcholar in my company,
'and ſhould have had the next halberd,
'but for the poor fellow's misfortune.'
Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made a humble bow to his maſter—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left-hand, in order to have his right at liberty—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen by, his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

——' If you have any objection—' ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop. 'Not in the leaſt,' replied Doctor Slop—'for it does not ap-
'pear on which ſide of the queſtion it is
'wrote—it may be a compoſition of a
'divine of our church, as well as yours;
'—ſo that we run equal riſques.'—
'Tis wrote upon neither ſide,' quoth Trim, 'for 'tis only upon *conſcience*,
'an' pleaſe your honours.'

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good-humour—all but Doctor Slop; who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

'Begin, Trim—and read diſtinctly,' quoth my father. 'I will, an' pleaſe
'your honour,' replied the corporal; making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right-hand.

CHAP. XVII.

——But before the corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude—otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented, by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture—ſtiff—perpendicular—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs—his eye fixed, as if on duty—his look determined—clenching the ſermon in his left-hand, like his fire-lock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body

ſwayed, and bent forwards juſt ſo far, as to make an angle of eighty-five degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very well, to be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence——in any other angle you may talk and preach—'tis certain—and it is done every day—but with what effect—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of eighty-five degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactneſs—does it not ſhew us, by the way, how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly—or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe or imitation, &c. ſhall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bed-chamber, and fire-ſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view—with his body ſwayed, and ſomewhat bent forwards—his right-leg from under him, ſuſtaining ſeven-eighths of his whole weight—the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them—his knee bent, but that not violently—but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty—and I add, of the line of ſcience too—for, conſider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up—ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined—becauſe the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters;——need I add—to orators!—I think not; for unleſs they practiſe it—they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.—He held the ſermon looſely, not careleſsly, in his left-hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detached a little from his breaſt—his right-arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him—he looked frank—unconſtrained—ſomething aſſured—but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critick aſk how Corporal Trim could come by all this.—I've told him it ſhould be explained—but ſo he ſtood before my father, my Uncle Toby, and Doctor Slop—ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure—a ſtatuary might have modelled from it——nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt fellow of a college—or the Hebrew profeſſor himſelf, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows.

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——*For we truſt we have a good conſcience.*

'TRUST!—Truſt we have a 'good conſcience!'

['Certainly, Trim,' quoth my father, interrupting him, 'you give that ſentence a very improper accent; for you 'curl up your noſe, man, and read it 'with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the 'parſon was going to abuſe the apoſtle.'

'He is, an' pleaſe your honour,' replied Trim. 'Pugh!' ſaid my father, ſmiling.

'Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Trim is 'certainly in the right; for the writer '(who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the 'ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up 'the apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe 'him—if this treatment of him has not 'done it already.'—'But from whence,' replied my father, 'have you concluded 'ſo ſoon, Doctor Slop, that the writer is 'of our church?—for aught I can ſee 'yet, he may be of any church.'—'Becauſe,' anſwered Doctor Slop, 'if he 'was of ours—he durſt no more take ſuch 'a licence—than a bear by his beard—'If in our communion, Sir, a man was 'to inſult an apoſtle—a ſaint—or even 'the paring of a ſaint's nail—he would 'have his eyes ſcratched out.'—'Why 'by the ſaint!' quoth my Uncle Toby,

'He

' replied Doctor Slop, ' he would
: an old houſe over his head.'—
y Is the Inquiſition an ancient build-
' anſwered my Uncle Toby, or is it
dern one?'—' I know nothing of
itecture,' replied Doctor Slop.—
pleaſe your honours,' quoth Trim,
Inquiſition is the vileſt—' ' Pr'y-
ſpare thy deſcription, Trim; I hate
very name of it!' ſaid my father.
o matter for that,' anſwered Doc-
op—' it has it's uſes: for though
no great advocate for it—yet, in
a caſe as this, he would ſoon be
ht better manners; and I can tell
, if he went on at that rate, would
lung into the Inquiſition for his
s.'—' God help him then!' quoth
ncle Toby. ' Amen!' added Trim,
Heaven above knows, I have a
· brother who has been fourteen
s a captive in it.'—' I never heard
word of it before,' ſaid my Uncle
, haſtily—' how came he there,
n?—' O, Sir, the ſtory will make
r heart bleed—as it has made mine
ouſand times——but it is too long
e told now—your honour ſhall
it from firſt to laſt ſome day when
working beſide you in our fortifi-
s—but the ſhort of the ſtory is this—
my brother Tom went over a ſer-
: to Liſbon—and then married a
's widow, who kept a ſmall ſhop,
ſold ſauſages—which ſome how or
r, was the cauſe of his being tak-
n the middle of the night out of
ed, where he was lying with his
and two ſmall children, and car-
directly to the Inquiſition; where,
od help him!' continued Trim,
g a ſigh from the bottom of his
—' the poor honeſt lad lies con-
l at this hour—he was as honeſt a
,' added Trim, (pulling out his
erchief) ' as ever blood warm-
——

—The tears trickled down Trim's
; faſter than he could well wipe
way—A dead ſilence in the room
l for ſome minutes—Certain proof
r!

ome, Trim,' quoth my father—
e ſaw the poor fellow's grief had
ittle vent—' read on, and put this
uncholy ſtory out of thy head.—
ieve that I interrupted thee; but
thee begin the ſermon again—for
e firſt ſentence in it is matter of
e, as thou ſayeſt, I have a great
' deſire to know what kind of provoca-
' tion the apoſtle has given.'

Corporal Trim wiped his face—and returning his handkerchief into his pocket—and making a bow as he did it—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——For we truſt we have a good conſcience.

' TRUST! truſt we have a good
' conſcience! Surely if there is
' any thing in this life which a man may
' depend upon, and to the knowledge
' of which he is capable of arriving upon
' the moſt indiſputable evidence, it muſt
' be this very thing—whether he has a
' good conſcience, or no.'

[' I am poſitive I am right!' quoth Doctor Slop.]

' If a man thinks at all, he cannot
' well be a ſtranger to the true ſtate of
' this account.—He muſt be privy to
' his own thoughts and deſires—he muſt
' remember his paſt purſuits, and know
' certainly the true ſprings and mo-
' tives which in general have govern-
' ed the actions of his life.'

[' I defy him, without an aſſiſtant!' quoth Doctor Slop.]

' In other matters we may be de-
' ceived by falſe appearances; and, as
' the wiſe man complains, *hardly do*
' *we gueſs aright at the things that are*
' *upon the earth, and with labour do*
' *we find the things that are before us.*
' But here the mind has all the evidence
' and facts within herſelf—is conſcious
' of the web ſhe has wove—knows it's
' texture and fineneſs, and the exact
' ſhare which every paſſion has had in
' working upon the ſeveral deſigns which
' virtue or vice has planned before her.'

[' The language is good; and I de-
' clare Trim reads very well!' quoth my father.]

' Now—as conſcience is nothing elſe
' but the knowledge which the mind
' has within herſelf of this; and the
' judgment, either of approbation or
' cenſure, which it unavoidably makes
' upon the ſucceſſive actions of our
' lives; 'tis plain, you will ſay, from
' the very terms of the propoſition—
' whenever this inward teſtimony goes
' againſt a man, and he ſtands ſelf-
' accuſed—that he muſt neceſſarily be a

' guilty

'guilty man.—And, on the contrary, 'when the report is favourable on his 'side, and his heart condemns him not '—that it is not a matter of *truſt*, as 'the apoſtle intimates, but a matter of '*certainty* and fact, that the conſcience 'is good, and that the man muſt be 'good alſo,'

['Then the apoſtle is altogether in 'the wrong, I ſuppoſe,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'and the Proteſtant divine is in 'the right!'—'Sir, have patience,' replied my father; 'for I think it 'will preſently appear, that St. Paul 'and the Proteſtant divine are both of 'an opinion.'—'As nearly ſo,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'as eaſt is to weſt!—But 'this,' continued he, lifting both hands, 'comes from the liberty of the preſs!'

'It is no more, at the worſt,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'than the liberty 'of the pulpit; for it does not appear 'that the ſermon is printed, or ever 'likely to be.'

'Go on, Trim,' quoth my father.]

'At firſt ſight, this may ſeem to be 'a true ſtate of the caſe; and I make 'no doubt but the knowledge of right 'and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon 'the mind of man—that did no ſuch 'thing ever happen, as that the con-'ſcience of a man, by long habits of 'ſin, might (as the Scripture aſſures it 'may) inſenſibly become hard—and, 'like ſome tender parts of his body, by 'much ſtreſs and continual hard uſage, 'loſe, by degrees, that nice ſenſe and 'perception with which God and na-'ture endowed it—did this never hap-'pen—or was it certain that ſelf-love 'could never hang the leaſt bias upon 'the judgment—or that the little inte-'reſts below could riſe up and perplex 'the faculties of our upper regions, 'and encompaſs them about with clouds 'and thick darkneſs—could no ſuch 'thing as favour and affection enter 'this ſacred court—did wit diſdain to 'take a bribe in it; or was aſhamed to 'ſhew it's face as an advocate for an 'unwarrantable enjoyment—or, laſtly, 'were we aſſured that intereſt ſtood al-'ways unconcerned whilſt the cauſe 'was hearing—and that paſſion never 'got into the judgment-ſeat, and pro-'nounced ſentence in the ſtead of rea-'ſon, which is ſuppoſed to preſide and 'determine upon the caſe—was this 'truly ſo, as the objection muſt ſup-'poſe—no doubt, then, the religious 'and moral ſtate of a man wou 'actly what he himſelf eſtee 'and the guilt or innocence 'man's life could be known, 'ral, by no better meaſure, 'degrees of his own approb 'cenſure.

'I own, in one caſe, wh 'man's conſcience does accuſe 'it ſeldom errs on that ſide) t 'guilty; and unleſs in melanc 'hypochondriack caſes, we m 'pronounce upon it, that the 'ways ſufficient grounds for t 'ſation.

'But the converſe of the pr 'will not hold true—namel 'whenever there is guilt, the c 'muſt accuſe; and if it does 'a man is therefore innocent— 'not fact—So that the commo 'lation which ſome good Ch 'other is hourly adminiſtering 'ſelf—that he thanks God h 'does not miſgive him, and th 'ſequently, he has a good co 'becauſe he has a quiet one— 'cious——and as current as 'ference is, and as infallibl 'rule appears at firſt ſight; 'you look nearer to it, and 'truth of this rule upon plain 'you ſee it liable to ſo much er 'a falſe application—the princi 'which it goes ſo often perver 'whole force of it loſt, and ſo 'ſo vilely caſt away, that it is 'to produce the common exam 'human life which confirm the

'A man ſhall be vicious an 'debauched in his principles- 'tionable in his conduct to the 'ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the op 'miſſion of a ſin which no 'pretence can juſtify—a ſin by 'contrary to all the workings o 'nity, he ſhall ruin for ever th 'ed partner of his guilt—rob 'her beſt dowry—and not on 'her own head with diſhono 'involve a whole virtuous fa 'ſhame and ſorrow for her 'Surely, you will think ce 'muſt lead ſuch a man a trou 'life—he can have no reſt 'day from it's reproaches.

'Alas! conſcience had ſo 'elſe to do all this time, th 'in upon him: as Elijah re 'the God Baal—this domeſ

ither talking, or purſuing, or n a journey, or peradventure and could not be awoke.

aps he was gone out in com- with *Honour* to fight a duel; to ſome debt at play—or dirty an- the bargain of his luſt: perhaps nce all this time was engaged e, talking loud againſt petty- , and executing vengeance up- e ſuch puny crimes as his for- nd rank in life ſecured him all temptation of committing; he lives as merrily——' ['If of our church, though,' quoth Slop, 'he could not.']—— as ſoundly in his bed—and at eets death as unconcernedly— s much more ſo—than a much man.'

l this is impoſſible with us,' octor Slop, turning to my fa- the caſe could not happen in urch.'—'It happens in ours, r,' replied my father, 'but too —'I own,' quoth Doctor Slop, a little with my father's frank dgment) 'that a man in the Ro- church may live as badly—but cannot eaſily die ſo.'—'It is atter,' replied my father, 'with f indifference, 'how a raſcal —'I mean,' anſwered Doctor e would be denied the benefits laſt ſacraments.'—'Pray, how have you in all?' ſaid my Toby; 'for I always forget.' en,' anſwered Doctor Slop. h!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; ot accented as a note of acqui- —but as an interjection of that r ſpecies of ſurprize—when a looking into a drawer, finds a thing than he expected— h!' replied my Uncle Toby. Slop, who had an ear, under- y Uncle Toby as well as if he te a whole volume againſt the raments.—'Humph!' replied Slop, (ſtating my Uncle Toby's t over again to him)—'Why, re there not ſeven cardinal vir- —Seven mortal ſins?—Seven candleſticks?—Seven heavens?' more than I know,' replied my Toby.—'Are there not ſeven s of the world?—Seven days creation?—Seven planets?— plagues?'—'That there are!' y father, with a moſt affected gravity. 'But pr'ythee,' continued he, 'go on with the reſt of thy characters, 'Trim.']

'Another is ſordid, unmerciful,' [Here Trim waved his right-hand.] 'a 'ſtrait-hearted, ſelfiſh wretch, incapable 'either of private friendſhip, or publick 'ſpirit. Take notice how he paſſes by 'the widow and orphan in their diſtreſs, 'and ſees all the miſeries incident to hu- 'man life without a ſigh or a prayer.' ['An' pleaſe your honours,' cried Trim, 'I think this a viler man than the 'other!']

'Shall not conſcience riſe up and 'ſting him on ſuch occaſions?—No; 'thank God there is no occaſion, *I 'pay every man his own; I have 'no fornication to anſwer to my con- 'ſcience—no faithleſs vows or promiſes 'to make up—I have debauched no 'man's wife or child; thank God, I 'am not as other men, adulterers, un- 'juſt, or even as this libertine, who 'ſtands before me.*

'A third is crafty and deſigning in 'his nature. View his whole life—'tis 'nothing but a cunning contexture of 'dark arts and unequitable ſubterfuges, 'baſely to defeat the true intent of all 'laws—plain-dealing, and the ſafe en- 'joyment of our ſeveral properties.— 'You will ſee ſuch a one working out 'a frame of little deſigns upon the ig- 'norance and perplexities of the poor 'and needy man—ſhall raiſe a fortune 'upon the inexperience of a youth, or 'the unſuſpecting temper of his friend, 'who would have truſted him with his 'life.

'When old age comes on, and re- 'pentance calls him to look back upon 'this black account, and ſtate it over 'again with his conſcience—CON- 'SCIENCE looks into the STATUTES 'AT LARGE—finds no expreſs law 'broken by what he has done—per- 'ceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods 'and chattels incurred—ſees no ſcourge 'waving over his head, or priſon open- 'ing his gates upon him—What is 'there to affright his conſcience?—Con- 'ſcience has got ſafely entrenched be- 'hind the letter of the law; ſits there 'invulnerable, fortified with Caſes and 'Reports ſo ſtrongly on all ſides— 'that it is not preaching can diſpoſſeſs 'it of it's hold.'

[Here Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.

—'Aye,

—'Aye, aye, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby, ſhaking his head—'theſe are 'but ſorry fortifications, Trim.'—'O! 'very poor work,' anſwered Trim, 'to 'what your honour and I make of it.' —'The character of this laſt man,' ſaid Doctor Slop, interrupting Trim, 'is 'more deteſtable than all the reſt—and 'ſeems to have been taken from ſome 'pettifogging lawyer amongſt you.— 'Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could 'not poſſibly continue ſo long blinded; '—three times in a year, at leaſt, he 'muſt go to confeſſion.'—'Will that 'reſtore it to ſight?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Go on, Trim,' quoth my father, 'or Obadiah will have got back 'before thou haſt got to the end of thy 'ſermon.'—''Tis a very ſhort one,' replied Trim. 'I wiſh it was longer,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'for I like it 'hugely.'—Trim went on.]

'A fourth man ſhall want even this 'refuge—ſhall break through all this 'ceremony of ſlow chicane—ſcorns the 'doubtful workings of ſecret plots and 'cautious trains to bring about his pur- 'poſe—See the bare-faced villain, how 'he cheats, lyes, perjures, robs, mur- 'ders—Horrid!—But indeed much bet- 'ter was not to be expected, in the pre- 'ſent caſe—the poor man was in the 'dark!—his prieſt had got the keeping 'of his conſcience—and all he would 'let him know of it was, that he muſt 'believe in the pope—go to maſs—croſs 'himſelf—tell his beads—be a good 'catholick—and that this, in all con- 'ſcience, was enough to carry him to 'Heaven. What—if he perjures!—— 'Why—he had a mental reſervation 'in it.——But if he is ſo wicked and 'abandoned a wretch as you repreſent 'him—if he robs—if he ſtabs—will not 'conſcience, on every ſuch act, receive 'a wound itſelf?——Aye—but the 'man has carried it to confeſſion—the 'wound digeſts there, and will do well 'enough, and in a ſhort time be quite 'healed up by abſolution.——O Popery! 'what haſt thou to anſwer for?—when, 'not content with the too many natural 'and fatal ways, through which the 'heart of man is every day thus treache- 'rous to itſelf above all things—thou 'haſt wilfully ſet open this wide gate of 'deceit before the face of this unwary tra- 'veller, too apt, God knows! to go aſtray 'of himſelf; and confidently ſpeak peace 'to himſelf, when there is no peace.

'Of this the common inſtances which 'I have drawn out of life, are too no- 'torious to require much evidence. If 'any man doubts the reality of them, 'or thinks it impoſſible for a man to be 'ſuch a bubble to himſelf—I muſt re- 'fer him a moment to his own reflec- 'tions, and will then venture to truſt 'my appeal with his own heart.

'Let him conſider in how different a 'degree of deteſtation, numbers of 'wicked actions ſtand *there*, though 'equally bad and vicious in their own 'natures—he will ſoon find, that ſuch 'of them as ſtrong inclination and 'cuſtom have prompted him to commit, 'are generally dreſſed out and painted 'with all the falſe beauties which a 'ſoft and flattering hand can give them '—and that the others, to which he 'feels no propenſity, appear at once 'naked and deformed, ſurrounded with 'all the true circumſtances of folly and 'diſhonour.

'When David ſurprized Saul ſleep- 'ing in the cave, and cut off the ſkirt 'of his robe—we read his heart ſmote 'him for what he had done—but in the 'matter of Uriah, where a faithful and 'gallant ſervant, whom he ought to 'have loved and honoured, fell to make 'way for his luſt—where conſcience 'had ſo much greater reaſon to take 'the alarm—his heart ſmote him not. 'A whole year had almoſt paſſed from 'the firſt commiſſion of that crime, to 'the time Nathan was ſent to reprove 'him; and we read not once of the leaſt 'ſorrow or compunction of heart which 'he teſtified, during all that time, for 'what he had done.

'Thus conſcience, this once able 'monitor—placed on high as a judge 'within us, and intended by our Maker 'as a juſt and equitable one too—by 'an unhappy train of cauſes and im- 'pediments, takes often ſuch imper- 'fect cognizance of what paſſes—does 'it's office ſo negligently—ſometimes 'ſo corruptly—that it is not to be truſt- 'ed alone; and therefore we find there 'is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſſity, of 'joining another principle with it, to 'aid, if not govern, it's determina- 'tions.

'So that if you would form a juſt 'judgment of what is of infinite im- 'portance to you not to be miſled in— 'namely, in what degree of real merit 'you ſtand, either as an honeſt man, or 'uſeful

citizen, a faithful ſubject to your
or a good ſervant to your God,
in religion and morality.—
what is written in the law of
—How readeſt thou?—Conſult
reaſon, and the unchangeable
tions of juſtice and truth—what
ey?

CONSCIENCE determine the
upon theſe reports—and then if
art condemns thee not, which
caſe the apoſtle ſuppoſes—the
will be infallible—[Here Doctor
ell aſleep.]—thou wilt have con-
e towards God—that is, have
rounds to believe the judgment
haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the
ent of God; and nothing elſe
anticipation of that righteous
ce which will be pronounced
thee hereafter by that Being to
thou art finally to give an ac-
of thy actions.

ſſed is the man, indeed, then, as
thor of the book of Eccleſiaſti-
xpreſſes it, *who is not pricked
the multitude of his ſins: Bleſſed
man whoſe heart hath not con-
ed him; whether he be rich or
ber he be poor, if he have a good*
, (a heart thus guided and in-
ed) *he ſhall at all times rejoice
cheerful countenance; his mind
tell him more than ſeven watch-
that ſit above upon a tower on*
'——['A tower has no ſtrength,'
my Uncle Toby, 'unleſs 'tis
ed.']——'In the darkeſt doubts
ll conduct him ſafer than a thou-
caſuiſts, and give the ſtate he
in a better ſecurity for his beha-
than all the clauſes and reſtric-
put together, which law-makers
orced to multiply:—Forced, I
as things ſtand; human laws not
a matter of original choice, but
ire neceſſity, brought in to fence
aſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe
ciences which are no law unto
ſelves; well intending, by the
y proviſions made—that in all
corrupt and miſguided caſes,
e principles and the checks of
cience will not make us upright—
pply their force—and, by the ter-
of gaols and halters, oblige us to

ſee plainly,' ſaid my father, 'that
ſermon has been compoſed to be
ached at the Temple—or at ſome

'Aſſize.—I like the reaſoning—and am
'ſorry that Doctor Slop has fallen aſleep
'before the time of his conviction—for
'it is now clear, that the parſon, as I
'thought at firſt, never inſulted St.
'Paul in the leaſt—nor has there been,
'brother, the leaſt difference between
'them.'—'A great matter, if they had
'differed!' replied my Uncle Toby;
'the beſt friends in the world may dif-
'fer ſometimes.'—'True, brother To-
'by,' quoth my father, ſhaking hands
with him—'we'll fill our pipes, bro-
'ther, and then Trim ſhall go on.

'Well—what doſt thou think of it?'
ſaid my father; ſpeaking to Corporal
Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

'I think,' anſwered the corporal,
'that the ſeven watchmen upon the
'tower—who, I ſuppoſe, are all cen-
'tinels there, are more, an' pleaſe your
'honour, than were neceſſary—and, to
'go on at that rate, would harraſs a re-
'giment all to pieces, which a com-
'manding officer, who loves his men,
'will never do, if he can help it—be-
'cauſe two centinels,' added the cor-
poral, 'are as good as twenty.—I have
'been a commanding officer myſelf in
'the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times,'
continued Trim, riſing an inch higher
in his figure as he ſpoke—'and all the
'time I had the honour to ſerve his
'Majeſty King William, in relieving
'the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never
'left more than two in my life.'—'Ve-
'ry right Trim,' quoth my Uncle To-
by—'but you do not conſider, Trim,
'that the towers, in Solomon's days,
'were not ſuch things as our baſtions,
'flanked and defended by other works
'—this, Trim, was an invention ſince
'Solomon's death; nor had they horn-
'works, or ravelins before the curtin, in
'his time—or ſuch a foſſé as we make
'with a *cuvette* in the middle of it,
'and with covered ways and counter-
'ſcarps palliſadoed along it, to guard a-
'gainſt a *coup de main*:—So that the ſe-
'ven men upon the tower were a party,
'I dare ſay, from the *Corps de Garde*,
'ſet there, not only to look out, but to
'defend it.'—'They could be no more,
'an' pleaſe your honour, than a Cor-
'poral's Guard.'—My father ſmiled
inwardly—but not outwardly—the
ſubject being rather too ſerious, con-
ſidering what had happened, to make a
jeſt of.—So putting his pipe into his
mouth, which he had juſt lighted—he

contented himſelf with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows.]

'To have the fear of God before our 'eyes; and, in our mutual dealings with 'each other, to govern our actions by 'the eternal meaſures of right and 'wrong.—The firſt of theſe will com-'prehend the duties of religion—the ſe-'cond, thoſe of morality—which are ſo 'inſeparably connected together, that 'you cannot divide theſe two tables, 'even in imagination, (though the at-'tempt is often made in practice) with-'out breaking and mutually deſtroying 'them both.

'I ſaid, the attempt is often made; 'and ſo it is—there being nothing more 'common, than to ſee a man who has 'no ſenſe at all of religion, and indeed 'has ſo much honeſty as to pretend to 'none, who would take it as the bittereſt 'affront, ſhould you hint at a ſuſpicion 'of his moral character—or imagine 'he was not conſcientiouſly juſt and 'ſcrupulous to the uttermoſt mite.

'When there is ſome appearance, 'that it is ſo—though one is unwilling 'even to ſuſpect the appearance of ſo 'amiable a virtue as moral honeſty, yet 'were we to look into the grounds of 'it, in the preſent caſe, I am perſuaded 'we ſhould find little reaſon to envy 'ſuch a one the honour of his motive.

'Let him declaim as pompouſly as 'he chuſes upon the ſubject, it will be 'found to reſt upon no better ſounda-'tion, than either his intereſt, his pride, 'his eaſe, or ſome ſuch little and change-'able paſſion as will give us but ſmall 'dependence upon his actions in matters 'of great ſtreſs.

'I will illuſtrate this by an example.

'I know the banker I deal with, 'or the phyſician I uſually call in—' ['There is no need,' cried Doctor Slop, (waking) 'to call in any phyſician in 'this caſe]—'to be neither of them men 'of much religion: I hear them make 'a jeſt of it every day, and treat all it's 'ſanctions with ſo much ſcorn, as to 'put the matter paſt doubt. Well—'notwithſtanding this, I put my for-'tune into the hands of the one—'and, what is dearer ſtill to me, I 'truſt my life to the honeſt ſkill of the 'other.

'Now let me examine what is my 'reaſon for this great confidence.—'*Why*, in the firſt place, I believe 'there is no probability that either of 'them will employ the power I put into 'their hands to my diſadvantage—I 'conſider that honeſty ſerves the pur-'poſes of this life—I know their ſuc-'ceſs in the world depends upon the 'fairneſs of their characters.—In a 'word, I am perſuaded that they can-'not hurt me without hurting them-'ſelves more.

'But put it otherwiſe; namely, that 'intereſt lay, for once, on the other 'ſide—that a caſe ſhould happen, 'wherein the one, without ſtain to his 'reputation, could ſecrete my fortune, 'and leave me naked in the world—or 'that the other could ſend me out of it, 'and enjoy an eſtate by my death, with-'out diſhonour to himſelf or his art—'in this caſe what hold have I of either 'of them?——Religion, the ſtrongeſt 'of all motives, is out of the queſtion; '—intereſt, the next moſt powerful 'motive in the world, is ſtrongly a-'gainſt me—what have I left to caſt 'into the oppoſite ſcale to balance this 'temptation?——Alas! I have no-'thing—nothing but what is lighter 'than a bubble—I muſt lay at the 'mercy of HONOUR or ſome ſuch ca-'pricious principle!—Strait ſecurity 'for two of my moſt valuable bleſſings, '—my property, and my life!'

'As, therefore, we can have no de-'pendence upon morality without re-'ligion—ſo, on the other hand, there 'is nothing better to be expected from 'religion without morality—never-'theleſs, 'tis no prodigy to ſee a man, 'whoſe real moral character ſtands very 'low, who yet entertains the higheſt 'notion of himſelf, in the light of a 'religious man.

'He ſhall not only be covetous, re-'vengeful, implacable—but even want-'ing in points of common honeſty; yet, 'inaſmuch as he talks aloud againſt the 'infidelity of the age—is zealous for 'ſome points of religion—goes twice 'a-day to church—attends the ſacra-'ments—and amuſes himſelf with a few 'inſtrumental parts of religion—ſhall 'cheat his conſcience into a judgment, 'that for this he is a religious man, 'and has diſcharged truly his duty to 'God: and you will find that ſuch a 'man, through force of this deluſion, 'generally looks down with ſpiritual 'pride upon every other man who has

'leſs

ı of piety—though, per-
nes more moral honesty

ise, is a sore evil under the
lieve, there is no one mis-
le, which, for it's time,
nore serious mischiefs.—
proof of this—examine
the Romish church—'
can you make of that?'
lop.]—'see what scenes
murder, rapine, blood-
They may thank their
!' cried Doctor Slop.]—
ı sanctified by a religion
overned by morality.
nany kingdoms of the
Here Trim kept waving
from the sermon to the
arm, returning it back-
ards to the conclusion of
]
nany kingdoms of the
: crusading sword of this
int-errant spared neither
, or sex or condition?—
ought under the banners
which set him loose from
manity, he shewed none;
ımpled upon both—heard
ries of the unfortunate,
ir distresses.'
en in many a battle, an'
honour!' quoth Trim,
never in so melancholy a
—I would not have drawn
t against these poor souls
n made a general officer!'
hat do you understand of
said Doctor Slop, looking
, with something more
han the corporal's honest
—'What do you know,
t this battle you talk of?'
replied Trim, 'that I
l quarter in my life to any
ied out for it—but to a
child,' continued Trim,
ould level my musket at
ld lose my life a thousand
Here's a crown for thee,
drink with Obadiah to-
th my Uncle Toby: and
diah another too.'—'God
honour!' replied Trim—
r these poor women and
l it.'—'Thou art an ho-
' quoth my Uncle Toby.
ier nodded his head—as
y—'and so he is,'—

'But, pr'ythee, Trim,' said my father, 'make an end—for I see thou hast 'but a leaf or two left.'

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the testimony of past centuries in 'this matter is not sufficient—consider 'at this instant, how the votaries of 'that religion are every day thinking 'to do service and honour to God, by 'actions which are a dishonour and 'scandal to themselves.

'To be convinced of this, go with 'me for a moment into the prisons of 'the Inquisition.'——['God help my 'poor brother Tom!']——'Behold 'Religion, with Mercy and Justice 'chained down under her feet—there 'sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, 'propped up with racks and instru-'ments of torment. Hark!—hark! 'what a piteous groan!'——[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.] ——'See the melancholy wretch who 'uttered it,'——[Here the tears began to trickle down.]——'just brought 'forth to undergo the anguish of a 'mock trial, and endure the utmost 'pains that a studied system of cruelty 'has been able to invent.'—['D—n 'them all!' quoth Trim, his colour re-turning into his face as red as blood.] —'Behold this helpless victim deliver-'ed up to his tormentors—his body 'so wasted with sorrow and confine-'ment—' ['Oh, 'tis my brother!' cried poor Trim in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands to-gether—'I fear 'tis poor Tom!' My father's and my Uncle Toby's heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fel-low's distress; even Slop himself ac-knowledged pity for him.—'Why, 'Trim,' said my father, 'this is not 'a history—'tis a sermon thou art 'reading: pr'ythee begin the sentence 'again.']—'Behold this helpless vic-'tim delivered up to his tormentors— 'his body so wasted with sorrow and 'confinement, you will see every nerve 'and muscle as it suffers.

'Observe the last movement of that 'horrid engine!'—['I would rather face 'a cannon,' quoth Trim, stamping.] —'See what convulsions it has thrown 'him into!—Consider the nature of the 'posture in which he now lies stretched; '—what exquisite torture he endures 'by it!'—['I hope 'tis not in Portu-'gal.']—'It is all nature can bear!

'Good God! ſee how it keeps his 'weary ſoul hanging upon his trembling lips!'—['I would not read another line of it,' quoth Trim, 'for all the world—I fear, an' pleaſe your honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is.'—'I tell thee, Trim, again,' quoth my father, 'it is not an hiſtorical account—it is a deſcription.'—'It is only a deſcription, honeſt man,' quoth Slop; 'there's not a word of truth in it.'—'That's another ſtory,' replied my father.—'However, as Trim reads it with 'ſo much concern—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold 'of the ſermon, Trim—I'll finiſh it 'for thee, and thou mayeſt go.'—'I 'muſt ſtay and hear it too!' replied Trim, 'if your honour will allow me; '—though I would not read it myſelf 'for a colonel's pay.'—'Poor Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—My father went on.]

'——Conſider the nature of the poſture in which he now lies ſtretched—'what exquiſite torture he endures by 'it!—'Tis all nature can bear!—Good 'God! ſee how it keeps his weary 'ſoul hanging upon his trembling lips, 'willing to take it's leave—but not 'ſuffered to depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!'—['Then, thank God, however,' quoth Trim, 'they have not killed him.']—'See him dragged out of it again to 'meet the flames, and the inſults in his 'laſt agonies, which this principle—'this principle, that there can be religion without mercy—has prepared for 'him.'—['Then, thank God——he 'is dead!' quoth Trim; 'he is out of 'his pain—and they have done their 'worſt at him!—O, Sirs!—'] 'Hold 'your peace, Trim,' ſaid my father, going on with the ſermon, leſt Trim ſhould incenſe Doctor Slop—'we ſhall 'never have done at this rate.']

'The ſureſt way to try the merit of 'any diſputed notion, is to trace down 'the conſequences ſuch a notion has 'produced, and compare them with the 'ſpirit of Chriſtianity—'tis the ſhort 'and deciſive rule which our Saviour 'hath left us, for theſe and ſuch like 'caſes, and it is worth a thouſand arguments——*By their fruits ye ſhall know them.*

'I will add no farther to the length 'of this ſermon, than by two or three 'ſhort and independent rules deducible 'from it.

'*Firſt*, Whenever a man talks loudly 'againſt religion, always ſuſpect that 'it is not his reaſon, but his paſſions 'which have got the better of his 'CREED. A bad life, and a good 'belief, are diſagreeable and troubleſome neighbours; and where they ſe'parate, depend upon it, 'tis for no 'other cauſe but quietneſs ſake.

'*Secondly*, When a man, thus re'preſented, tells you in any particular 'inſtance—that ſuch a thing goes *againſt* 'his conſcience—always believe he 'means exactly the ſame thing, as 'when he tells you ſuch a thing goes '*againſt* his ſtomach—a preſent want 'of appetite being generally the true 'cauſe of both. In a word—truſt that 'man in nothing, who has not a CON'SCIENCE in every thing.

'And, in your own caſe, remember 'this plain diſtinction—a miſtake in 'which has ruined thouſands—that your 'conſcience is not a law——no; God 'and reaſon made the law, and have 'placed conſcience within you to determine—not, like an Aſiatick cadi, 'according to the ebbs and flows of 'his own paſſions—but like a Britiſh 'judge, in this land of liberty and good 'ſenſe, who makes no new law, but 'faithfully declares that law which he 'knows already written.

'FINIS.'

'Thou haſt read the ſermon extremely well, Trim,' quoth my father.—'If he had ſpared his comments,' replied Doctor Slop—'he would have 'read it much better.'—'I ſhould have 'read it ten times better, Sir,' anſwered Trim, 'but that my heart was ſo 'full.'—'That was the very reaſon, 'Trim,' replied my father, 'which has 'made thee read the ſermon as well as 'thou haſt done—and if the clergy of 'our church,' continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to Doctor Slop, 'would 'take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done—as 'their compoſitions are fine—' ['I deny it!' quoth Doctor Slop.]—'I 'maintain it—that the eloquence of our 'pulpits, with ſuch ſubjects to inflame 'it, would be a model for the whole 'world.——But, alas!' continued my father,

ıd I own it, Sir, with for-
t, like French politicians in
:ct, what they gain in the
:hey loſe in the field.'——
pity,' quoth my uncle, 'that
ld be loſt.'—'I like the ſer-
l,' replied my father—'tis
c—and there is ſomething in
of writing, when ſkilfully
, which catches the atten-
We preach much in that way
ſaid Doctor Slop.—'I know
' well,' ſaid my father—but
and manner which diſguſted
p, full as much as his aſſent,
ıld have pleaſed him.—'But
added Doctor Slop, a little
our ſermons have greatly the
e, that we never introduce
ıcter into them below a pa-
r a patriarch's wife, or a
: a ſaint.'—'There are ſome
characters in this, however,'
her, 'and I do not think the
jot the worſe for 'em.'—'But
quoth my Uncle Toby—
n this be?—How could it
my Stevinus?'—'A man
ıs great a conjuror as Stevi-
l my father, 'to reſolve the
ıeſtion:—the firſt, I think, is
ficult—for, unleſs my judg-
:atly deceives me—I know
)r; for 'tis wrote, certainly,
rſon of the pariſh.'
ilitude of the ſtyle and man-
with thoſe my father con-
heard preached in his pariſh-
ıs the ground of his conjec-
ing it as ſtrongly, as an ar-
priori could prove ſuch a
philoſophick mind, that it
:'s, and no one's elſe. It was
be ſo *à poſteriori*, the day
ı Yorick ſent a ſervant to
Toby's houſe to enquire

that Yorick, who was in-
fter all kinds of knowledge,
ved Stevinus of my Uncle
l had carefully popped his
ı ſoon as he had made it,
ddle of Stevinus; and by an
getfulneſs, to which he was
t, he had ſent Stevinus home,
mon to keep him company.
ſermon! thou waſt loſt, af-
overy of thee, a ſecond time!
through an unſuſpected fiſ-
y maſter's pocket, down into
a treacherous and a tattered lining—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his Roſinante, inhumanly ſtepping upon thee as thou falled'ſt—buried ten days in the mire—raiſed up out of it by a beggar—ſold for a halfpenny to a pariſh-clerk—transferred to his parſon—loſt for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days—nor reſtored to his reſtleſs MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the ſtory.

Can the reader believe, that this ſermon of Yorick's was preached at an aſſize, in the cathedral of York, before a thouſand witneſſes, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done—and within ſo ſhort a ſpace as two years and three months after Yorick's death?——Yorick, indeed, was never better ſerved in his life;—but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick—and, in conſcious juſtice, printed but a few copies to give away—and, that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himſelf, had he thought fit—I declare I would not have publiſhed this anecdote to the world——nor do I publiſh it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church—I leave that to others—but I find myſelf impelled by two reaſons, which I cannot withſtand.

The firſt is, that, in doing juſtice, I may give reſt to Yorick's ghoſt—which—as the country-people, and ſome others, believe—*ſtill walks*.

The ſecond reaſon is, that, by laying open this ſtory to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—that in caſe the character of Parſon Yorick, and this ſample of his ſermons, is liked—there are now in the poſſeſſion of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handſome volume, at the world's ſervice—and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without diſpute; for he came in jingling, with all the inſtruments in the green baize bag we ſpoke of, ſlung acroſs his body, juſt as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

'It is now proper, I think,' quoth Doctor Slop, (clearing up his looks) 'as we are in a condition to be of ſome 'ſervice to Mrs. Shandy, to ſend up 'ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.'

'I have ordered,' anſwered my father, 'the old midwife to come down 'to us upon the leaſt difficulty—for 'you muſt know, Doctor Slop,' continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, 'that 'by expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified 'between me and my wife, you are no 'more than an auxiliary in this affair—'and not ſo much as that, unleſs the 'lean old mother of a midwife above 'ſtairs cannot do without you.—Wo-'men have their particular fancies; 'and in points of this nature,' continued my father, 'where they bear the 'whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much 'acute pain for the advantage of our 'families, and the good of the ſpe-'cies—they claim a right of deciding, '*en ſouveraines*, in whoſe hands and 'in what faſhion, they chuſe to under-'go it.'

'They are in the right of it!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'But, Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, not taking notice of my Uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father—'they had better govern in 'other points—and a father of a fami-'ly, who wiſhes it's perpetuity, in my 'opinion, had better exchange this pre-'rogative with them, and give up ſome 'other rights in lieu of it.'—'I know 'not,' quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid—'I know not,' quoth he, 'what we have left to give up, in 'lieu of who ſhall bring our children 'into the world, unleſs that—of who 'ſhall beget them.'—'One would al-'moſt give up any thing,' replied Doctor Slop—' 'I beg your pardon!' anſwered my Uncle Toby.—'Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would aſtoniſh you to 'know what improvements we have 'made of late years in all branches of 'obſtetrical knowledge, but particu-'larly in that one ſingle point of the 'ſafe and expeditious extraction of the '*fœtus*—which has received ſuch lights, 'that, for my part,' (holding up his hands) 'I declare, I wonder how the 'world has—' 'I wiſh,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had ſeen what pro-'digious armies we had in Flanders.'

CHAP. XIX.

I Have dropped the curtain over this ſcene for a minute—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of it's due courſe—for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elſe-where.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my Uncle Toby, my father, and Doctor Slop, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this—that from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in the point of Chriſtian-names, and that other point previous thereto—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting—down to the lean and ſlippered pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf, ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the high-way of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

——Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it—he placed things in his own light——he would weigh nothing in common ſcales—no; he was too re-fined a reſearcher, to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.—'To come at the exact 'weight of things in the ſcientifick ſteel-'yard, the fulcrum,' he would ſay, 'ſhould be almoſt inviſible, to avoid all 'friction from popular tenets;—with-'out this, the minutiæ of philoſophy, 'which would always turn the balance, 'will have no weight at all.' Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was di-viſible *in infinitum*—that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would ſay, error was error—no matter where it fell—whether in a fraction,

or a pound—it was alike fatal
and ſhe was kept down at the
f her well, as inevitably by a
a the duſt of a butterfly's wing
he diſk of the ſun, the moon,
e ſtars of heaven put together.
uld often lament that it was for
conſidering this properly, and
ng it ſkilfully to civil matters,
s to ſpeculative truths, that ſo
ngs in this world were out of
at the political arch was giving
d that the very foundations of
llent conſtitution, in church
, were ſo ſapped as eſtimators
rted.

cry out,' he would ſay, 'we
ined, undone people.—Why?'
aſk, making uſe of the ſorites
iſm of Zeno and Chryſippus,
knowing it belonged to them.
? why are we a ruined people?
ecauſe we are corrupted.——
e is it, dear Sir, that we are
ed?——Becauſe we are needy!
poverty, and not our wills, con-
—And wherefore,' he would
re we needy?—— From the
,' he would anſwer, 'of our
nd our halfpence:—our bank-
Sir; our guineas;—nay, our
s—take care of themſelves.'
s the ſame,' he would ſay,
hout the whole circle of the
s—the great, the eſtabliſhed
of them, are not to be broke
n.—The laws of nature will
themſelves—but error,'—(he
ld, looking earneſtly at my mo-
error, Sir, creeps in through the
holes and ſmall crevices which
nature leaves unguarded.'
urn of thinking in my father,
I had to remind you of—the
u are to be informed of, and
have reſerved for this place, is
s.

gſt the many and excellent rea-
th which my father had urged
er to accept of Doctor Slop's
preferably to that of the old
—there was one of a very ſingu-
re; which, when he had done
the matter as a Chriſtian, and
argue it over again with her as
opher, he had put his whole
to, depending indeed upon it as
anchor.—It failed him: though
defect in the argument itſelf;
do what he could, he was not
able for his ſoul to make her compre-
hend the drift of it.—'Curſed luck!'—
ſaid he to himſelf one afternoon, as he
walked out of the room, after he had
been ſtating it for an hour and a half to
her, to no manner of purpoſe—'curſed
'luck!'—ſaid he, biting his lip as he
ſhut the door—'for a man to be maſter
'of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning
'in nature—and have a wife at the
'ſame time with ſuch a head-piece, that
'he cannot hang up a ſingle inference
'within ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from
'deſtruction!'

This argument, though it was entire-
ly loſt upon my mother—had more
weight with him, than all his other ar-
guments joined together:—I will there-
fore endeavour to do it juſtice—and ſet
it forth with all the perſpicuity I am
maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength
of theſe two following axioms:

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own
wit, was worth a ton of other people's;
and,

Secondly, (which by the bye, was
the ground-work of the firſt axiom—
though it comes laſt) That every man's
wit muſt come from every man's own
ſoul—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father,
that all ſouls were by nature equal—and
that the great difference between the moſt
acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtand-
ing—was from no original ſharpneſs or
bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance a-
bove or below another—but aroſe mere-
ly from the lucky or unlucky organiza-
tion of the body, in that part where the
ſoul principally took up her reſidence—
he had made it the ſubject of his enquiry
to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had
been able to get of this matter, he was
ſatisfied it could not be where Des Car-
tes had fixed it, upon the top of the
pineal gland of the brain; which, as
he philoſophiſed, formed a cuſhion for
her about the ſize of a marrow-pea;
though, to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many
nerves did terminate all in that one
place,—it was no bad conjecture;—and
my father had certainly fallen with that
great philoſopher plumb into the centre
of the miſtake, had it not been for my
Uncle Toby—who reſcued him out of
it, by a ſtory he told him of a Walloon
officer at the battle of Landen, who had
one part of his brain ſhot away by a
muſket-

muſket-ball—and another part of it taken out after by a French ſurgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

'If death,' ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, 'is nothing but the 'ſeparation of the ſoul from the body—'and if it is true that people can walk 'about and do their buſineſs without 'brains—then certes the ſoul does not 'inhabit there.' Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, ſubtle, and very fragrant juice, which Coglioniſſimo Borri, the great Milaneze phyſician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have diſcovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul, (for, you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;)—as for this opinion, I ſay, of Borri—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined, ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her reſidence, and ſitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhocked his imagination: he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, ſeemed the leaſt liable to objections of any, was, that the chief ſenſorium, or head-quarters of the ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued—was in or near the cerebellum—or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, ſetting up another Shandean hypotheſis upon theſe corner-ſtones they had laid for him—and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood it's ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt—that next to this and his Chriſtian name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all—that the third cauſe, or rather what the logicians call the *cauſa ſine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance—was the preſervation of this delicate and fine-ſpun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremoſt.

—— This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senoneſis de Partu difficili* *, publiſhed by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no ſutures at that time, was ſuch—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of four hundred and ſeventy pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it—it ſo happened, that in forty-nine inſtances out of fifty, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.

* The author is here twice miſtaken—for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis Icon*. The ſecond miſtake is, that this Lithopædus is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by Alboſius, 1580, may be ſeen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr. Triſtram Shandy has been led into this error, either from ſeeing Lithopædus's name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Doctor ———, or by miſtaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*—from the too great ſimilitude of the names.

'Good

God!' cried my father, 'what and deſtruction muſt this make infinitely fine and tender tex- the cerebellum!—Or if there a juice as Borri pretends—is it ugh to make the cleareſt li- the world both ſeculent and ?'

w great was his apprehenſion, farther underſtood, that this g upon the very vertex of the only injured the brain itſelf or —but that it neceſſarily ſqueez- opelled the cerebrum towards ellum, which was the imme- of the underſtanding.—'An- l miniſters of grace defend us!' father—'can any ſoul with- his ſhock?—No wonder the ual web is ſo rent and tattered e it; and that ſo many of our ds are no better than a puzzled ſilk—all perplexity—all con- within-ſide.'

nen my father read on, and o the ſecret, that when a child d topſy-turvy, which was eaſy rator to do, and was extracted et—that inſtead of the cere- ng propelled towards the cere- he cerebellum, on the contra- propelled ſimply towards the where it could do no manner 'By heavens!' cried he, 'the s in a conſpiracy to drive out ttle wit God has given us— profeſſors of the obſtetrick lifted into the ſame conſpira- What is it to me which end of comes foremoſt into the world, d all goes right after, and his um eſcapes uncruſhed?'

e nature of an hypotheſis, when an has conceived it, that it s every thing itſelf, as pro- ſhment; and, from the firſt f your begetting it, it gene- vs the ſtronger by every thing hear, read, or underſtand.— f great uſe.

my father was gone with this month, there was ſcarce a non, of ſtupidity or of genius, could not readily ſolve by it— ed for the eldeſt ſon being the blockhead in the family.— vil!' he would ſay—'he made r the capacity of his younger s.'—It unriddled the obſerva- lrivellers and monſtrous heads —ſhewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe—unleſs **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Aſiatick genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſunſhine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme—as they are condenſed in colder climates, by the other——but he traced the affair up to it's ſpring-head—ſhewed that, in warmer climates nature had laid a lighter tax upon the faireſt part of the creation—their pleaſures more—the neceſſity of their pains leſs—inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſtance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preſerved——nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the net-work was broke or diſplaced—ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæſarean ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hypotheſis? 'Here you ſee,' he would ſay, 'there was no injury done to the 'ſenſorium—no preſſure of the head 'againſt the pelvis—no propulſion of 'the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, 'either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or 'the *os coxcygis* on that—and pray, 'what were the happy conſequences?— 'Why, Sir, your Julius Cæſar, who 'gave the operation a name—and your 'Hermes Triſmegiſtus, who was born 'ſo before ever the operation had a 'name—your Scipio Africanus—your 'Manlius Torquatus—our Edward the 'Sixth; who, had he lived, would have 'done the ſame honour to the hypothe- 'ſis—theſe, and many more who figur- 'ed high in the annals of fame—all 'came *ſide-ways*, Sir, into the world.'

The inciſion of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head—He had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the *epigaſtrium*, and thoſe in the *matrix*, were not mortal—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother—

merely as a matter of fact—but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it—as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to ſay no more of it—contenting himſelf with admiring—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father Mr. Shandy's hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we have been ſpeaking of: for happening not only to be chriſtened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epſom—being moreover my mother's firſt child—coming into the world with his head foremoſt—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts—my father ſpelt all theſe together in his opinion—and, as he had failed at one end, he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the ſiſterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way—and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Doctor Slop was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe—for though his new invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance—yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy—though not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my ſyſtem—but for reaſons merely c cal.

This accounts for the coali twixt my father and Doctor Slo enſuing diſcourſe, which went hard againſt my Uncle Toby.— manner a plain man, with noth common ſenſe, could bear up two ſuch allies in ſcience—is conceive.—You may conjectur it, if you pleaſe—and whilſt yo gination is in motion, you may rage it to go on, and diſcover causes and effects in nature it cou to paſs, that my Uncle Toby modeſty by the wound he receiv his groin. You may raiſe a ſy account for the loſs of my noſe riage-articles—and ſhew the wo it could happen, that I ſhould misfortune to be called TRISTR oppoſition to my father's hy and the wiſh of the whole famil fathers and god-mothers not e —Theſe, with fifty other points unravelled, you may endeavour if you have time——but I tell fore-hand it will be in vain—for Sage Alquiſe, the magician in I lianis of Greece, nor the no leſs Urganda, the ſorcereſs his wife they alive) could pretend to co in a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to a full explanation of theſe ma the next year—when a ſeries o will be laid open which he pects.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

'I Wiſh, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby—(repeating his wiſh for Doctor Slop a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing, than he had wiſhed at firſt*) 'I wiſh, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had ſeen what 'prodigious armies we had in Flan-'ders!'

My Uncle Toby's wiſh did Doctor Slop a diſſervice which his heart never intended any man—Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas firſt into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

In all diſputes—male or female—whether for honour, for profit, or for love—it makes no difference in the caſe—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wiſh coming ſide-ways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is for the party wiſhed at, inſtantly to get upon his legs—and wiſh the wiſher ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value—ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were—nay, ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of wiſhes.—

Doctor Slop did not underſtand the nature of this defence—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half—five had been fatal to it——my father ſaw the danger—the diſpute was one of of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world—whether the child of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born without a head or with one—he waited to the laſt moment to allow Doctor Slop, in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye, which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with—firſt in my Uncle Toby's face—then in his—then up—then down—then eaſt—eaſt and by eaſt—and ſo on—coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs—and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair—my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my Uncle Toby, ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. II.

——"WHAT prodigious armies "you had in Flanders!"

'Brother Toby,' replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with

* Vide page 66.

his right-hand, and with his left pulling out a ſtriped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my Uncle Toby——

——Now in this I think my father was much to blame: and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than—whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right-hand or with his left—have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads. ——But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world it's ſize and ſhape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent, or not indifferent—juſt as the caſe happens.

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right-hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right-hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out—which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe—(unleſs, indeed, my father had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf by holding the wig ſtiff in his left-hand—or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been eaſy—natural—unforced: Reynolds himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now as my father managed this matter—conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the Firſt—coat-pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt——I need ſay no more—the father of miſchief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP. III.

IT was not an eaſy matter, in any king's reign, (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat-pocket.—In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my Uncle Toby diſcovered the tranſverſe zigzaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in before the gate of St. Nicholas—the idea of which drew off his attention ſo entirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right-hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compaſſes and ſector along with it, to meaſure the returning angles of the traverſes of that attack—but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows; and as he knit them, all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face—my Uncle Toby diſmounted immediately.

——'I did not apprehend your Uncle Toby was o' horſeback.'——

CHAP. IV.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmoſt reverence to both I ſpeak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this caſe—and that is, when you are ſo fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a ſarcenet or thin perſian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babilonius, Dionyſius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Poſſidonius, amongſt the Greeks—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca, amongſt the Romans—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne, amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good, honeſt, unthinking, Shandean people, as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect—all pretended that

heir jerkins were made after this
—you might have rumpled and
led, and doubled and creaſed, and
and-fridged the outſide of them
pieces——in ſhort, you might
layed the very devil with them,
the ſame time, not one of the in-
f them would have been one but-
e worſe for all you had done to

hieve in my conſcience, that mine
le up ſomewhat after this ſort——
ver poor jerkin has been tickled
ſuch a rate as it has been theſe
ne months together—and yet I
:, the lining to it—as far as I am
e of the matter—is not a three-
piece the worſe—Pell-mell, hel-
lter, ding-dong, cut and thruſt,
troke and fore-ſtroke, ſide-way
ng-way, have they been trim-
it for me!—Had there been the
ummineſs in my lining—by Hea-
it had all of it, long ago, been
and fretted to a thread.
—You, Meſſieurs, the Monthly
wers!—how could you cut and
ny jerkin as you did?—How did
now, but you would cut my lin-
o?
rtily, and from my ſoul, to the
tion of that Being who will in-
one of us, do I recommend you
our affairs—ſo God bleſs you!
next month, if any one of you
gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and
it me, as ſome of you did laſt
—(in which I remember the wea-
was very hot)—don't be exaſpe-
if I paſs it by again with good
r—being determined as long as I
r write (which in my caſe means
ne thing) never to give the ho-
ntleman a worſe word or a worſe
han my Uncle Toby gave the fly
buzzed about his noſe all din-
ne—'Go, go, poor devil,' quoth
get thee gone!—why ſhould I
thee? This world is ſurely wide
gh to hold both thee and me.'

CHAP. V.

MY man, Madam, reaſoning up-
wards, and obſerving the prodi-
ſuffuſion of blood in my father's
nance—by means of which (as
blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh
to his face, as I told you) he
muſt have reddened, pictorically and
ſcientifically ſpeaking, ſix whole tints
and a half, if not a full octave above
his natural colour——any man, Ma-
dam, but my Uncle Toby, who had
obſerved this, together with the violent
knitting of my father's brows, and the
extravagant contortion of his body dur-
ing the whole affair—would have con-
cluded my father in a rage; and taking
that for granted—had he been a lover
of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from
two ſuch inſtruments being put in exact
tune—he would inſtantly have ſcrewed
up his to the ſame pitch—and then the
devil and all had broke looſe—the whole
piece, Madam, muſt have been played
off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—
con furia—like mad.——'Grant me pa-
'tience!—what has *con furia—con ſtre-*
'*pito*—or any other hurly-burly what-
'ever, to do with harmony?'

Any man, I ſay, Madam, but my
Uncle Toby—the benignity of whoſe
heart interpreted every motion of the
body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion
would admit of—would have concluded
my father angry, and blamed him too.
My Uncle Toby blamed nothing but
the taylor who cut the pocket-hole—ſo,
ſitting ſtill till my father had got his
handkerchief out of it, and looking all
the time up in his face with inexpreſſible
good will—my father at length went on
as follows.

CHAP. VI.

——"What prodigious armies you
"had in Flanders!"

'Brother Toby,' quoth my father,
'I do believe thee to be as honeſt a
'man, and with as good and as up-
'right a heart as ever God created—
'nor is it thy fault, if all the children
'which have been, may, can, ſhall,
'will, or ought to be begotten, come
'with their heads foremoſt into the
'world—but, believe me, dear Toby,
'the accidents which unavoidably way-
'lay them, not only in the article of
'our begetting 'em—though theſe, in
'my opinion, are well worth conſider-
'ing—but the dangers and difficulties
'our children are beſet with, after they
'are got forth into the world, are
'enough—little need is there to expoſe
'them to unneceſſary ones in their paſ-
'ſage to it!'—'Are theſe dangers,'

quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer; 'are 'theſe dangers greater now o'days, bro-'ther, than in times paſt?'—'Brother 'Toby,' anſwered my father, 'if a 'child was but fairly begot, and born 'alive, and healthy, and the mother 'did well after it—our forefathers ne-'ver looked farther.' My Uncle Toby inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room—and then directing the bucinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty—he whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my Uncle Toby was whiſtling Lillabullero to my father—Doctor Slop was ſtamping, and curſing, and damning at Obadiah, at a moſt dreadful rate—it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile ſin of ſwearing, to have heard him. I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Doctor Slop's maid delivered the green baize bag, with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to Obadiah, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body; ſo undoing the bow-knot to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back at the ſpeed Obadiah threatened, they conſulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom, (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop—by Heaven, Sir, the jingle was incredible!

As Obadiah had a wife and three children—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain—he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greateſt patriots—the poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himſelf whiſtle.

CHAP. VIII.

AS Obadiah loved wind-muſick preferably to all the inſtrument-muſick he carried with him—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head at his hat-band ——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface—I ſcorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed caſe—mark, Sirs—I ſay, a mixed caſe—for it was obſtetrical—ſcriptical, ſquirtical, papiſtical—and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it—caball-iſtical—and only partly muſical—Obadiah made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered; ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it—he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would 'cord a trunk) with ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met—that Doctor Slop muſt have had three fifths of Job's patience, at leaſt, to have unlooſed them.—I think in my conſcience, that had Nature been in

one

imble moods, and in humour
:onteſt—and ſhe and Doctor
'airly ſtarted together—there
iving who had ſeen the bag
ıt Obadiah had done to it—
likewiſe the great ſpeed the
ı make when ſhe thinks pro-
ɔuld have had the leaſt doubt
n his mind—which of the
have carried off the prize.
', Madam, had been deliver-
han the green bag infallibly
by twenty knots.—Sport of
ents, Triſtram Shandy! that
ɔd ever will be! had that trial
for thee, and it was fifty to
ıad—thy affairs had not been
—(at leaſt by the depreſſion
e)—as they have been; nor
rtunes of thy houſe and the
f making them, which have
ıreſented themſelves in the
ıy life, to thee, been ſo often,
ſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecover-
loned—as thou haſt been
:ave them——but 'tis over—
account of 'em, which can-
n to the curious till I am got
e world.

CHAP. IX.

ıT wits jump—for the mo-
: Doctor Slop caſt his eyes
ag—(which he had not done
ſpute with my Uncle Toby
ɔifery put him in mind of it)
y ſame thought occurred—
d's mercy,' quoth he to him-
ıt Mrs. Shandy has had ſo
ne of it—elſe ſhe might have
ught to-bed ſeven times told,
ne half of theſe knots could
untied.'—But here, you muſt
—the thought floated only in
p's mind, without ſail or ballaſt
ſimple propoſition; millions
as your worſhip knows, are
ɔimming quietly in the middle
juice of a man's underſtand-
ɔut being carried backwards
ls, till ſome little guſt of paſ-
ɔreſt drive them to one ſide.
den trampling in the room
ar my mother's bed, did the
ı the very ſervice I am ſpeak-
'By all that's unfortunate,'
ctor Slop, 'unleſs I make
ıe thing will actually befall me

CHAP. X.

IN the caſe of knots—by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots—becauſe, in the courſe of my Life and Opinions—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy—a little man—but of high fancy—he ruſhed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair——nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots called bow-knots—there is ſo little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience, required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bona fida*, as Obadiah made his—in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings through the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond implication of them—to get them ſlipped and undone by——I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe knots, then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life—every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Doctor Slop had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly in a hard labour, knocked out three of the beſt of them with the handle of it—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.—'The deuce take it! I can make no-'thing of it either way!' cried Doctor Slop.—The trampling over-head near my mother's bed-ſide increaſed.—'Pox 'take the fellow! I ſhall never get the 'knots untied as long as I live.'—My mother gave a groan.—'Lend me your 'penknife—I muſt e'en cut the knots 'at laſt—pugh—pſha—Lord! I have 'cut my thumb quite acroſs, to the 'very bone——curſe the fellow!—— 'if there was not another man midwife 'within fifty miles—I am undone for 'this bout.——I wiſh the ſcoundrel

'hanged!

'hanged!—I wiſh he was ſhot!—I wiſh 'all the devils in hell had him, for a 'blockhead!'—

My father had a great reſpect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner—
—he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Doctor Slop cut any part about him, but his thumb—my father had paſſed it by—his prudence had triumphed—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

'Small curſes, Doctor Slop, upon 'great occaſions,' quoth my father, (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) 'are but ſo much waſte of our 'ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner 'of purpoſe.'—'I own it,' replied Doctor Slop.—'They are like ſparrow-'ſhot,' quoth my Uncle Toby (ſuſpending his whiſtling) 'fired againſt 'a baſtion.'—'They ſerve,' continued my father, 'to ſtir the humours—but 'carry off none of their acrimony——'for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or 'curſe at all—I hold it bad——but if 'I fall into it by ſurprize, I generally 'retain ſo much preſence of mind—' ('Right,' quoth my Uncle Toby)—'as to make it anſwer my purpoſe—'that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf 'eaſy. A wiſe and a juſt man, how-'ever, would always endeavour to pro-'portion the vent given to theſe hu-'mours, not only to the degree of them 'ſtirring within himſelf—but to the 'ſize and ill-intent of the offence upon 'which they are to fall.'—'Injuries 'come only from the heart;' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'For this reaſon,' continued my father, with the moſt Cervantick gravity, 'I have the greateſt 'veneration in the world for that gentle-'man, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſ-'cretion in this point, ſat down and 'compoſed (that is, at his leiſure) ſit 'forms of ſwearing, ſuitable to all caſes, 'from the loweſt to the higheſt provo-'cations which could poſſibly happen 'to him—which forms being well con-'ſidered by him, and ſuch moderation as 'he could ſtand to, he kept them ever 'by him on the chimney-piece, within 'his reach, ready for uſe.'—'I never 'apprehended,' replied Doctor Slop, 'that ſuch a thing was ever thought of '—much leſs executed.'—'I beg your 'pardon,' anſwered my father; 'if you 'reading—though not uſing—ſhould 'them to my brother Toby this morn-'ing, whilſt he poured out the tea—'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head—'but, if I remember right, 'tis too long 'for a cut of the thumb.'—'Never the 'more,' quoth Doctor Slop—'the devil take the 'fellow!'—'Then,' anſwered my father, 'it is much at your ſervice, Doc-'tor Slop—on condition you will read 'it aloud.'—So riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the church of Rocheſter, writ by Ernulphus the biſhop—with a moſt affected ſeriouſneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himſelf—he put it into Doctor Slop's hands.—Doctor Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows—my Uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero as loud as he could all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum *.

CHAP. XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ—

CHAP. XI.

'BY the authority of God Almigh-'ty, the Father, Son, and Holy 'Ghoſt; and of the holy canons; and 'of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mo-'ther and patroneſs of our Saviour—'

* As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne*, upon the queſtion of baptiſm, was doubted by ſome, and denied by others—'twas though proper to print the original of *this Excommunication*; for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the Chapter-*clerk* of the Dean and Chapter of Rocheſter.

'[I think

A.

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['I think there is no neceſſity,' quoth Doctor Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father—'as you have read it over, 'Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud—and 'as Captain Shandy ſeems to have no 'great inclination to hear it—I may 'as well read it to myſelf.'—'That's 'contrary to treaty,' replied my father—'beſides, there is ſomething ſo 'whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part 'of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the plea-'ſure of a ſecond reading.' Doctor Slop did not altogether like it—but my Uncle Toby offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them—Doctor Slop thought he might as well read it under the cover of my Uncle Toby's whiſtling—as ſuffer my Uncle Toby to read it alone——ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chargrin—he read it aloud as follows—my Uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero, though not quite ſo loud as before.]

'By the authority of God Almighty, 'the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; 'and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, 'mother and patroneſs of our Saviour, 'and of all the celeſtial virtues, an-'gels, archangels, thrones, dominions, 'powers, cherubins and ſeraphins, and 'of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, 'and of all the apoſtles and evangeliſts, 'and of the holy innocents, who in the 'ſight of the Holy Lamb are found 'worthy to ſing the new ſong of the 'holy martyrs and holy confeſſors, and 'of the holy virgins, and of all the 'ſaints together with the holy and elect 'of God——May he'—(Obadiah)—'be damned,' for tying theſe knots. 'We excommunicate, and anathema-'tize him, and from the threſhold of 'the holy church of God Almighty we 'ſequeſter him, that he may be tor-'mented, diſpoſed and delivered over, 'with Dathan and Abiram, and with 'thoſe who ſay unto the Lord God, "Depart from us, we deſire none of "thy ways." And as fire is quenched 'with water, ſo let the light of him 'be put out for evermore, unleſs it ſhall 'repent him,' (Obadiah) of the knots which he has tied—'and make ſatiſ-'faction'—(for them)—'Amen.'

——atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorùm, dominationum, poteſtatuum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, et ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, et omnium apoſtolorum et evangeliſtarum, et ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum, et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum, atque omnium ſimul ſanctorum et electorum Dei—Excommunicamus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc malefactorem, N. N. et a liminibus ſanctæ Dei, eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus et æternis ſuppliciis excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, 'Recede à nobis, 'ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus:' et ſicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, ſic extinguatur lucerna ejus in ſecula ſeculorum niſi reſpuerit, et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem creavit. Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt. Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptiſmo effuſus eſt. Maledicat illum ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans, aſcendit.

'May the Father who created man, curſe him—May the Son who ſuffered for us, curſe him.—May the Holy Ghoſt, who was given to us in baptiſm, curſe him—(Obadiah)—'May the holy croſs, which Chriſt for our ſalvation triumphing over his enemies aſcended, curſe him.

Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat illum Sanctus Michael, animarum ſuſceptor ſacrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus, et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.

'May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curſe him.—May St. Michael, the advocate of holy ſouls, curſe him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curſe him.'—['Our armies ſwore terribly in Flanders,' cried my Uncle Toby—'but nothing to this.—For my own part, I could not have the heart to curſe my dog ſo.']

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum laudabilis numerus. Maledicat illum Sanctus Johannes, Præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et Sanctus Petrus, et Sanctus Paulus, atque Sanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua prædicatione mundum univerſum converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.

'May St. John the Præcurſor and St. John the Baptiſt, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other Chriſt's apoſtles, together curſe him. And may the reſt of his diſciples and four evangeliſts, who by their preaching converted the univerſal world—and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confeſſors, who by their holy works are found pleaſing to God Almighty—curſe him,'—(Obadiah.)

Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſa honoris Chriſti reſpuenda contempſerunt. Maledicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

'May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for the honour of Chriſt have deſpiſed the things of the world, damn him.—May all the ſaints, who from the beginning of the world to everlaſting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him.—May the heavens and earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him,'—(Obadiah)—'or her,'—(or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo—

'May he,'—(Obadiah)—'be damn'd wherever he be—whether in the houſe or the ſtables, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church.—May he be curſed in living, in dying—' [Here my Uncle Toby, taking

— — — — —
— — — —
— — — — —
— — — —
— — — — —
— — — —

ucando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſi-
, jejunando, dormitando, dormi-
vigilando, ambulando, ſtando,
do, jacendo, operando, quieſcendo,
endo, cacando, flebotomando.

i n
aledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis.

i n
aledictus ſit intus et exterius.

i n i
aledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus
i n
cerebro. Maledictus ſit in ver-
in temporibus, in fronte, in auri-
, in ſuperciliis, in oculis, in genis,
axillis, in naribus, in dentibus,
acibus, in labris ſive molibus, in
, in guttere, in humeris, in har-
in brachiis, in manubus, in digi-
n pectore, in corde, et in omnibus
oribus, ſtomacho tenus, in reni-
in inguinibus, in femore, in ge-
bus, in coxis, in genubus, in
ous, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

i n
ıledictus ſit in totis compagibus
›rorum, a vertice capitis, uſque ad
ım pedis—non ſit in eo ſanitas.

ıledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei
›to ſuæ majeſtatis imperio—

taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continual note to the end of the ſentence.—Doctor Slop, with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.]—'May he 'be curſed in eating and drinking, in 'being hungry, in being thirſty, in 'faſting, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, 'in walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, in 'lying, in working, in reſting, in piſſ-'ing, in ſhitting, and in blood-letting!

'May he,'—(Obadiah)—'be curſed 'in all the faculties of his body.

'May he be curſed inwardly and 'outwardly—May he be curſed in the 'hair of his head!—May he be curſed 'in his brains, and in his vertex,'—['That is a ſad curſe,' quoth my father.]—'in his temples, in his fore-'head, in his ears, in his eye-brows, 'in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his 'noſtrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, 'in his lips, in his throat, in his 'ſhoulders, in his wriſts, in his arms, 'in his hands, in his fingers!

'May he be damn'd in his mouth, 'in his breaſt, in his heart and purte-'nance, down to the very ſtomach!

'May he be curſed in his reins, and 'in his groin—' ['God in heaven 'forbid!' quoth my Uncle Toby.]—'in his thighs, in his genitals,'—(my father ſhook his head)—'in his hips, 'and in his knees, his legs and feet, 'and toe-nails!

'May he be curſed in all the joints 'and articulations of his members, 'from the top of his head to the ſoal of 'his foot! May there be no ſoundneſs 'in him.

'May the Son of the living God, 'with all the glory of his Majeſty—' [Here my Uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous long, loud 'Whew—w—w!' ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of '*Hey day!*' and the word itſelf.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter—and of Juno (if her majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt of your heathen worſhips—which, by the bye, was no ſmall number—ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aerial and aquatick—to ſay nothing

thing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines—(that is, in caſe they wore them)—all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſtered up together, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment; every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroked and ſworn by——by all theſe beards together, then—I vow and proteſt—that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his—only to have ſtood by, and heard my Uncle Toby's accompanyment.

——et inſurgat adverſus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, niſi penituerit et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

——'curſe him!'—continued Doctor Slop—'and may Heaven, with all 'the powers which move therein, riſe 'up againſt him, curſe and damn him,' —(Obadiah)—'unleſs he repent, and 'make ſatisfaction! Amen.—So be it, '—So be it.—Amen.'

'I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curſe the 'devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs.' —'He is the father of curſes,' replied Doctor Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle.—'But he is curſed and 'damned already, to all eternity,' replied Doctor Slop.

'I am ſorry for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop drew up his mouth—and was juſt beginning to return my Uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—or interjectional whiſtle—when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one—put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur—though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing—as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *beſetiſhed* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm——or, to drop my metaphor, which, by the bye is a pity—for I have fetched it as far as from the coaſt of Guinea—their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

——'And how did Garrick ſpeak 'the ſoliloquy laſt night?'—'Oh, a- 'gainſt all rule, my lord—moſt un- 'grammatically! Betwixt the ſubſtan- 'tive and the adjective, which ſhould 'agree together in *number*, *caſe*, and '*gender*, he made a breach thus—ſtop- 'ping, as if the point wanted ſet- 'tling——and betwixt the nominative 'caſe, which your lordſhip knows 'ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended 'his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, 'three ſeconds and three fifths, by a 'ſtop-watch, my lord, each time.'— 'Admirable grammarian!—But in ſuſpending

g his voice—was the ſenſe ſu-
d likewiſe?—Did no expreſſion
tude or countenance fill up the
?—Was the eye ſilent?—Did
rrowly look?'—'I looked only
ſtop-watch, my lord.'—'Ex-
obſerver!'

what of this new book the
world makes ſuch a rout a-
—'Oh! 'tis out of all plumb,
d—quite an irregular thing!—
e of the angles at the four cor-
as a right angle.—I had my
d compaſſes, &c. my lord, in
:ket.'—'Excellent critick!'

And for the epick poem your
p bid me look at—upon taking
ngth, breadth, height, and
of it, and trying them at home
exact ſcale of Boſſu's—'tis out,
d, in every one of it's dimen-
—'Admirable connoiſſeur!'

nd did you ſtep in to take a
the grand picture in your way
—'It is a melancholy daub!
d; not one principle of the *py-*
in any one group!——and what
!—for there is nothing of the
ng of Titian—the expreſſion of
is—the grace of Raphael—the
of Dominichino—the *corregi-*
of Corregio—the learning of
—the airs of Guido—the taſte
Carrachi's—or the grand con-
Angelo.'—Grant me patience,
en!—Of all the cants which
l in this canting world—though
of hypocrites may be the worſt
nt of criticiſm is the moſt tor-
!

ld go fifty miles on foot, (for I
a horſe worth riding on) to
hand of that man whoſe gene-
t will give up the reins of his
ion into his author's hands—
d he knows not why, and cares
efore.

Apollo! if thou art in a giv-
ur—give me—I aſk no more—
ſtroke of native humour, with
park of thy own fire along with
ſend Mercury, with the *rules*
aſſes, if he can be ſpared, with
liments, to——no matter.

to any one elſe, I will under-
prove, that all the oaths and
ions which we have been puff-
upon the world! for theſe two
and fifty years laſt paſt as ori-
except *St. Paul's thumb*—*God's*
fleſh, and God's fiſh—which were oaths
monarchial—and, conſidering who made
them, not much amiſs: and as kings
oaths, 'tis not much matter whether
they were fiſh or fleſh—elſe, I ſay, there
is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt
them, which has not been copied over
and over again out of Ernulphus a thou-
ſand times: but, like all other copies,
how infinitely ſhort of the force and
ſpirit of the original!—It is thought to
be no bad oath—and by itſelf paſſes
very well—'*G—d damn you.*'—Set it
before Ernulphus's—'God Almighty
'the Father damn you—God the Son
'damn you—God the Holy Ghoſt damn
'you;' you ſee 'tis nothing.—There is
an orientality in his we cannot riſe up
to: beſides, he is more copious in his
invention—poſſeſſed more of the excel-
lencies of a ſwearer—had ſuch a thorough
knowledge of the human frame, it's
membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings
of the joints, and articulations—that
when Ernulphus curſed—no part eſcap-
ed him. 'Tis true there is ſomething
of a *hardneſs* in his manner—and, as
in Michael Angelo, a want of *grace*—
but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of
guſto!—

My father, who generally looked
upon every thing in a light very diffe-
rent from all mankind, would, after all,
never allow this to be an original.—He
conſidered rather Ernulphus's anathe-
ma, as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in
which, as he ſuſpected, upon the de-
cline of *ſwearing* in ſome milder pon-
tificate, Ernulphus, by order of the
ſucceeding pope, had with great learn-
ing and diligence collected together all
the laws of it——for the ſame reaſon
that Juſtinian, in the decline of the em-
pire, had ordered his chancellor Tribo-
nian to collect the Roman or civil laws
all together into one code or digeſt—
leſt, through the ruſt of time—and the
fatality of all things committed to oral
tradition—they ſhould be loſt to the
world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oft-
times affirm, there was not an oath,
from the great and tremendous oath of
William the Conqueror—'*By the ſplen-*
'dour of God!' down to the loweſt oath of
a ſcavenger—'*Damn your eyes!*' which
was not to be found in Ernulphus—
'In ſhort,' he would add, 'I defy a
'man to ſwear out of it.'

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my
father's

father's, ſingular and ingenious too—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

—'BLESS my ſoul!—my poor 'miſtreſs is ready to faint—'and her pains are gone—and the drops 'are done—and the bottle of julap is 'broke—and the nurſe has cut her 'arm—' 'And I my thumb!' cried Doctor Slop—'and the child is where 'it was,' continued Suſannah—'and 'the midwife has fallen backwards 'upon the edge of the fender, and 'bruiſed her hip as black as your hat.' —'I'll look at it,' quoth Doctor Slop. 'There is no need of that,' replied Suſannah—'you had better look at my 'miſtreſs—but the midwife would 'gladly firſt give you an account how 'things are, ſo deſires you would go 'up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this mo-'ment.'

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Doctor Slop's head—he had not digeſted it—'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would be full as proper, if 'the midwife came down to me.'—'I like ſubordination,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'and, but for it, after the re-'duction of Liſle, I know not what 'might have become of the garriſon of 'Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in 'the year ten.'—'Nor,' replied Doctor Slop, (parodying my Uncle Toby's hobby-horſical reflection, though full as hobby-horſically himſelf)—'do I 'know, Captain Shandy, what might 'have become of the garriſon above 'ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I 'find all things are in at preſent, but 'for the ſubordination of fingers and 'thumbs to ****** the application of 'which, Sir, under this accident of 'mine, comes in ſo *a propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might 'have been felt by the Shandy family 'as long as the Shandy family had a 'name.'

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the ******—in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo when eloquence riſhed at Athens and Rome, and be ſo now did orators wear mantle to mention the name of a thing, you had the thing about you *in* ready to produce, pop, in the plac want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſwo pinked doublet, a ruſty helmet, a and a half of pot aſhes in an urn, three-halfpenny pickle pot—but all, a tender infant royally acco Though if it was too young, ar oration as long as Tully's ſecond P pick—it muſt certainly have beſh orator's mantle.—And then, aga too old—it muſt have been unv and incommodious to his action—to make him loſe by his child alm much as he could gain by it.—C wiſe, when a ſtate orator has h preciſe age to a minute—hi l his BINO in his mantle ſo cunningl no mortal could ſmell it—and pro it ſo critically, that no ſoul coul it came in by head and ſhould Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders has opened the ſluices, and t the brains, and ſhook the prin and unhinged the politicks of h nation.

Theſe feats, however, are n be done, except in thoſe ſtate times, I ſay, where orators wore tles—and pretty large ones too, m thren, with ſome twenty or fiv twenty yards of good purple, ſup marketable cloth in them—with flowing folds and doubles, and great ſtyle of deſign.—All which ly ſhews, may it pleaſe your wor that the decay of eloquence, an little good ſervice it does at pr both within and without doors, i ing to nothing elſe in the worl ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of t hoſe.—We can conceal nothing ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. XV.

DOCTOR Slop was with ace of being an exception this argumentation: for happeni have his green baize bag upon his when he began to parody my Toby—'twas as good as the beſt tle in the world to him: for whic poſe, when he foreſaw the ſe would end in his new-invented ſe

hand into the bag in order
ready to clap in, where your
ook so much notice of the
hich had he managed—my
y had certainly been over-
sentence and the argument
jumping closely in one point,
wo lines which form the sa-
of a ravelin—Doctor Slop
r have given them up—and
oby would as soon thought
taking them by force. But
fumbled so vilely in pull-
ut, it took off the whole
what was a ten times worse
hey seldom come alone in
pulling out his *forceps*, his
tunately drew out the *squirt*
t.

roposition can be taken in
-'tis a law in disputation,
ondent may reply to which
e pleases, or finds most con-
him.—This threw the ad-
the argument quite on my
y's side.—'Good God!'
ncle Toby, '*are children*
o the world with a squirt?'

H A P. XVI.

'ON my honour, Sir, you
'have tore every bit of skin
ie back of both my hands
forceps,' cried my Uncle
d you have crushed all my
nto the bargain with them
—'It is your own fault,'
Slop—'you should have
our two fists together into
f a child's head, as I told
fast firm.'—'I did so,' an-
Uncle Toby.—'Then the
ny forceps have not been
armed, or the rivet wants
r else the cut on my thumb
me a little awkward—or
—' 'It is well,' quoth my
rupting the detail of pos-
hat the experiment was not
upon my child's head-
It would not have been a
ie the worse,' answered
—'I maintain it,' said my
, 'it would have broke the
, (unless, indeed, the skull
s hard as a granado) and
ll into a perfect posset.'—
eplied Doctor Slop; 'a
'child's head is naturally as soft as
'the pap of an apple—the sutures give
'way—and, besides, I could have ex-
'tracted by the feet after.'—'Not you,'
said she.—'I rather wish you would
'begin that way,' quoth my father.
'Pray do,' added my Uncle Toby.

C H A P. XVII.

——'AND pray, good woman, after
'all, will you take upon you
'to say, it may not be the child's hip,
'as well as the child's head?'—'It is
'most certainly the head,' replied the
midwife.—'Because,' continued Doc-
tor Slop, (turning to my father) 'as
'positive as these old ladies generally
'are—'tis a point very difficult to know,
'and yet of the greatest consequence to
'be known——because, Sir, if the hip
'is mistaken for the head—there is a
'possibility (if it is a boy) that the for-
'ceps * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

——What the possibility was, Doc-
tor Slop whispered very low to my fa-
ther, and then to my Uncle Toby—
'There is no such danger,' continued
he, 'with the head.'—'No, in truth,'
quoth my father—'but when your pos-
'sibility has taken place at the hip—
'you may as well take off the head
'too.'

——It is morally impossible the read-
er should understand this—'tis enough
Doctor Slop understood it—so taking
the green baize bag in his hand, with
the help of Obadiah's pumps, he trip-
ped pretty nimbly, for a man of his
size, across the room to the door—and
from the door was shewn the way, by
the good old midwife, to my mother's
apartment.

C H A P. XVIII.

'IT is two hours, and ten minutes,
'—and no more,' cried my fa-
ther, looking at his watch, 'since Doc-
'tor Slop and Obadiah arrived—and I
'know not how it happens, brother
'Toby—but to my imagination it seems
'almost an age.'

——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my
cap—nay, take the bell along with it,
and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your ser-
vice;

vice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, *he knew not how it happened*—yet he knew very well how it happened—and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my Uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of *duration and it's ſimple modes*, in order to ſhew my Uncle Toby by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Doctor Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceiveable an extent.—'I know not how it happens,' cried my father, 'but it ſeems an age.'

——'It is owing entirely,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to the ſucceſſion of our 'ideas.'

My father, who had an itch in common with all philoſophers, of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatched out of his hands by my Uncle Toby, who (honeſt man) generally took every thing as it happened—and who, of all men in the world, troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking—the ideas of time and ſpace—or how we came by thoſe ideas—or of what ſtuff they were made—or whether they were born with us—or we picked them up afterwards as we went along—or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches——with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and cracked—never did my Uncle Toby's the leaſt injury at all: my father knew it—and was no leſs ſurprized, than he was diſappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

'Do you underſtand the theory of 'that affair?' replied my father.

'Not I,' quoth my uncle.

——'But you have ſome ideas,' ſaid my father, 'of what you talk about?'—

'No more than my horſe,' replied my Uncle Toby.

'Gracious Heaven!' cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together—'there is a worth in 'thy honeſt ignorance, brother Toby; '—twere almoſt a pity to exchange it 'for a knowledge—But I'll tell thee.

'To underſtand what *time* is aright, 'without which we never can compre'hend *infinity*, inſomuch as one is a 'portion of the other—we ought ſe'rioufly to ſit down and conſider what 'idea it is we have of *duration*, ſo as 'to give a ſatisfactory account how we 'came by it.'—'What is that to 'any body?' quoth my Uncle Toby. '*For if you will turn your eyes in'wards upon your mind*, continued my father, '*and obſerve attentively, you 'will perceive, brother, that whilſt 'you and I are talking together, and 'thinking, and ſmoaking our pipes; or 'whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas in 'our minds, we know that we do exiſt, 'and ſo we eſtimate the exiſtence, or 'the continuation of the exiſtence of our'ſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſu'rate to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in 'our minds, the duration of ourſelves, 'or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting 'with our thinking—and ſo according 'to that pre-conceived——'—'You 'puzzle me to death!' cried my Uncle 'Toby!

——'It is owing to this,' replied my father, 'that in our computations 'of *time*, we are ſo uſed to minutes, 'hours, weeks, and months—and of 'clocks, (I wiſh there was not a clock 'in the kingdom) to meaſure out their 'ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe 'who belong to us—that 'twill be well 'if in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of 'our ideas* be of any uſe or ſervice to 'us at all.

'Now, whether we obſerve it or no,' continued my father, 'in every ſound 'man's head, there is a regular ſucceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, 'which follow each other in train juſt 'like—' 'A train of artillery,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'A train of a fiddle'ſtick!'—quoth my father—'which 'follow and ſucceed one another in our 'minds at certain diſtances, juſt like 'the images in the inſide of a lanthorn 'turned round by the heat of a candle.'

* Vide Locke.

'I do

lare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, re more like a ſmoak-jack.'— brother Toby, I have nothing ſay to you upon that ſubject,' ather.

CHAP. XIX.

'HAT a conjuncture was here loſt!——My father in is beſt explanatory moods—in ſuit of a metaphyſick point in- ry regions where clouds and kneſs would ſoon have encom- about—my Uncle Toby in e fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the iis head like a ſmoak-jack— iel unſwept, and the ideas round and round about in it, cated and darkened over with s matter!—By the tomb-ſtone n—if it is in being—if not, by his aſhes! by the aſhes of Rabelais, and dearer Cervan- father and my Uncle Toby's upon TIME and ETERNITY diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed the petulancy of my father's in putting a ſtop to it as he a robbery of the *Ontologick* of ſuch a jewel, as no coali- eat occaſions and great men are y to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

UGH my father perſiſted in t going on with the diſcourſe— ould not get my Uncle Toby's ck out of his head—piqued as at firſt with it——there was gin the compariſon, at the bot- ich hit his fancy; for which reſting his elbow upon the ta- reclining the right ſide of his on the palm of his hand—but firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire—he commune with himſelf, and ize about it: but his ſpirits re out with the fatigues of in- ig new tracts, and the conſtant of his faculties upon that va- ſubjects which had taken their the diſcourſe—the idea of the ck ſoon turned all his ideas wn—ſo that he fell aſleep al- ore he knew what he was about.

As for my Uncle Toby, his ſmoak-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell aſleep alſo.——Peace be with them both!—Doctor Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother above ſtairs.—Trim is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of Meſſina next ſummer—and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands—'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my Preface.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it—here it is——in publiſhing it—I have appealed to the world—and to the world I leave it—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is—when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out—a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great Author and Beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me——ſo that, as your worſhips ſee—'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, Agalaſtes (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, that there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows—but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, aſk, how is it poſſible there ſhould: for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt is from weſt.——So, ſays Locke;—'So are farting and hickuping,' ſay I. But in anſwer to this, Didius the great church lawyer, in his code *De ſartandi et illuſtrandi ſallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, that an illuſtration is no argument——nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm—but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips, ſee the better for it:——ſo that the main good theſe things do, is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any

little motes, or ſpecks of opacular matter, which, if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception, and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able criticks, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this preface)——and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom—Monopolos, my politician—Didius, my counſel—Kyſarcius, my friend—Phutatorius, my guide—Gaſtripheres, the preſerver of my life—Somnolentius, the balm and repoſe of it—not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all together.——Believe me, right worthy—

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us—is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them—ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—ſcum and ſediment and all, (for I would not have a drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains—in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and tunned into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſhed, ſaturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!—how ſhould I tickle it off!—and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers!——and you, juſt Heaven!—with what raptures would you ſit and read—But, oh!—'tis too much—I am ſick—I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me——I am giddy—I am ſtone blind—I am dying—I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!——But hold—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits—we ſhould never agre amongſt ourſelves, one day to an end—there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm—ſcoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it—thruſting and parrying in one corner or another—there would be nothing but miſchief among us.——Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make! what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places—there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and kindneſs—milk and honey—'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe—a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had—ſo that upon the whole we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly emanations of wit and judgment, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf—there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *exiguums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great ſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the artick and antartick circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf—there the leaſt quantity of judgment imaginable does the

ineſs—and of wit—there is a total abſolute ſaving—for as not one is wanted—ſo not one ſpark is Angels and miniſters of grace us! what a diſmal thing would been to have governed a king- o have fought a battle, or made y, or run a match, or wrote a or got a child, or held a provin- apter there, with ſo plentiful a wit and judgment about us! rcy's ſake, let us think no more it, but travel on as faſt as we ithwards into Norway—croſſing vedeland, if you pleaſe, through ll triangular province of Anger- to the lake of Bothnia; coaſting t through eaſt and weſt Bothnia, to Carelia, and ſo on, through e ſtates and provinces which bor- n the far ſide of the Gulph of l, and the north-eaſt of the Bal- p to Peterſbourg, and juſt ſtep- ito Ingria; then ſtretching over from thence through the north f the Ruſſian empire—leaving a little upon the left-hand, till into the very heart of Ruſſian ſiatick Tartary.

throughout this long tour which led you, you obſerve the good are better off by far, than in the ountries which we have juſt left: if you hold your hand over your d look very attentively, you may e ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it of wit, with a comfortable pro- f good plain houſhold judgment; taking the quality and quantity ogether, they make a very good ith—and had they more of either : or the other, it would deſtroy per balance betwixt them, and I sfied moreover they would want ns to put them to uſe.

, Sir, if I conduct you home a- to this warmer and more luxu- ſland, where you perceive the tide of our blood and humours gh—where we have more ambi- d pride, and envy, and lechery, her whoreſon paſſions upon our o govern and ſubject to reaſon— ght of our wit, and the depth of gment, you ſee, are exactly pro- ed to the length and breadth of ceſſities—and accordingly we nt them down amongſt us in ſuch ng kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and ſettled way—ſo that ſometimes for near half a century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us—the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up—then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running a- gain like fury—you would think they would never ſtop—and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which Suidas calls *dialectick induction*—that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable.

That of theſe two luminaries, ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us; as He, whoſe infinite wiſdom which diſ- penſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our ob- ſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a mo- ment longer in my power to conceal it from you, that the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For, alas! could this effu- ſion of light have been as eaſily procur- ed, as the exordium wiſhed it—I trem- ble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learn- ed ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journies end—ſome falling with their noſes perpendicularly into ſtinks—others horizontally with their tails into ken- nels. Here one half of a learned pro- feſſion tilting full butt againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and roll- ing one over the other in the dirt like hogs.—Here the brethren of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in op- poſition to each other, flying on the

contrary like a flock of wild geese, all in a row, the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears!—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart—instead of measuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a statesman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—against the stream of corruption—by Heaven!—instead of with it.

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse—feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's——a brother of the faculty in the back ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveness—offering a fee—instead of taking one.

In that spacious hall, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damned, dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way—kicking it out of the great doors, instead of in—and with such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preservation of mankind—perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still—a litigated point fairly hung up:—for instance, whether John O'Nokes his nose could stand in Tom O'Stiles his face, without a trespass, or not—rashly determined by them in five and twenty minutes; which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an action should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein—such as feints—forced marches—surprizes—ambuscades—mask-batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which consist in catching at all advantages on both sides—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the clergy——No—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot!—I have no desire—and, besides, if I had—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject—with such weak nerves and spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with so sad and melancholy an account—and therefore 'tis safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it, as fast as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up—and that is, how it comes to pass, that your men of least wit are reported to be men of most judgment.—But mark—I say, reported to be—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report; and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observations already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations—and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception; when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about you, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—'for what 'hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the 'laudable desire of knowledge bring 'to any man, if even from a sot, a pot, 'a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a 'truckle for a pully, the lid of a gold-'smith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old 'slipper, or a cane chair—' I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it—they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

——Here stands Wit—and there stands Judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I am speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

——You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of it's frame—as wit and judgment are of ours—and like

m too, indubitably both made
ed to go together, in order, as
n all ſuch caſes of duplicated
ſhments—to anſwer one another.
, for the ſake of an experiment,
the clearer illuſtrating this mat-
us for a moment take off one
: two curious ornaments (I care
ch) from the point or pinnacle
chair it now ſtands on—nay,
ugh at it—but did you ever ſee
'hole courſe of your lives ſuch a
us buſineſs as this has made of
'hy, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a
h one ear; and there is juſt as
:nſe and ſymmetry in the one, as
ther——do—pray, get off your
ily to take a view of it.——
would any man who valued his
:r a ſtraw, have turned a piece
: out of his hand in ſuch a con-
——Nay, lay your hands upon
earts, and anſwer this plain
a, Whether this one ſingle knob,
ow ſtands here like a blockhead
f, can ſerve any purpoſe upon
but to put one in mind of the
f the other?—and let me farther
the chair was your own, if you
uld not in your conſciences think,
han be as it is, that it would be
es better without any knob at

theſe two knobs—or top orna-
of the mind of man, which crown
ole entablature—being, as I ſaid,
l judgment, which of all others,
ve proved it, are the moſt need-
e moſt prized—the moſt calami-
be without, and conſequently
deſt to come at—for all theſe
put together, there is not a mor-
ong us, ſo deſtitute of a love of
ame or feeding—or ſo ignorant
t will do him good therein—who
ot wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in

borne, but by an effort of philoſophy
not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are
upon—ſo that no one could well have
been angry with them, had they been
ſatisfied with what little they could have
ſnatched up and ſecreted under their
cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not
raiſed a hue and cry at the ſame time
againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worſhips, that
this was done with ſo much cunning
and artifice—that the great Locke, who
was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds—
was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The
cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a
one, and that with the help of great
wigs, grave faces, and other imple-
ments of deceit, was rendered ſo gene-
ral a one againſt the poor wits in this
matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was
deceived by it—it was his glory to free
the world from the lumber of a thou-
ſand vulgar errors—but this was no
of the number: ſo that inſtead of ſitting
down coolly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould
have done, to have examined the matter
of fact before he philoſophized upon it—
on the contrary, he took the fact for
granted, and ſo joined in with the cry
and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt

This has been made the Magna
Charta of ſtupidity ever ſince—but your
reverences plainly ſee, it has been ob-
tained in ſuch a manner, that the title
to it is not worth a groat—which, by
the bye, is one of the many and vile im-
poſitions which gravity and grave folks
have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may
be thought to have ſpoken my mind too
freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever
has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſ-
praiſe or prejudice, by one general de-
claration—That I have no abhorrence
whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure
either great wigs or long beards, any

with it an hour—and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges. —And yet, at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetorick and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.—Never did the parlour-door open—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it!—three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

——Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him (inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving only to ſharpen his ſenſibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo! —Are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enough, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow;—ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall—the parlour-door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now to the next moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of hinges, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour-door opened and turn'd upon it's hinges, as a door ſhould do—

——Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon it's hinges—(that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your worſhip—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in; the moment he had beheld my father and my Uncle Toby faſt aſleep—the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon it's account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepped in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

When things move upon bad hinges, an' pleaſe your lordſhips, *how can it be otherwiſe?*

'Pray what's the matter? Who is 'there?' cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.—'I 'wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at 'that confounded hinge.'—'It is no-'thing, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'but two mortars I am bring-'ing in.'—'They ſhan't make a clatter 'with them here,' cried my father haſtily.—'If Doctor Slop has any drugs 'to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.' —'May it pleaſe your honour,' cried Trim, 'they are two mortar-pieces for 'a ſiege next ſummer, which I have 'been making out of a pair of jack-'boots, which Obadiah told me your 'honour had left off wearing.'—'By 'Heaven!' cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore—'I have 'not one appointment belonging to me, 'which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do 'by theſe jack-boots—they were our 'great-grandfather's, brother Toby—'they were *hereditary*.'—'Then I 'fear,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'Trim 'has cut off the entail.'—'I have only 'cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour,' cried Trim.—'I hate *perpe-'tuities* as much as any man alive,' cried my father, '—but theſe jack-'boots,' continued he, (ſmiling, though very

the ſame time) ‘ have been
y, brother, ever ſince the
-Sir Roger Shandy wore
battle of Marſton-Moor.
I would not have taken
for them.’—‘ I’ll pay you
brother Shandy,’ quoth
oby, looking at the two
infinite pleaſure, and put-
l into his breeches pocket
them—‘ I’ll pay you the
this moment with all my
ul.’——
Toby,’ replied my father,
one, ‘ you care not what
diſſipate and throw away,
continued he, ‘ it is but
GE.’—‘ Have I not a hun-
wenty pounds a year, be-
alf-pay?’ cried my Uncle
What is that,’ replied my
, ‘ to ten pounds for a
k-boots?—twelve guineas
pontoons?—half as much
utch draw-bridge?—to ſay
the train of little braſs
u beſpoke laſt week, with
er preparations for the ſiege
. Believe me, dear Brother
ntinued my father, taking
by the hand, ‘ theſe mili-
tions of yours are above
gth—you mean well, bro-
they carry you into greater
han you were firſt aware
take my word, dear Toby,
n the end quite ruin your
nd make a beggar of you.’
gnifies it if they do, bro-
ed my Uncle Toby, ‘ ſo
know it is for the good of
’—
could not help ſmiling, for
anger, at the worſt, was
than a ſpark—and the zeal
y of Trim, and the generous
by-horſical) gallantry of my
, brought him into perfect
r with them in an inſtant.
s ſouls!—God proſper you
your mortar-pieces too!’
ther to himſelf.

H A P. XXIII.

is quiet and huſh,’ cried
father, ‘ at leaſt above
hear not one foot ſtirring.
‘ Pr’ythee, Trim, who’s in the kitch-
‘ en?’—‘ There is no one ſoul in the
‘ kitchen,’ anſwered Trim, making a
low bow as he ſpoke, ‘ except Doctor
Slop.’—‘ Confuſion!’ cried my father,
(getting up upon his legs a ſecond time)
—‘ not one ſingle thing has gone right
‘ this day! had I faith in aſtrology,
‘ brother,’ (which, by the bye, my fa-
ther had) ‘ I would have ſworn ſome
‘ retrograde planet was hanging over
‘ this unfortunate houſe of mine, and
‘ turning every individual thing in it
‘ out of it’s place.—Why, I thought
‘ Doctor Slop had been above ſtairs
‘ with my wife, and ſo ſaid you.—
‘ What can the fellow be puzzling a-
‘ bout in the kitchen?’—‘ He is buſy,
‘ an’ pleaſe your honour,’ replied Trim,
‘ in making a bridge.’—‘ It is very
‘ obliging in him,’ quoth my Uncle
Toby.—‘ Pray, give my humble ſer-
‘ vice to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell
‘ him I thank him heartily.’

You muſt know, my Uncle Toby miſtook the bridge—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars——but to underſtand how my Uncle Toby could miſtake the bridge—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it—or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one) in order to conceive the probability of this error in my Uncle Toby aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of Trim’s, though much againſt my will—I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of it’s place here; for by right it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my Uncle Toby’s amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor—or elſe in the middle of his and my Uncle Toby’s campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place—but then if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory—I ruin the ſtory I am upon—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—— What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

——‘ Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all
‘ means.’—‘ You are a fool, Triſtram,
‘ if you do.’

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hear-

ing

ing—that kindly ſhew him where he is to begin it and where he is to end it—what he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to caſt into ſhade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into—will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you, (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have done juſt here—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide poſt in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THOUGH the ſhock my Uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex—or of aught which belonged to it—yet Corporal Trim had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf.—Indeed, in my Uncle Toby's caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances which inſenſibly drew him in to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.—In Trim's caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen; though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my Uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points—I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would have laid down his arms and followed his example with pleaſure. When, therefore, my Uncle Toby ſat down before the miſtreſs—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it—that ſo many play-wrights and ſpinners of chit-chat, have ever ſince been working upon Trim's and my Uncle Toby's pattern. I care not what Ariſtotle, or Pacuvius, or Boſſu, or Ricaboni ſay—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-à-vis*; than betwixt a ſingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama—Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind—is quite loſt in five acts—but that is neither here or there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my Uncle Toby's quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in it's proper place, my Uncle Toby, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf—or with any one elſe—the fidelity, however, of his heart, not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt—he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade—that is, he kept others off—for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did—or would give her a ribband—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a ——.

Preciſely in this ſituation did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year 13, to the latter end of my Uncle Toby's campaign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I am ſpeaking of——when Trim, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my Uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-ſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications—in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly—he eſpied his Bridget.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my Uncle Toby had made, Trim courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouthed trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's,

with

toward circumſtance along
my Uncle Toby's curious
conſtructed and painted
ch faſhion, and which went
ne ditch—was broke down,
w or other cruſhed all to
ry night.
, as you have obſerved, had
em for my Uncle Toby's
—he thought it the moſt
orſe that ever gentleman
d, indeed, unleſs my Uncle
him about it, could never
ice, without ſmiling at it:
never could get lame or
miſchance, but it tickled
imagination beyond mea-
is being an accident much
mour than any one which
len it, it proved an inex-
d of entertainment to him.
ut dear Toby!' my father
'do tell us ſeriouſly how
f the bridge happened.'—
ou teaze me ſo much about
ncle Toby would reply.—
it you twenty times, word
s Trim told it me.'——
ow was it then, corporal?'
uld cry, turning to Trim.
mere misfortune, an' pleaſe
ur—I was ſhewing Mrs.
fortifications, and in go-
ar the edge of the foſsè, I
ly ſlipp'd in.'——'Very
l' my father would cry—
eriouſly, and giving a nod
t interrupting him)—'and
d faſt, an' pleaſe your ho-
in arm with Mrs. Bridget,
er after me, by means of
ell backwards ſoſs againſt
-' 'And Trim's foot,' (my
would cry, taking the ſtory
uth) 'getting into the ca-
tumbled full againſt the
—It was a thouſand to
Uncle Toby would add,
or fellow did not break his
, truly,' my father would
b is ſoon broke, brother
ch encounters.'——'And
ſe your honour, the bridge,
honour knows was a very
was broke down betwixt
intered all to pieces.'
times, but eſpecially when
oby was ſo unfortunate as
to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyrick upon the *battering-rams* of the ancients—the *vinea* which Alexander made uſe of at the ſiege of Tyre.—He would tell my Uncle Toby of the *catapulta* of the Syrians, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation.—He would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the *balliſta* which Marcellinus makes ſo much rout about—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli*, which caſts fire—the danger of the *terebra* and *ſcorpio*, which caſt javelins.—'But what are theſe,' he would ſay, 'to the deſtructive machinery of 'Corporal Trim?—Believe me, bro-'ther Toby, no bridge, or baſtion, or 'ſally-port, that ever was conſtructed 'in this world, can hold out againſt 'ſuch artillery.'

My Uncle Toby would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing. My Uncle Toby leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my Uncle Toby did theſe little offices—cut my father through his reins, for the pain he had juſt been giving him.—'May my brains be knock'd 'out with a battering-ram or a cata-'pulta, I care not which,' quoth my father to himſelf—'if ever I inſult this 'worthy ſoul more!

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to ſet about another—but not upon the ſame model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being diſ-

covered, and my Uncle Toby rightly foreſeeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the enſuing campaign muſt in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my Uncle Toby, by the-bye, was not far out in his conjectures)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my Uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my Uncle Toby took it of him in the field—convinced him, that if the King of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears, that England, and France, and Holland muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too—'And 'if ſo,' he would ſay, 'the combatants, 'brother Toby, as ſure as we are alive, 'will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon 'the old prize-fighting ſtage of Flan-'ders—then what will you do with 'your Italian bridge?'

——'We will go on with it then, upon 'the old model,' cried my Uncle Toby.'

When Corporal Trim had about half finiſhed it in that ſtyle—my Uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle; one half of which turned to one ſide of the foſsè, and the other to the other: the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my Uncle Toby to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand; which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare—but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable—'For by this means,' he would ſay, 'I leave one half of my bridge in 'my enemy's poſſeſſion—and pray of 'what uſe is the other?'

The natural remedy for this—was, no doubt, to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright—but that was rejected for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again to gain a paſſage—of which ſc worſhips might have ſeen three ones at Spires before it's deſtr and one now at Briſack, if I not—but my father adviſing n Toby, with great earneſtneſs, to thing more to do with thruſting —and my uncle foreſeeing more it would but perpetuate the m the corporal's misfortune—he ed his mind for that of the d'Hôpital's invention, which th er Bernouilli has ſo well and l deſcribed, as your worſhips m Act. Erud. Lipſ. ann. 1695—lead weight is an eternal bala keeps watch as well as a coupl tinels, inaſmuch as the conſtr them was a curve line approxi a cycloid—if not a cycloid itſe

My Uncle Toby underſtoo ture of a parabola as well as in England—but was not qui maſter of the cycloid—he tall ever about it every day—th went not forwards.—'We'll 'body about it,' cried my Un to Trim.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in my father, that Doctor in the kitchen, and buſy in bridge—my Uncle Toby—of the jack-boots having juſt t a train of military ideas in hi took it inſtantly for granted th Slop was making a model of quis d'Hôpital's bridge.—'I 'obliging in him,' quoth Toby:—'pray give my hum 'to Doctor Slop, Trim, and 'I thank him heartily.'

Had my Uncle Toby's h a Savoyard's box, and my fat ing in all the time at one gl could not have given him a mo conception of the operations i cle Toby's imagination, tha had; ſo notwithſtanding the and battering-ram, and his precation about them, he wa ginning to triumph.

When Trim's anſwer, in tore the laurel from his br twiſted it to pieces.

H A P. XXVII.

'HIS unfortunate draw-
'bridge of yours ——'
father—'God bleſs your ho-
ried Trim, 'it is a bridge for
noſe.— In bringing him into
d with his vile inſtruments, he
hed his noſe,' Suſannah ſays,
s a pancake to his face, and he
ıg a falſe bridge with a piece of
ınd a thin piece of whalebone
uſannah's ſtays, to raiſe it up.'
ad me, Brother Toby,' cried
, 'to my room this inſtant!'

H A P. XXVIII.

M the firſt moment I ſat down
ite my Life for the amuſement
rld, and my Opinions for it's
ı, has a cloud inſenſibly been
over my father.—A tide of
and diſtreſſes has been ſetting
him.— Not one thing, as he
ıimſelf, has gone right: and
ıe ſtorm thickened, and going
and pour down full upon his
upon this part of my ſtory in
ɔenſive and melancholy frame
hat ever ſympathetick breaſt
ied with.— My nerves relax
—Every line I write, I feel an
of the quickneſs of my pulſe,
nat careleſs alacrity with it,
ry day of my life prompts me
I write a thouſand things I
t — And this moment that I
l my pen into my ink, I could
aking notice what a cautious
:ompoſure and ſolemnity there
in my mar ner of doing it.—
w different from the raſh jerks
ɔrained ſquirts thou art wont,
to tranſact it with in other
—dropping thy pen— ſpurting
ɔout thy table and thy books
y pen and thy ink, thy books
ırniture, coſt thee nothing!

C H A P. XXIX.

Von't go about to argue the
ɔint with you—'tis ſo—and I
ıded of it, Madam, as much
as can be, that both man and woman bear pain or ſorrow (and, for aught I know, pleaſure too) beſt in a horizontal poſition.

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of his right-hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touched the quilt — his left-arm hung inſenſible over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peeped out beyond the valance—his right-leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone— He felt it not. A fixed inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.——He ſighed once — heaved his breaſt often—but uttered not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitched chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined—My Uncle Toby ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted—conſolation ever comes too ſoon—and after it is digeſted—it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, Madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. My Uncle Toby was always either on this ſide, or on that of it; and would often ſay, he believed in his heart, he could as ſoon hit the longitude: for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice, —he pulled out a cambrick handkerchief —gave a low ſigh— but held his peace.

C H A P. XXX.

——'ALL is not gain that is got 'into the purſe.'—So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf, the oddeſt way of thinking that ever

man in it was bleſſed with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all—that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however ſcientifically applied—would vex any man in the world who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrendered himſelf up to it.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my good Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——'I Think it a very unreaſonable 'demand,' cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.—'By 'this account, Madam, you have but 'two thouſand pounds fortune, and 'not a ſhilling more—and you inſiſt 'upon having three hundred pounds a 'year jointure for it.'——

——'Becauſe,' replied my great-grandmother, 'you have little or no 'noſe, Sir.'——

Now, before I venture to make uſe of the word *noſe* a ſecond time—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that it is owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon a Will o' the Wiſp, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment—but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for—changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcuſable; and Heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my reader's imaginations.

'Here are two ſenſes,' cried Eugenius, as he walked along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right-hand to the word *crevice*, in the forty-eight page of the ſecond volume of this book of books—'here are two ſenſes,' quoth he.—'And here are two roads,' replied I, turning ſhort upon him; 'a dirty and 'a clean one—which ſhall we take?'—'The clean, by all means,' replied Eugenius.'—'Eugenius,' ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt—'to define—is to diſ-'truſt.'—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.—It is my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one; therefore—

I define a noſe, as follows—intreating only before-hand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.—For by the word *noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word noſe occurs—I declare, by that word, I mean a noſe, and nothing more or leſs.

CHAP. XXXII.

——'BECAUSE,' quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again—'you have little or no noſe, Sir.'—

'S'death!' cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe; 'it is not ſo ſmall as that comes to—

l inch longer than my fa-
w, my great grandfather's
ll the world like unto the
ie men, women, and chil-
Pantagruel found dwell-
Iſland of ENNASIN.—By
ou would know the ſtrange
ng a kin amongſt ſo flat-
ple—you muſt read the
t out yourſelf you never

s ſhaped, Sir, like an ace

a full inch,' continued my
ather, preſſing up the ridge
with his finger and thumb,
his aſſertion; 'it is full an
r, Madam, than my fa-
You muſt mean your un-
ied my great-grandmother.
reat-grandfather was con-
untwiſted the paper, and
icle.

A P. XXXIII.

'HAT an unconſcionable
'jointure, my dear, do
ut of this ſmall eſtate of
th my grandmother to my

er,' replied my grandfather,
ore noſe, my dear, ſaving
than there is upon the back
d.

, you muſt know, that my
nother outlived my grand-
e years; ſo that my father
ure to pay, a hundred and
half-yearly—(on Michael-
dy-day)—during all that

diſcharged pecuniary obli-
a better grace than my fa-
s far as the hundred pounds
ould fling it upon the table,
inea, with that ſpirited jerk
t welcome, which generous
enerous ſouls only, are able
n money—but as ſoon as
red upon the odd fifty—he
ve a loud *hem!* rubbed the
noſe leiſurely with the flat
re-finger—inſerted his hand
twixt his head and the cawl
—looked at both ſides of
t as he parted with it—and
I get to the end of the fifty

pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who make no allowances for theſe workings within us! —Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations, at leaſt, this tenet in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family. —*Tradition* was all along on it's ſide, and *intereſt* was every half-year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it—ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.—For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however. If education planted the miſtake, (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in England could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, that it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boaſt that the Shandy family ranked very high in King Harry the VIIIth's time, but owed it's riſe to no ſtate-engine—he would ſay—but to that only;—but that, like other families, he would add—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe—'It was an ace of 'clubs indeed,' he would cry, ſhaking his head, 'and as vile a one for an un-'fortunate family as ever turned up 'trumps.'

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee?—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third—that is, meaſuring

ſuring downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.—

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs?

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs—'of not learning new 'tricks.'

What a ſhuttle-cock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whiſked into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this.—He picked up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, 'Whence comes this 'man's right to this apple?—*ex confeſſo*,' he will ſay—'things were in a ſtate of 'nature.—The apple, as much Frank's 'apple as John's. Pray, Mr. Shandy, 'what patent has he to ſhew for it? and 'how did it begin to be his? was it, 'when he ſet his heart upon it? or when 'he gathered it? or when he chewed 'it? or when he roaſted it? or when he 'peeled, or when he brought it home? 'or when he digeſted? or when he——'—For 'tis plain, Sir, if the firſt picking up of the apple, made it not his—that no ſubſequent act could.

'Brother Didius,' Tribonius will anſwer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, ſo I give myſelf no farther trouble about the anſwer.)—'Brother Didius,' Tribonius will ſay, 'it is a decreed caſe, as you may find 'it in the fragments of Gregorius and 'Hermogenes's codes, and in all the 'codes from Juſtinian's down to the 'codes of Louis and Des Eaux—that 'the ſweat of a man's brows, and the 'exſudations of a man's brains, are as 'much a man's own property as the 'breeches upon his backſide;'—which ſaid exſudations, &c. being dropped upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annexed by the picker-up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roaſted, peeled, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on;—it is evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mixed up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property—or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above; ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my Uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this—the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes: by the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my Uncle Toby's library—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt Uncle Toby had

e thoſe upon military architec-
is true, a much leſs table would
l them—but that was not thy
ſion, my dear uncle.—
—but why here—rather than in
r part of my ſtory—I am not
tell—but here it is—my heart
to pay to thee, my dear Un-
y, once for all, the tribute I
goodneſs.—Here let me thruſt
r aſide, and kneel down upon
ınd, whilſt I am pouring forth
neſt ſentiments of love for thee,
ration for the excellency of thy
r, that ever virtue and nature
in a nephew's boſom.—' Peace
omfort reſt for evermore upon
ad!—Thou envied'ſt no man's
rts—inſulted'ſt no man's opi-
—Thou blackened'ſt no man's
ter—devoured'ſt no man's bread!
, with faithful Trim behind
lid'ſt thou amble round the little
of thy pleaſures, joſtling no
re in thy way——for each one's
:, thou had'ſt a tear—for each
need, thou had'ſt a ſhilling.
ilſt I am worth one, to pay a
r—thy path from thy door to
wling-green ſhall never be grown
Whilſt there is a rood and a half
d in the Shandy family, thy for-
ions, my dear Uncle Toby, ſhall
be demoliſhed!'

CHAP. XXXV.

r father's collection was not
great; but, to make amends, it
ious—and conſequently he was
me in making it; he had the
good fortune, however, to ſet
, in getting Bruſcambille's pro-
pon long noſes, almoſt for no-
for he gave no more for Bruſ-
e than three half crowns; owing
to the ſtrong fancy which the
in ſaw my father had for the book
nent he laid his hands upon it.—
e are not three Bruſcambilles in
endom,' ſaid the ſtall-man, 'ex-
what are chained up in the libra-
f the curious.' My father flung
ne money as quick as lightning
Bruſcambille into his boſom—
me from Piccadilly to Coleman
vith it, as he would have hied
vith a treaſure, without taking
his hand once off from Bruſcambille all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender Bruſcambille is—inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either—'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, that when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with Bruſcambille after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the inamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile; —my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge——he cooled—his affections became divided—he got hold of Prignitz, —purchaſed Scroderus—Andrea Paræus—Bouchet's Evening Conferences —and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by and by—— I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable Eraſmus, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing-ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or, if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on—let me beg of you, like an unbacked filly—*to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks, and ſhort kicks*—till like Tickletoby's mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt.—You need not kill him.

——' And pray who was Tickle-
' toby's mare?'—'tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year (*ab urb. con.*) the ſecond Punick war broke out.—Who

was

was Tickletoby's mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or by the knowledge of the great St. Paraleipomenon—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all it's ſagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths, which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

CHAP.

H A P. XXXVII.

HIL *me pœnitet hujus naſi*,' quoth Pamphagus——that is, e has been the making of me.' *cur pœniteat*,' replies Cocles; how the deuce ſhould ſuch a il!'

octrine, you ſee, was laid down ius, as my father wiſhed it, with ſt plainneſs; but my father's tment was, in finding nothing n ſo able a pen, but the bare fact ithout any of that ſpeculative or ambi-dexterity of argumen- on it, which Heaven had be- pon man on purpoſe to inveſti- ı, and fight for her on all ſides. ther *piſh'd* and *pugh'd* at firſt ibly—'Tis worth ſomething to ood name.—As the dialogue ;raſmus, my father ſoon came f, and read it over and over th great application, ſtudying ord and every ſyllable of it, and through, in it's moſt ſtrict l interpretation—he could ſtill hing of it, that way. 'May- ıere is more meant, than is ſaid quoth my father.—'Learned rother Toby, don't write dia- upon long noſes for nothing.— dy the myſtick and the allego- aſe—here is ſome room to turn s ſelf in, brother.'

ther read on.—

find it needful to inform your s and worſhips, that beſides y nautical uſes of long noſes ed by Eraſmus, the dialogiſt , that a long noſe is not with- domeſtick conveniences alſo; in a caſe of diſtreſs—and for a pair of bellows, it will do ly well, *ad excitandum focum*, p the fire.)

e had been prodigal in her gifts ther beyond meaſure, and had e ſeeds of verbal criticiſm as ıin him, as ſhe had done the ill other knowledge—ſo that he out his penknife, and was try- riments upon the ſentence, to e could not ſcratch ſome better o it.—'I've got within a ſingle brother Toby,' cried my fa- of Eraſmus his myſtick mean- .'You are near enough, bro- ther,' replied my uncle, 'in all con- ſcience.'—'Pſhaw!' cried my father, ſcratching on—'I might as well be 'ſeven miles off.—I've done it—' ſaid my father, ſnapping his fingers.—'See, 'my dear brother Toby, how I have 'mended the ſenſe.'—'But you have 'marred a word,' replied my Uncle Toby.—My father put on his ſpectacles —bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a paſſion.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

O Slawkenbergius! thou faithful analyzer of my *Diſgrázias*—thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of.—Tell me, Slawkenbergius! what ſecret impulſe was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears?—art thou ſure thou heard'ſt it? which firſt cried out to thee, 'Go—go, 'Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours 'of thy life—neglect thy paſtimes—call 'forth all the powers and faculties of 'thy nature—macerate thyſelf in the 'ſervice of mankind, and write a grand 'folio for them, upon the ſubject of 'their noſes.'

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's ſenſorium—ſo that Slawkenbergius ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key—and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years—we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was played upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitfield's diſciples—that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *màſters* it was that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*—as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

——For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prologomena—which, by the bye, ſhould have come firſt; but the book-binder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the

analytical contents of the book, and the book itſelf—he informs his reader, that ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man, and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being:—or—to ſhorten my tranſlation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this paſſage; —'Ever ſince I underſtood,' quoth Slawkenbergius, 'any thing—or, rather *what was what*—and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before—have I (Slawkenbergius) felt a ſtrong impuſe, with a mighty and an unreſiſtible call within me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.'

And to do juſtice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him—and, indeed, in many reſpects deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by—for he has taken in, Sir, the whole ſubject—examined every part of it *dialectically*—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike—or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had impowered him to caſt upon it—collating, collecting, and compiling—begging, borrowing, and ſtealing—as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned: ſo that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-ſtitched DIGEST and regular inſtitute of *noſes*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noſes—or collaterally touching them—ſuch, for inſtance as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me; who, with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houſes in Sileſia, which he had rummaged—has informed us, that the menſuration and configuration of the oſſeous or bony parts of human noſes, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all cruſhed down by the thumb, ſo that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;—the difference amongſt them, being, he ſays, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of—but that the ſize and jollity of every individual noſe, and by which one noſe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muſcular parts of it, into whoſe ducts and ſinuſes the blood and animal ſpirits being impelled and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ſtep from it—(bating the caſe of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turky, ſuppoſes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it ſo happens, and ever muſt, ſays Prignitz, that the excellency of the noſe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the ſame reaſon, that is, becauſe it is all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I ſay nothing likewiſe of Scroderus (Andrea;) who, all the world knows, ſet himſelf to oppugn Prignitz with great violence—proving it in his own way, firſt *logically*, and then by a ſeries of ſtubborn facts, that ſo far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the noſe—that, on the contrary—the noſe begat the fancy.

——The learned ſuſpected Scroderus of an indecent ſophiſm in this—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the diſpute, that Scroderus had ſhifted the idea upon him—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his theſis.

My father was juſt balancing within himſelf, which of the two ſides he ſhould take in this affair; when Ambroſe Paræus decided it in a moment; and by overthrowing the ſyſtems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both ſides of the controverſy at once.

Be witneſs ——

I do not acquaint the learned reader;—in ſaying it, I mention it only to ſhew the learned, I know the fact myſelf——

That this Ambroſe Paræus was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to Francis the Ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or ſucceeding

—(I know not which)—and pt in the ſlip he made in his Faliacotius's noſes, and his f ſetting them on—was eſ- the whole college of phyſi- at time, as more knowing in noſes, than any one who had them in hand.

mbroſe Paræus convinced my it the true and efficient cauſe ad engaged ſo much the at- the world, and upon which nd Scroderus had waſted ſo uing and fine parts—was nei- or that—but that the length ieſs of the noſe was owing he ſoftneſs and flaccidity in s breaſt—as the flatneſs and of *puiſne* noſes was to the nd elaſtick repulſion of the n of nutrition in the hale and hich, though happy for the as the undoing of the child, as his noſe was ſo ſnubbed, l, ſo rebated, and ſo refrige- eby, as never to arrive *ad ſuam legitimam* — but that the flacidity and ſoftneſs of r mother's breaſt—by ſinking oth Paræus, as into ſo much e noſe was comforted, nou- imped up, refreſhed, refocil- ſet a growing for ever.

out two things to obſerve of firſt, that he proves and ex- this with the utmoſt chaſtity im of expreſſion — for which ul for ever reſt in peace!

econdly, that beſides the ſyſ- ignitz and Scroderus, which Paræus his hypotheſis effectu- hrew — it overthrew at the the ſyſtem of peace and har- ur family; and for three days not only embroiled matters y father and my mother, but ewiſe the whole houſe and g in it, except my Uncle ite upſide down.

ridiculous tale of a diſpute n man and his wife, never any age or country, got vent e key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

ther, you muſt know——but y things more neceſſary to let firſt—I have a hundred dif- hich I have promiſed to clear n thouſand diſtreſſes and do- iſadventures crouding in upon and threefold, one upon the neck of another.—A cow broke in (to- morrow morning) to my Uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two ratios and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it, which faced his horn- work and covered way.—Trim inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be ſhot—Slop to be *crucifix- ed*—myſelf to be *triſtramed*, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of — poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling—but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations—I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour; and five and thirty minutes are lapſed al- ready.—Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in—this certainly is the greateſt—for I have Hafen Slaw- kenbergius's folio, Sir, to finiſh—a dialogue between my father and my Uncle Toby upon the ſolution of Prig- nitz, Scroderus, Ambroſe Paræus, Po- nocrates, and Grangouſier, to relate; —a tale out of Slawkenbergius to tran- ſlate—and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all——ſuch a head!— would to Heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it!

CHAP. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family—and to do it juſtice in this point — and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn—that I believe in my ſoul, (unleſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things never made or put a family together—(in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)—where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhift- ing them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of theſe was more di- verting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre

of ours—than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes —eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would ſerve him but to heat my Uncle Toby's too.

My Uncle Toby would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my Uncle Toby's reaſon — or contrary to it — or that his brain was like wet tinder, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold —or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtins, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines — I ſay not—let ſchoolmen—ſcullions, anatomiſts, and engineers, fight for it amongſt themſelves——

It was ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my Uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt—and generally leaſt ſo, where it was moſt wanted.—This naturally opened a door to a ſecond misfortune — that in the warmer paroxyſms of his zeal to open my Uncle Toby's eyes — my father's ideas ran on as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my Uncle Toby's — neither one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making ſyllogiſms—I mean, in man—for in ſuperior claſſes of beings, ſuch as angels and ſpirits — it is all done, may it pleaſe your worſhips, as they tell me, by intuition; and beings inferior, as your worſhips all know—ſyllogize, by their noſes: though there is an iſland ſwimming in the ſea (though not altogether at it's eaſe) whoſe inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are ſo wonderfully gifted, as to ſyllogize after the ſame faſhion, and oft-times to make very well out too — but that's neither here nor there———

The gift of doing it as it ſhould be, amongſt us, or — the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or diſagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*) juſt as a man, as Locke well obſerves, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin alleys to be of the ſame length, which could not be brought together, to meaſure their equality, by *juxta-poſition*.

Had the ſame great reaſoner looked on, as my father illuſtrated his ſyſtems of noſes, and obſerved my Uncle Toby's deportment — what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful ſerioufneſs he contemplated the length of it — ſurveying it tranſverſely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb—then fore-right—then this way, and then that, in all it's poſſible directions and fore-ſhortenings—he would have concluded my Uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was ſyllogizing and meaſuring with it the truth of each hypotheſis of long noſes, in order as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted; —his aim in all the pains he was at in theſe philoſophick lectures — was to enable my Uncle Toby not to *diſcuſs*, but *comprehend* — to *hold* the grains and ſcruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.— My Uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'IT is a pity,' cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful tranſlation of Slawkenbergius— 'it is a pity,' cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he ſpoke—'that truth, 'brother Toby, ſhould ſhut herſelf up 'in ſuch impregnable faſtneſſes, and be 'ſo obſtinate as not to ſurrender herſelf 'ſometimes up upon the cloſeſt ſiege.'

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my Uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him —having

; nothing to ſtay it there, had ſhort flight to the bowling- his body might as well have urn there too—ſo that with all ance of a deep ſchool-man in- the *medius terminus* — my by was in fact as ignorant of lecture, and all it's pro's and if my father had been tranſlat- Slawkenbergius from the Latin nto the Cherokee. But the , like a taliſmanick power, in r's metaphor, wafting back e Toby's fancy, quick as a l follow the touch—he opened and my father obſerving that is pipe out of his mouth, and is chair nearer the table, as ſure to profit—my father with ſure began his ſentence again, ng only the plan, and drop- netaphor of the ſiege of it, to r of ſome dangers my father led from it.

a pity,' ſaid my father, 'that n only be on one ſide, brother conſidering what ingenuity earned men have all ſhewn in *utions* of noſes.'—'Can noſes *ved?*' replied my Uncle Toby.' father thruſt back his chair— put on his hat—took four long the door—jerked it open— head half way out—ſhut the n—took no notice of the bad turned to the table—plucked r's thread paper out of Slaw- s's book—went haſtily to his walked ſlowly back—twiſted er's thread-paper about his nbuttoned his waiſtcoat— mother's thread-paper into bit her ſattin pin-cuſhion in d his mouth with bran—con- t——But mark!—the oath ion was levelled at my Uncle ain—which was e'en confuſed eady—the curſe came charged the bran—the bran, may it r honours, was no more than the ball.

well my father's paſſions laſted ; for ſo long as they did laſt, him a buſy life on't: and it the moſt unaccountable prob- ever I met with in my obſer- human nature, that nothing ve my father's mettle ſo much, is paſſions go off ſo like gun- powder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my Uncle Toby's queſtions.—Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds—or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horſical career.

'Twas all one to my Uncle Toby—he ſmoaked his pipe on with unvaried compoſure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.—He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

'By all that's good!' ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digeſt of curſes—(though, to do my father juſtice, it was a fault, as he told Doctor Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth.)—'By all that's good 'and great! brother Toby,' ſaid my father, 'if it was not for the aids of 'philoſophy, which befriend one ſo 'much as they do—you would put a 'man beſide all temper.—Why, by the 'ſolution of noſes, of which I was 'telling you, I meant as you might 'have known, had you favoured me 'with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of 'different kinds of knowledge have 'given the world of the cauſes of ſhort 'and long noſes.'—'There is no cauſe 'but one,' replied my Uncle Toby—'why one man's noſe is longer than 'another's, but becauſe God pleaſes to 'have it ſo.'—'That is Grangouſier's 'ſolution,' ſaid my father.'—'It is He,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames 'and puts us together in ſuch forms 'and proportions, and for ſuch ends, as 'is agreeable to his infinite wiſdom.'—'It is a pious account,' cried my father, 'but not philoſophical—there is 'more religion in it than ſound ſcience.' It was no inconſiſtent part of my Uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.—So, the moment my father finiſhed his remark

—my

—my Uncle Toby fell a whiſtling Lillabullero, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.—

'What is become of my wife's 'thread-paper?'

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter——as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treaſury of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amiſs; and he would often ſay, in cloſing the book, that if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were loſt—ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ſtateſmen had wrote, or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong or the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo—and Slawkenbergius only left—there would be enough in him, in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure therefore was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe—at matin, noon, and veſpers, was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands—you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all it's parts—from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my father—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but, in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his tales—and, conſidering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy—theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales—Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore it was certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to ſend them into the world by that name!—there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſome how or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

ISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

AWKENBERGII FABELLA*.

ESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calcisque sericis coccineis repletâ ...tum ingressus est.

...eum percontanti, quum portus ...ixit, se apud Nasorum Promon...iisse, Francofurtum Proficisci, ...oratum, transitu ad fines Sar...nsis intervallo, reversurum.

peregrini in faciem suspexit— nova forma nasi!

...ltum mihi profuit, inquit pe... carpum amento extrahens, e ...ndit acinaces: loculo manum ...et magnâ cum urbanitate, pi...nteriore tactâ manu siniſtrâ, ut

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

'IT was one cool refreshing evening, 'at the close of a very sultry day, 'in the latter end of the month of Au'gust, when a stranger, mounted upon 'a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag 'behind him, containing a few shirts, 'a pair of shoes, and a crimson-sattin 'pair of breeches, entered the town of 'Strasburg.

'He told the centinel, who question'ed him as he entered the gates, that 'he had been at the Promontory of 'Noses—was going on to Franckfort— 'and should be back again at Stras'burg that day month, in his way to 'the borders of Crim Tartary.

'The centinel looked up into the 'stranger's face—never saw such a nose 'in his life!'

—"I have made a very good ven"ture of it," quoth the stranger—so 'slipping his wrist out of the loop of a 'black ribband, to which a short scyme'tar was hung; he put his hand into

*...sen Slawkenbergius de Nasis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable ...ned reader, to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no ...pon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philo...und, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

'his

extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et proceſſit.

' his pocket, and with great
' touching the fore-part of his
' his left-hand as he extended
' —he put a florin into the
' hand, and paſſed on.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidiſſe; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci: neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.—Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens—ſeque comiter inclinans—hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim.

" It grieves me," ſaid the
' ſpeaking to a little dwarfiſh
' dy-legged drummer, " that
" teous a ſoul ſhould have loſt
" bard—he cannot travel with
" to his ſcymetar, and will not
" to get a ſcabbard to fit it in
" burg."—" I never had one,"
' the ſtranger, looking back to
' tinel, and putting his hand
' cap as he ſpoke—" I carry it,
' tinued he, " thus"—holding
' naked ſcymetar, his mule
' ſlowly all the time—" on
" defend my noſe."

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

" It is well worth it, gentle
" ger," replied the centinel.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, e pergamenâ factitius eſt.

——" It is not worth a ſingle
' ſaid the bandy-legged drum
" it is a noſe of parchment."

Prout Chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus ille, ni ſexties major ſit, meo eſſet conformis.

" As I am a true Catholick—
" that it is ſix times as big-
" noſe," ſaid the centinel, "
" own."

Crepitare audivi, ait tympaniſta.

——" I heard it crackle," ſ
' drummer.

Mehercule, ſanguinem imiſit! reſpondit miles.

" By dunder," ſaid the centin
" ſaw it bleed."

Miſeret me, inquit tympaniſta, qui non ambo titigimus!

" What a pity," cried the
' legged drummer, " we did n
" touch it!"

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympaniſtam, deſceptabatur ibidem tubicine ex uxore ſuâ, qui tunc acceſſerunt, et peregrino prætereunte, reſtiterunt.

' At the very time that this
' was maintaining by the centin
' the drummer—was the ſame
' debating betwixt a trumpeter
' trumpeter's wife, who were ju
' coming up, and had ſtopped
' the ſtranger paſs by.

Quantus naſus! æque longus eſt, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

" *Benedicity!*—What a noſe!
" long," ſaid the trumpeter's
" as a trumpet."

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut ſternutamento audias.

" And of the ſame metal," ſ
' trumpeter, " as you hear
" ſneezing."

n abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod ulcedine vincit.

" It is as ſoft as a flute," ſaid ſhe.

eſt, ait tubicen.

——" 'Tis braſs," ſaid the trum-
' peter.

uam, reſpondit uxor.

——" 'Tis a pudding's end!" ſaid
' his wife.

affirmo, ait tubicen, quod

" I tell thee again," ſaid the trum-
' peter, " it is a brazen noſe."

mitus explorabo; prius, enim gam, ait uxor, quam dormi-

" I'll know the bottom of it," ſaid
' the trumpeter's wife; " for I will
" touch it with my finger before I
" ſleep."

peregrini, gradulento pro-, ut unumquodque verbum iæ, non tantum inter militem iſtam, verum etiam inter tu- t uxorem ejus audiret.

' The ſtranger's mule moved on at
' ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every
' word of the diſpute, not only betwixt
' the centinel and the drummer, but
' betwixt the trumpeter and the trum-
' peter's wife.

uam, ait ille, in muli collum iittens, et manibus ambabus poſitis, (mulo lentè progredi- aquam, ait ille, reſpiciens, non ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. gentium! meus naſus nun- getur, dum ſpiritus hos reget Ad quid agendam? ait uxor iſtri.

" No!" ſaid he, dropping his reins
' upon his mule's neck, and laying
' both his hands upon his breaſt, the
' one over the other, in a ſaint-like po-
' ſition, (his mule going on eaſily all the
' time)—" No!" ſaid he, looking up—
" I am not ſuch a debtor to the world—
" ſlandered and diſappointed as I have
" been—as to give it that conviction!
" —no!" ſaid he, " my noſe ſhall ne-
" ver be touched whilſt Heaven gives
" me ſtrength——" " To do what?"
' ſaid a burgomaſter's wife.

ius illi non reſpondit—votum nc temporis Sancto Nicolao; , ſinum dextram inſerens, e enter pependit acinaces, lento ceſſit per plateam Argentorati ad diverſorium templo ex ad- cit.

' The ſtranger took no notice of the
' burgomaſter's wife—he was making
' a vow to St. Nicolas; which done,
' having uncroſſed his arms with the
' ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed
' them, he took up the reins of his
' bridle with his left hand, and put-
' ting his right hand into his boſom,
' with his ſcymetar hanging looſely to
' the wriſt of it—he rode on as ſlow-
' ly as one foot of the mule could
' follow another through the principal
' ſtreets of Straſburg, till chance brought
' him to the great inn in the market-
' place over-againſt the church.

ius mulo deſcendens ſtabulo manticam inferri juſſit: quâ ocineis ſericis femoralibus ex- argenteo laciniato περιζωμαῖι, nduit, ſtatimque, acinaci in forum deambulavit.

' The moment the ſtranger alighted,
' he ordered his mule to be led into
' the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be
' brought in; then opening, and taking
' out of it his crimſon ſattin breeches,
' with a ſilver fringe—(appendage to

them, which I dare not tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſcymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt—exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit mulumque educi juſſit.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn—undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon ſattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

"I am going forwards," ſaid the ſtranger, "for Franckfort——and "ſhall be back at Straſburg this day "month."

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum, (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

"I hope," continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left-hand as he was going to mount it, "that you have been kind to "this faithful ſlave of mine——it has "carried me and my cloak-bag," continued he, tapping the mule's back, "above ſix hundred leagues."

Longa via eſt! reſpondit hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Naſorum Promontorio redii, et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi.

"It is a long journey, Sir!" replied the maſter of the inn—"unleſs a man "has great buſineſs."—"Tut! tut!" ſaid the ſtranger, "I have been at "the Promontory of Noſes; and have "got me one of the goodlieſt and jol-"lieſt, thank Heaven, that ever fell to "a ſingle man's lot."

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de ſeipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur.—Per ſanctos ſanctaſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis, in toto Argentorato major eſt!—eſtne, ait illa mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account of himſelf, the maſter of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe.—"By St. Radagunda," ſaid the inn-keeper's wife to herſelf, "there "is more of it than in any dozen of the "largeſt noſes put together in all Straſ-"burg!—is it not," ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in his ear—"is "it not a noble noſe?"

Dolus ineſt, anime mi, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.

"It is an impoſture, my dear," ſaid the maſter of the inn—"it is a falſe "noſe."

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor.

"It is a true noſe," ſaid his wife.

Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille; terebinthinum olet—

"It is made of fir-tree," ſaid he—"I ſmell the turpentine."—

"There's

culus ineſt, ait uxor.

" There's a pimple on it," ſaid ſhe.

us eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

" It is a dead noſe," replied the inn-
' keeper.

eſt, ait illa—et ſi ipſa vivam

" It is a live noſe; and if I am alive
" myſelf," ſaid the inn-keeper's wife,
" I will touch it."

feci Sancto Nicolao, ait penaſum meum intactum fore —— Quodnam tempus? illico illa.

" I have made a vow to St. Nicolas
" this day," ſaid the ſtranger, " that
" my noſe ſhall not be touched till—"
' Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his
' voice, looked up. " Till when?"
' ſaid ſhe, haſtily.

e tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus compoſitis) uſque ad illum—— Quam horam? ait illa. reſpondit peregrinus, donec ad—— Quem locum, obſecla.—Peregrinus nil reſpondens ſcenſo diſceſſit.

" It never ſhall be touched," ſaid
' he, claſping his hands and bringing
' them cloſe to his breaſt, " till that
" hour—" " What hour?" cried the
' inn-keeper's wife.—" Never!—ne-
" ver!" ſaid the ſtranger; " never till
" I am got——" " For Heaven's ſake,
" into what place?" ſaid ſhe.—The
' ſtranger rode away without ſaying a
' word.

ſtranger had not got half a
on his way towards Franckfort
all the city of Straſburg was
uproar about his noſe. The
ne bells were juſt tinkling to
Straſburghers to their devo-
and ſhut up the duties of the
prayer:—no ſoul in all Straſ-
eard 'em—the city was like a
of bees—men, women, and
, (the Compline bells tinkling
time) flying here and there—
ne door, out at another—this
d that way—long ways and
ays—up one ſtreet, down an-
reet—in at this alley, out of
' Did you ſee it? did you ſee
you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?
ſaw it? Who did ſee it? For
's ſake, who ſaw it?
ck o'day! I was at veſpers!—
waſhing; I was ſtarching; I
ouring; I was quilting—God
ne! I never ſaw it—I never
d it!—would I had been a cen-
a bandy-legged drummer, a
eter, a trumpeter's wife!" was
neral cry and lamentation in
reet and corner of Straſburg.
lſt all this confuſion and diſ-

' order triumphed throughout the great
' city of Straſburg, was the courteous
' ſtranger going on as gently upon his
' mule in his way to Franckfort, as if
' he had had no concern at all in the
' affair—talking all the way he rode in
' broken ſentences—ſometimes to his
' mule—ſometimes to himſelf—ſome-
' times to his Julia.

" O Julia, my lovely Julia!——
" Nay, I cannot ſtop to let thee bite
" that thiſtle——that ever the ſuſpected
" tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed
" me of enjoyment when I was upon
" the point of taſting it!

——" Pugh!—'tis nothing but a
" thiſtle—never mind it—thou ſhalt
" have a better ſupper at night.

——" Baniſh'd from my country—
" my friends—from thee—

" Poor devil, thou art ſadly tired
" with thy journey!—come—get on a
" little faſter—there's nothing in my
" cloak-bag but two ſhirts—a crim-
" ſon-ſattin pair of breeches, and a
" fringed—— Dear Julia!

——" But why to Franckfort?—Is it
" that there is a hand unfelt, which ſe-
" cretly is conducting me through theſe
" meanders and unſuſpected tracts!

——" Stumbling, by St. Nicolas, " every ſtep!——why, at this rate we " ſhall be all night in getting in—— ——To happineſs—or am I to be " the ſport of fortune and ſlander!— " deſtined to be driven forth uncon- " victed—unheard—untouched!—if " ſo, why did I not ſtay at Straſburg; " where juſtice——but I had ſworn! " ——Come, thou ſhalt drink—to St. " Nicolas——O Julia!——What doſt " thou prick up thy ears at—'tis no- " thing but a man!" &c.

'The ſtranger rode on, communing 'in this manner with his mule and Ju- 'lia—till he arrived at his inn; where, 'as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted— 'ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, 'taken good care of—took off his cloak- 'bag, with his crimſon ſattin breeches, '&c. in it—called for an omelet to his 'ſupper, went to his bed about twelve 'o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt 'aſleep.

'It was about the ſame hour when 'the tumult in Straſburg being abated 'for that night—the Straſburghers had 'all got quietly into their beds—but 'not, like the ſtranger, for the reſt 'either of their minds or bodies: Queen 'Mab, like an elf as ſhe was, had 'taken the ſtranger's noſe; and, with- 'out reduction of it's bulk, had that 'night been at the pains of ſlitting and 'dividing it into as many noſes of dif- 'ferent cuts and faſhions, as there 'were heads in Straſburg to hold them. 'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg—who, 'with the four great dignitaries of her 'chapter, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the 'ſub-chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, 'had that week come to Straſburg to 'conſult the univerſity upon a caſe of 'conſcience relating to their placket- 'holes—was ill all the night.

'The courteous ſtranger's noſe had 'got perched upon the top of the pineal 'gland of her brain, and made ſuch 'rouzing work in the fancies of the 'four great dignitaries of her chapter, 'that they could not get a wink of ſleep 'the whole night through for it—there 'was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt 'them—in ſhort, they got up like ſo 'many ghoſts.

'The penitentiaries of the third order 'of St. Francis—the nuns of Mount 'Calvary—the Præmonſtratenſes—the 'Clunienſes *—the Carthuſians, and 'all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay 'that night in blankets or hair-cloth, 'were ſtill in a worſe condition than 'the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg——by 'tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and 'tumbling, from one ſide of their beds 'to the other the whole night long— 'the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd 'and mawl'd themſelves all to death— 'they got out of their beds almoſt flea'd 'alive—every body thought St. Anto- 'ny had viſited them for probation with 'his fire—they had never once, in ſhort, 'ſhut their eyes the whole night long 'from veſpers to matins.

'The nuns of St. Urſula acted the 'wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to 'bed at all.

'The Dean of Straſburg, the pre- 'bendaries, the capitulars and domici- 'liars (capitularly aſſembled in the 'morning to conſider the caſe of but- 'ter'd buns) all wiſhed they had fol- 'lowed the nuns of St. Urſula's ex- 'ample.

'In the hurry and confuſion every 'thing had been in the night before, the 'bakers had all forgot to lay their lea- 'ven—there were no butter'd buns to 'be had for breakfaſt in all Straſburg— 'the whole cloſe of the cathedral was 'in one eternal commotion—ſuch a 'cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, 'and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the 'cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never 'happened in Straſburg, ſince Martin 'Luther, with his doctrines, had turn- 'ed the city up-ſide down.

'If the ſtranger's noſe took this 'liberty of thruſting itſelf thus into 'the diſhes † of religious orders, &c. 'what a carnival did his noſe make of 'it, in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more 'than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it 'is, has power to deſcribe; though I 'acknowledge'—*(cries Slawkenber- gius, with more gaiety of thought than I*

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, Abbé de Cluny.

† Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators—is very ſenſible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of—that, as a tranſlator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here it was impoſſible.

could

expected from him)—'that any a good ſimile now ſub- the world which might give ymen ſome idea of it; but at of ſuch a folio as this, wrote akes, and in which I have greateſt part of my life— own to them the ſimile is in t would it not be unreaſon- em to expect I ſhould have e or inclination to ſearch for ſuffice to ſay, that the riot ler it occaſioned in the Straſ- fantaſies was ſo general— verpowering maſterſhip had ll the faculties of the Straſ- minds—ſo many ſtrange ith equal confidence on all with equal elequence in all re ſpoken and ſworn to con- , that turned the whole all diſcourſe and wonder —every ſoul, good and bad d poor—learned and un- doctor and ſtudent—miſtreſs gentle and ſimple—nun's woman's fleſh—in Straſ- ent their time in hearing out it—every eye in Straſ- uiſhed to ſee it—every fin- thumb in Straſburg, burn- h it.

hat might add, if any thing thought neceſſary to add ement a deſire—was this, centinel, the bandy-legged the trumpeter, the trum- ſe, the burgomaſter's wi- maſter of the inn, and the the inn's wife, how widely y all differed every one from their teſtimonies and de- of the ſtranger's noſe—they together in two points— hat he was gone to Franck- would not return to Straſ- that day month; and ſe- whether his noſe was true or t the ſtranger himſelf was e moſt perfect paragons of he fineſt made man—the el!—the moſt generous of —the moſt courteous in his that had ever entered the traſburg!—that, as he rode, cymetar ſlung looſely to his ough the ſtreets—and walk- his crimſon ſattin breeches parade—'twas with ſo ſweet careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

'I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited to juſtify the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of Straſburg with her huſband's trumpet in her hand—the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her, for the illuſtration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

'The centinel and the bandy-legged drummer!—nothing on this ſide of old Athens could equal them!—they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chryſippus and a Crantor in their porticos.

'The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his left-hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtyle—under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard—his wife, her's more privately in a back-room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhalled them—in a word, each Straſburgher came crouding for intelligence—and every Straſburgher had the intelligence he wanted.

'It is worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in publick, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of Straſburg for her auditory.—But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

'Whilſt the unlearned, through theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court——were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themſelves not with facts—they reaſoned.

'Not

'Not one profeſſion had thrown more 'light upon this ſubject than the faculty—had not all their diſputes about 'it run into the affair of wens and 'œdematous ſwellings—they could not 'keep clear of them for their bloods 'and ſouls——the ſtranger's noſe had 'nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

'It was demonſtrated, however, very 'ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous 'maſs of heterogeneous matter could 'not be congeſted and conglomerated 'to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in 'utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical 'balance of the fœtus, and throwing it 'plump upon it's head nine months be'fore the time.——

——'The opponents granted the 'theory—they denied the conſequences.

"And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, "arteries, &c." ſaid they, "was not "laid in, for the due nouriſhment of "ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina "and rudiments of it's formation, be"fore it came into the world, (bating "the caſe of wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards."

'This was all anſwered by a diſſer'tation upon nutriment, and the effect 'which nutriment had in extending the 'veſſels, and in the increaſe and pro'longation of the muſcular parts to the 'greateſt growth and expanſion ima'ginable.—In the triumph of which 'theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, 'that there was no cauſe in nature, why 'a noſe might not grow to the ſize of 'the man himſelf.

'The reſpondents ſatisfied the world 'this event could never happen to them 'ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach 'and one pair of lungs.—For the ſto'mach, ſaid they, being the only organ 'deſtined for the reception of food, 'and turning it into chyle—and the 'lungs, the only engine of ſanguifica'tion—it could poſſibly work off no 'more, than what the appetite brought 'in: or, admitting the poſſibility of a 'man's overloading his ſtomach, nature 'had ſet bounds however to his lungs— 'the engine was of a determined ſize 'and ſtrength, and could elaborate but 'a certain quantity in a given time— 'that is, it could produce juſt as much 'blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle 'man, and no more; ſo that, if there 'was as much noſe as man—they prov'ed a mortification muſt neceſſarily en'ſue; and foraſmuch as there could not 'be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt 'either fall off from the man, or the 'man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

"Nature accommodates herſelf to "theſe emergencies," cried the oppo'nents—"elſe what do you ſay to the "caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole "pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, "when both his legs have been unfor"tunately ſhot off?"

"He dies of a plethora," ſaid they— "or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight "or three weeks go off in a conſump"tion."

——"It happens otherwiſe," replied 'the opponents.

"It ought not," ſaid they.

'The more curious and intimate in'quirers after nature and her doings, 'though they went hand in hand a 'good way together, yet they all di'vided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt 'as much as the faculty itſelf.

'They amicably laid it down, that 'there was a juſt and geometrical ar'rangement and proportion of the ſe'veral parts of the human frame to 'it's ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and 'functions, which could not be tranſ'greſſed but within certain limits—that 'Nature, though ſhe ſported, ſhe ſported 'within a certain circle, and they could 'not agree about the diameter of it.

'The logicians ſtuck much cloſer 'to the point before them than any of 'the claſſes of the literari—they began 'and ended with the word *noſe*; and 'had it not been for a *petitio principii*, 'which one of the ableſt of them ran 'his head againſt in the beginning of 'the combat, the whole controverſy had 'been ſettled at once.

"A noſe," argued the logician, "cannot bleed without blood—and "not only blood—but blood circulat"ing in it to ſupply the phænomenon "with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream "being but a quicker ſucceſſion of "drops, that is included," ſaid he.)— "Now death," continued the logician, "being nothing but the ſtagnation of "the blood——"

"I deny the definition—Death is the "ſeparation of the ſoul from the bo"dy," ſaid his antagoniſt.—"Then "we don't agree about our weapon," 'ſaid the logician.—"Then there is "an end of the diſpute," replied the 'antagoniſt.

'The

vilians were ſtill more con-
it they offered being more
ature of a decree—than a

ich a monſtrous noſe," ſaid
ad it been a true noſe, could
ly have been ſuffered in civil
and if falſe—to impoſe upon
ith ſuch falſe ſigns and to-
is a ſtill greater violation of
ts, and muſt have had ſtill
y ſhewn it."
nly objection to this was,
proved any thing, it proved
ger's noſe was neither true

ſt room for the controverſy
It was maintained by the
of the eccleſiaſtick court,
was nothing to inhibit a
nce the ſtranger *ex mero*
confeſſed he had been at the
ry of Noſes, and had got
e goodlieſt, &c. &c.—To
s anſwered, it was impoſſi-
ſhould be ſuch a place as the
ry of Noſes, and the learn-
norant where it lay. The
y of the Biſhop of Straſburg
the advocates—explained
er in a treatiſe upon prover-
ſes, ſhewing them, that the
ry of Noſes was a mere al-
xpreſſion, importing no more
t nature had given him a
—in proof of which, with
ning, he cited the under-
uthorities*, which had de-
point inconteſtibly, had it
red that a diſpute about ſome
of dean and chapter-lands
determined by it nineteen
re.

'It happened—I muſt not ſay, un-
'luckily for truth, becauſe they were
'giving her a lift another way in ſo
'doing; that the two univerſities of
'Straſburg—the Lutheran, founded in
'the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius,
'counſellor of the ſenate—and the Po-
'piſh, founded by Leopold, Arch-
'duke of Auſtria, were, during all
'this time, employing the whole depth
'of their knowledge (except juſt what
'the affair of the Abbeſs of Quedling-
'berg's placket-holes required—) in
'determining the point of Martin Lu-
'ther's damnation.

'The Popiſh doctors had undertaken
'to demonſtrate *à priori*, that from the
'neceſſary influence of the planets on
'the twenty-ſecond day of October
'1483—when the moon was in the
'twelfth houſe, Jupiter, Mars, and Ve-
'nus in the third, the Sun, Saturn,
'and Mercury, all got together in the
'fourth—that he muſt in courſe, and
'unavoidably, be a damned man—and
'that his doctrines, by a direct corol-
'lary, muſt be damned doctrines too.

'By inſpection into this horoſcope,
'where five planets were in coition all
'at once with Scorpio †,'—[In reading
this my father would always ſhake his
head.]—'in the ninth houſe, which the
'Arabians allotted to religion—it ap-
'peared that Martin Luther did not
'care one ſtiver about the matter—and
'that from the horoſcope directed to
'the conjunction of Mars—they made
'it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing
'and blaſpheming—with the blaſt of
'which his ſoul (being ſteeped in guilt)
'ſailed before the wind, in the lake of
'hell-fire.

'The little objection of the Lutheran

li ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logiſtæ &
Vid. Parce Bar e Jas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. vol.
. 1. n. 7. quà etiam in re conſpir. Om. de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmak.
fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend, empt. &c. nec. non J. Scrudr.
:fut. ff. per totum. cum his conſ. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap.
2. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum
N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv.
r Von Jacobum Koinſhoven Folio Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus
in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure, Gent. & Civil de protib.
per federa, teſt. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. cap.
d. Idea.

nira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nonâ
:, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum ſacrilegum
chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi di-
Martis coitum, religioſiſſimus obiit, ejus Anima ſecleſtiſſima ad infernos
ib Alecto, Tiſiphone & Magera flagellis igneis cruciata pereniter.

as Gauricus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum acci-
r genituras examinatis.

' doctors

'doctors to this was, that it muſt 'certainly be the ſoul of another man, 'born October 22, 83, which was forc-'ed to ſail down before the wind in 'that manner—inaſmuch as it appeared 'from the regiſter of Iſlaben, in the 'county of Mansfelt, that Luther was 'not born in the year 1483, but in '84; and not on the 22d day of Octo-'ber, but on the 10th of November, 'the eve of *Martinmas-day*, from 'whence he had the name of *Martin*.'

[——I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the Abbeſs of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this paſſage of Slawkenbergius to my Uncle Toby, but with triumph—not over my Uncle Toby, for he never oppoſed him in it—but over the whole world.

——'Now you ſee, brother Toby,' he would ſay, looking up, 'that Chriſ-'tian names are not ſuch indifferent 'things—had Luther here been called 'by any other name but Martin, he 'would have been damned to all eter-'nity.—Not that I look upon Martin,' he would add, 'as a good name—far 'from it—'tis ſomething better than a 'neutral, and but a little—yet little as 'it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to 'him.'

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him—yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's decads full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together—his *Names* and his *Noſes*.—I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

'The two univerſities of Straſburg 'were hard tugging at this affair of 'Luther's navigation. The Proteſtant 'doctors had demonſtrated, that he had 'not ſailed right before the wind, as 'the Popiſh doctors had pretended; 'and as every one knew there was no 'ſailing full in the teeth of it—they 'were going to ſettle, in caſe he had 'ſailed, how many points he was off; 'whether Martin had doubled the cape, 'or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and 'no doubt, as it was an enquiry of 'much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who 'underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, 'they had gone on with it in ſpite of 'the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had 'not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe 'drawn off the attention of the world 'from what they were about—it was 'their buſineſs to follow.

'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg and 'her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for 'the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe 'running full as much in their fancies 'as their caſe of conſcience—the affair 'of their placket-holes kept cold—in a 'word, the printers were ordered to 'diſtribute their types—all controver-'ſies dropp'd.

'It was a ſquare cap with a ſilver 'taſſel upon the crown of it—to a nut-'ſhell—to have gueſſed on which ſide 'of the noſe the two univerſities would 'ſplit.

"It is above reaſon," cried the doc-'tors on one ſide.

"It is below reaſon," cried the 'others.

"It is faith," cried the one.

"It is a fiddle-ſtick," ſaid the other.

"It is poſſible," cried the one.

"It is impoſſible," ſaid the other.

"God's power is infinite," cried the 'Noſarians; "he can do any-thing."

"He can do nothing," replied the 'Antinoſarians, "which implies con-"tradictions."

"He can make matter think," ſaid 'the Noſarians.

"As certainly as you can make a "velvet cap out of a ſow's ear," re-'plied the Antinoſarians.

"He cannot make two and two five," 'replied the Popiſh doctors.—"It is "falſe," ſaid their opponents.

"Infinite power, is infinite power," 'ſaid the doctors who maintained the 'reality of the noſe.—"It extends "only to all poſſible things," replied 'the Lutherans.

"By God in heaven," cried the 'Popiſh doctors, "he can make a "noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the "ſteeple of Straſburg!"

'Now the ſteeple of Straſburg being

'the

eſt and the talleſt church-
be ſeen in the whole world,
ioſarians denied that a noſe
ndred and ſeventy-five geo-
eet in length could be worn,
by a middle-ſized man.—
iſh doctors ſwore it could—
heran doctors ſaid, No; it
.

: once ſtarted a new diſpute,
y purſued a great way upon
: and limitation of the mo-
atural attributes of God.—
troverſy led them naturally
mas Aquinas, and Thomas
to the devil.

ranger's noſe was no more
in the diſpute—it juſt ſerved
ate to launch them into the
ſchool-divinity—and then
iled before the wind.

in proportion to the want of
vledge.

troverſy about the attributes,
ad of cooling, on the con-
inflamed the Straſburghers
ons to a moſt inordinate de-
he leſs they underſtood of
, the greater was their won-
it—they were left in all the
of deſire unſatisfied—ſaw
tors, the *Parchmentarians*,
arians, the *Turpentarians*,
e—the Popiſh doctors on the
te Pantagruel and his com-
a queſt of the oracle of the
l embarked and out of ſight.
he poor Straſburghers left
beach!——What was to be
No delay—the uproar in-
every one in diſorder—the
ſet open.

unate Straſburghers! was
the ſtore-houſe of nature—
: in the lumber-rooms of
—was there in the great ar-
hance, one ſingle engine left
forth to torture your curio-
l ſtretch your deſires, which
ointed by the hand of Fate
on your hearts?—I dip not
nto my ink to excuſe the ſur-
yourſelves — 'tis to write
gyrick. Shew me a city ſo
l with expectation—who nei-
or drank, or ſlept, or pray-
arkened to the calls either of
r nature, for ſeven and twen-
gether, who could have held
ay longer;

'On the twenty-eighth the courteous
'ſtranger had promiſed to return to
'Straſburg.

'Seven thouſand coaches,'—[Slaw-
kenbergius muſt certainly have made
ſome miſtake in his numerical chara-
ters]—'7000 coaches—15,000 ſingle-
'horſe chairs—20,000 waggons, croud-
'ed as full as they could all hold with
'ſenators, counſellors, ſyndicks—be-
'guines, widows, wives, virgins, ca-
'nons, concubines, all in their coaches.
'The Abbeſs of Quedlingberg, with
'the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-
'chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in
'one coach, and the Dean of Straſ-
'burg, with the four great dignita-
'ries of his chapter, on her left-hand
'—the reſt following higgledy-piggledy
'as they could; ſome on horſeback—
'ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven
'—ſome down the Rhine—ſome this
'way—ſome that—all ſet out at ſun-
'riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on
'the road.

'Haſte we now towards the cata-
'ſtrophe of my tale——I ſay, *cata-*
'ſtrophe, (cries Slawkenbergius;) inaſ-
'much as a tale, with parts rightly
'diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*)
'in the *cataſtrophe* and *peripeitia* of a
'DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in
'all the eſſential and integrant parts
'of it—it has it's *protaſis*, *epitaſis*,
'*cataſtaſis*, it's *cataſtrophe* or *peri-*
'peitia, growing one out of the other
'in it, in the order Ariſtotle firſt plant-
'ed them—without which a tale had
'better never be told at all, (ſays Slaw-
'kenbergius) but be kept to a man's
'ſelf.

'In all my ten tales, in all my ten
'decads, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied
'down every tale of them as tightly to
'this rule, as I have done this of the
'ſtranger and his noſe.

'From his firſt parley with the cen-
'tinel, to his leaving the city of Straſ-
'burg, after pulling off his crimſon
'ſattin pair of breeches, is the *protaſis*
'or firſt entrance—where the charac-
'ters of the *perſonæ dramatis* are juſt
'touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly
'begun.

'The *epitaſis*, wherein the action is
'more fully entered upon and height-
'ened, till it arrives at it's ſtate or
'height called the *cataſtaſis*, and which
'uſually takes up the ſecond and third
'act, is included within that buſy pe-

'riod of my tale, betwixt the firſt 'night's uproar about the noſe, to the 'concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's 'lectures upon it in the middle of the 'grand parade; and from the firſt em-'barking of the learned in the diſpute— 'to the doctors finally ſailing away, and 'leaving the Straſburghers upon the 'beach in diſtreſs, is the *cataſtaſis* or 'the ripening of the incidents and paſ-'ſions for their burſting forth in the 'fifth act.

'This commences with the ſetting 'out of the Straſburghers in the Franck-'fort road, and terminates in un-'winding the labyrinth and bringing 'the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as 'Ariſtotle calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and 'quietneſs.

'This (ſays Hafen Slawkenbergius) 'conſtitutes the cataſtrophe or peripei-'tia of my tale—and that is the part of 'it I am going to relate.

'We left the ſtranger behind the cur-'tain aſleep—he enters now upon the 'ſtage.

——"What doſt thou prick up thy "ears at—'tis nothing but a man upon "a horſe!"—was the laſt word the 'ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was 'not proper then to tell the reader, that 'the mule took his maſter's word for 'it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, 'let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

'The traveller was haſtening with 'all diligence to get to Straſburg that 'night.—"What a fool am I." ſaid 'the traveller to himſelf, when he had 'rode about a league farther, "to think "of getting into Straſburg this night! "——Straſburg!—the great Straſ-"burg!—Straſburg, the capital of all "Alſatia! Straſburg, an imperial city! "Straſburg, a ſovereign ſtate! Straſ-"burg, garriſoned with five thouſand "of the beſt troops in all the world! "——Alas! if I was at the gates of "Straſburg this moment, I could not "gain admittance into it for a ducat— "nay a ducat and half——'tis too much "——better go back to the laſt inn I "have paſſed—than lie I know not "where—or give I know not what."

'The traveller, as he made theſe reflec-'tions in his mind, turned his horſe's 'head about; and three minutes after 'the ſtranger had been conducted into 'his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

——"We have bacon in the houſe," 'ſaid the hoſt, "and bread—and till "eleven o'clock this night had three "eggs in it—but a ſtranger, who ar-"rived an hour ago, has had them "dreſſed into an omelet, and we have "nothing."

"Alas!" ſaid the traveller, "har-"raſſed as I am, I want nothing but "a bed."—"I have one as ſoft as is "in Alſatia," ſaid the hoſt.

——"The ſtranger," continued he, "ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my "beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his "noſe."—"He has got a defluxion?" 'ſaid the traveller.—"Not that I "know," cried the hoſt.—"But 'tis "a camp-bed—and Jacinta," ſaid he, 'looking towards the maid, "ima-"gined there was not room in it to turn "his noſe in."—"Why ſo?" cried 'the traveller, ſtarting back.—"It is "ſo long a noſe," replied the hoſt.—'The traveller fixed his eyes upon Ja-'cinta, then upon the ground—kneeled 'upon his right-knee—had juſt got his 'hand laid upon his breaſt—"Trifle "not with my anxiety," ſaid he, riſing 'up again.—"It is no trifle," ſaid 'Jacinta, "it is the moſt glorious "noſe!"——The traveller fell upon 'his knee again—laid his hand upon 'his breaſt—"Then," ſaid he, look-'ing up to heaven, "thou haſt con-"ducted me to the end of my pilgri-"mage—'Tis Diego!"

'The traveller was the brother of the 'Julia ſo often invoked that night by 'the ſtranger as he rode from Straſ-'burg upon his mule; and was come, 'on her part, in queſt of him. He 'had accompanied his ſiſter from Val-'ladolid acroſs the Pyrenean moun-'tains through France, and had many 'an entangled ſkein to wind off in pur-'ſuit of him through the many mean-'ders and abrupt turnings of a lover's 'thorny tracks.

——'Julia had ſunk under it—and 'had not been able to go a ſtep farther 'than to Lyons; where, with the many 'diſquietudes of a tender heart, which 'all talk of—but few feel—ſhe ſicken-'ed—but had juſt ſtrength to write, 'a letter to Diego; and having con-'jured her brother never to ſee her face 'till he had found him out and put 'the letter into his hands, Julia took 'to her bed.

'Fernandez—(for that was her bro-'ther's name)—though the camp-bed 'was as ſoft as any one in Alſace, yet

'he

l not ſhut his eyes in it.—As
't was day he roſe, and hear-
go was riſen too, he entered
nber, and diſcharged his ſiſ-
ımiſſion.
etter was as follows.

. DIEGO,

HETHER my ſuſpicions of
" your noſe were juſtly ex-
not—'tis not now to enquire
enough I have not had firm-
ut them to farther trial.
could I know ſo little of my-
en I ſent my duenna to for-
r coming more under my lat-
how could I know ſo little
Diego, as to imagine you
ot have ſtaid one day in Val-
to have given eaſe to my
Was I to be abandoned,
becauſe I was deceived? or
:ind to take me at my word,
my ſuſpicions were juſt or
leave me, as you did, a prey
uncertainty and ſorrow?
ıat manner Julia has reſented
y brother, when he puts this
o your hands, will tell you:
ell you in how few moments
nted of the raſh meſſage ſhe
you—in what frantick haſte
to her lattice, and how many
l nights together ſhe leaned
ɔly upon her elbow, looking
it towards the way which
as wont to come.
ll tell you, when ſhe heard of
parture—how her ſpirits de-
r—how her heart ſickened—
ɔuſly ſhe mourned—how low
; her head. O Diego! how
eary ſteps has my brother's
me by the hand languiſhing
out yours; how far has de-
ed me beyond ſtrength—and
have I fainted by the way,
k into his arms, with only
cry out—" O my Diego!"
: gentleneſs of your carriage
elyed your heart, you will fly
moſt as faſt as you fled from
aſte as you will, you will ar-
to ſee me expire—'tis a bit-
ht, Diego; but, oh! 'tis em-
ſtill more by dying *un*——."

ıe could proceed no farther.
nbergius ſuppoſes the word
' intended was *unconvinced*; but her
' ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh
' her letter.

' The heart of the courteous Diego
' overflowed as he read the letter—he
' ordered his mule forthwith and Fer-
' nandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and as
' no vent in proſe is equal to that of
' poetry in ſuch conflicts—chance, which
' as often directs us to remedies as to
' *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of
' charcoal into the window—Diego
' availed himſelf of it; and whilſt the
' oſtler was getting ready his mule, he
' eaſed his mind againſt the wall as
' follows.

" O D E.

" Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
" Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key;
" Her hand alone can touch the part,
" Whoſe dulcet move-
" ment charms the heart,
" And governs all the man
" with ſympathetick ſway.

" 2d.

" O Julia!——"

' The lines were very natural—for
' they were nothing at all to the pur-
' poſe, (ſays Slawkenbergius) and 'tis a
' pity there were no more of them; but
' whether it was that Seignior Diego
' was ſlow in compoſing verſes—or the
' oſtler quick in ſaddling mules—is not
' averred: certain it was, that Diego's
' mule and Fernandez's horſe were
' ready at the door of the inn, before
' Diego was ready for his ſecond ſtanza;
' ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode,
' they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſ-
' ed the Rhine, traverſed Alſace, ſhaped
' their courſe towards Lyons, and be-
' fore the Straſburghers and the Abbeſs
' of Quedlingberg had ſet out on their
' cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and
' his Julia, croſſed the Pyrenean moun-
' tains, and got ſafe to Valladolid.

' It is needleſs to inform the geogra-
' phical reader, that when Diego was
' in Spain, it was not poſſible to meet
' the courteous ſtranger in the Franck-
' fort road; it is enough to ſay, that
' of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being
' the ſtrongeſt—the Straſburghers felt
' the full force of it; and that for three
' days and nights they were toſſed to
' and fro in the Franckfort road,
' with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſ-

'ſion, before they could ſubmit to re-
'turn home.—When, alas! an event
'was prepared for them, of all others
'the moſt grievous that could befal a
'free people.

'As this revolution of the Straſ-
'burghers affairs is often ſpoken of, and
'little underſtood, I will, in ten words,
'(ſays Slawkenbergius) give the world
'an explanation of it, and with it put
'an end to my tale.

'Every body knows of the grand
'ſyſtem of univerſal monarchy, wrote
'by order of Monſieur Colbert, and
'put in manuſcript into the hands of
'Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year
'1664.

'It is as well known, that one branch
'out of many of that ſyſtem, was the
'getting poſſeſſion of Straſburg to favour
'an entrance at all times into Suabia,
'in order to diſturb the quiet of Ger-
'many—and that, in conſequence of
'this plan, Straſburg unhappily fell at
'length into their hands.

'It is the lot of few to trace out the
'true ſprings of this and ſuch like re-
'volutions.—The vulgar look too high
'for them—Stateſmen look too low—
'Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

"What a fatal thing is the popular
"pride of a free city!" cries one hiſto-
'rian—"The Straſburghers deemed it
"a diminution of their freedom to re-
"ceive an imperial garriſon—and ſo
"fell a prey to a French one.

"The fate," ſays another, "of the
"Straſburghers, may be a warning to
"all free people to ſave their money.—
"They anticipated their revenues—
"brought themſelves under taxes, ex-
"hauſted their ſtrength, and in the
"end became ſo weak a people—they
"had not ſtrength to keep their gates
"ſhut, and ſo the French puſhed them
"open."

'Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
'it was not the French—'twas CU-
'RIOSITY puſhed them open.—The
'French, indeed, who are ever upon
'the catch, when they ſaw the Straſ-
'burghers, men, women, and children,
'all marched out to follow the ſtranger's
'noſe—each man followed his own,
'and marched in.

'Trade and manufactures have de-
'cayed and gradually grown down ever
'ſince—but not from any cauſe which
'commercial heads have aſſigned; for
'it is owing to this only, that Noſes
'have ever ſo run in their heads, that
'the Straſburghers could not follow
'their buſineſs.

'Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
'making an exclamation—it is not the
'firſt—and, I fear, will not be the laſt
'fortreſs, that has been either won—or
'loſt—by NOSES.'

END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy—with ſo many family prejudices—and ten decads of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them—how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite—— 'Was it a true noſe?'——that a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs—or, indeed, above ſtairs, in any other poſture, but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it—'But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe '—or was it a falſe one?'

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian world; and that is, the tenth of the tenth decad, which immediately follows this.

'This tale,' crieth Slawkenbergius ſomewhat exultingly, 'has been reſerved 'by me for the concluding tale of my 'whole work; knowing right well, 'that when I ſhall have told it, and my 'reader ſhall have read it through—'it would be high time for both of us 'to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch,' continues Slawkenbergius, 'as I know of 'no tale which could poſſibly ever go 'down after it.'

——'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandes left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten—

'THE INTRICACIES OF DIEGO AND 'JULIA.'

——Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! How this can ever be tranſlated—and

yet

Plate II.

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pecimen of Slawkenbergius's
ıe exquiſitiveneſs of his moral
ıſe the world—tranſlated ſhall
of volumes be.—Elſe, how
ver be tranſlated into good
have no ſort of conception.
:ems in ſome paſſages to want
ſe to do it rightly.—What
an by the lambent pupilabi-
w, low, dry chat, five notes
natural tone—which you
ıdam, is little more than a
The moment I pronounced
I could perceive an attempt
vibration in the ſtrings, about
ı of the heart——the brain
acknowledgment.—There's
good underſtanding betwixt
:lt as if I underſtood it—I
leas.—The movement could
ıout cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can
hing of it—unleſs, may it
: worſhips, the voice, in that
: little more than a whiſper,
ly forces the eyes to approach
'ithin ſix inches of each other
ook into the pupils.—Is not
rous?—But it can't be avoid-
:o look up to the ceiling, in
the two chins unavoidably
ı to look down into each
ps, the foreheads come into
contact, which at once puts
the conference—I mean, to
:ntal part of it.—What is left,
s not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

ather lay ſtretched acroſs the
l as ſtill as if the hand of
puſhed him down, for a full
a half, before he began to
the floor with the toe of that
ı hung over the bed-ſide; my
by's heart was a pound lighter
n a few moments, his left-
knuckles of which had all
reclined upon the handle of
er pot, came to it's feeling—
t a little more within the va-
ew up his hand, when he had
o his boſom—gave a hem!—
Uncle Toby, with infinite
anſwered it; and full gladly
'e ingrafted a ſentence of con-
pon the opening it afforded;
ıg no talents, as I ſaid, that
ı fearing moreover that he
might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now whether the compreſſion ſhortened my Uncle Toby's face into a more pleaſurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles—ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſunſhine in his face, as melted down the ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows.

CHAP. III.

'DID ever man, brother Toby,' cried my father, raiſing himſelf up upon his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed where my Uncle Toby was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch—'did 'ever a poor unfortunate man, brother 'Toby,' cried my father, 'receive ſo 'many laſhes——' 'The moſt I ever 'ſaw given,' quoth my Uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) 'was to a grenadier, I think, in 'Mackay's regiment.'

——Had my Uncle Toby ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

'Bleſs me!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

'WAS it in Mackay's regiment,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'where the poor grenadier was ſo un-'mercifully whipp'd at Bruges about 'the ducats?'—'O Chriſt! he was in-'nocent!' cried Trim with a very deep ſigh—'and he was whipp'd, may it 'pleaſe your honour, almoſt to death's 'door.—They had better have ſhot 'him outright, as he begg'd, and he 'had gone directly to heaven, for he 'was as innocent as your honour.'—'I thank thee, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I never think of his,' continued Trim, 'and my poor brother

'Tom's

'Tom's misfortunes, (for we were all 'three ſchool-fellows) but I cry like a 'coward.'—'Tears are no proof of 'cowardice, Trim—I drop them oft-'times myſelf,' cried my Uncle Toby. —'I know your honour does,' replied Trim, 'and ſo am not aſhamed of it 'myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe 'your honour,' continued Trim, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke—'to think of two virtuous lads, 'with hearts as warm in their bodies, 'and as honeſt as God could make 'them—the children of honeſt people, 'going forth with gallant ſpirits to 'ſeek their fortunes in the world—and 'fall into ſuch evils!—Poor Tom! to 'be tortured upon a rack for nothing— 'but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold 'ſauſages—honeſt Dick Johnſon's ſoul 'to be ſcourged out of his body, for 'the ducats another man put into his 'knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfor-'tunes!' cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief—'theſe are misfortunes, 'may it pleaſe your honour, worth ly-'ing down and crying over!'

——My father could not help bluſhing.

——'It would be a pity, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'thou ſhould'ſt 'ever feel ſorrow of thy own—thou 'feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.'— 'Alack-a-day,' replied the corporal, brightening up his face—'your honour 'knows I have neither wife or child— 'I can have no ſorrows in this world.' —My father could not help ſmiling.— 'As few as any man, Trim,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'nor can I ſee how 'a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, 'but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy 'old age—when thou art paſſed all ſer-'vices, Trim—and haſt out-lived thy 'friends—' 'An' pleaſe your honour, 'never fear!' replied Trim, chearily. —'But I would have thee never fear, 'Trim,' replied my uncle; 'and there-'fore,' continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word, *therefore*—'in recompence, Trim, of 'thy long fidelity to me, and that 'goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch 'proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth 'a ſhilling—thou ſhalt never aſk elſe-'where, Trim, for a penny.'—Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breaſt—made a bow to the ground—and ſhut the door.

——'I have left Trim my bowling-'green,' cried my Uncle Toby.—My father ſmiled.—'I have left him more-'over a penſion,' continued my Uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

'IS this a fit time,' ſaid my father to himſelf, 'to talk of PENSIONS 'and GRENADIERS?'

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my Uncle Toby had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it.—Attitudes are nothing, Madam—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon, my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor—puſhed the chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the ballance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my Uncle Toby—when, recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my Uncle Toby; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my Uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

'WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, 'upon MAN; and take a 'view of that dark ſide of him which 'repreſents his life as open to ſo many

'cauſes

'causes of trouble—when I conſider, 'brother Toby, how oft we eat the 'bread of affliction, and that we are 'born to it, as to the portion of our 'inheritance—' 'I was born to no-'thing,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting my father—'but my com-'miſſion.'—'Zooks!' ſaid my father, 'did not my uncle leave you a hun-'dred and twenty pounds a year?'—'What could I have done without it?' replied my Uncle Toby.—'That's 'another concern,' ſaid my father teſtily.—'But I ſay, Toby, when one runs 'over the catalogue of all the croſs 'reckonings and ſorrowful items with 'which the heart of man is overcharged, 'it is wonderful by what hidden re-'ſources the mind is enabled to ſtand 'it out, and bear itſelf up, as it does, 'againſt the impoſitions laid upon our 'nature.'—'It is by the aſſiſtance of 'Almighty God,' cried my Uncle Toby, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together; 'it is not 'from our own ſtrength, brother Shan-'dy—a centinel in a wooden centry-'box, might as well pretend to ſtand 'it out againſt a detachment of fifty 'men—we are upheld by the grace and 'the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.'

——'That is cutting the knot,' ſaid my father, 'inſtead of untying it.—But 'give me leave to lead you, brother 'Toby, a little deeper into this myſ-'tery.'

'With all my heart,' replied my Uncle Toby.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is ſo finely painted by Raffael in his School of Athens; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of Socrates is expreſſed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming—'*You grant* '*me* this—and this: and this, and this, 'I don't aſk of you—they follow of 'themſelves in courſe.'

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my Uncle Toby as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs.—O Garrick! what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. VIII.

'THOUGH man is of all others 'the moſt curious vehicle,' ſaid my father, 'yet at the ſame time 'tis 'of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo tottering-'ly put together, that the ſudden jerks 'and hard joſtlings it unavoidably 'meets with in this rugged journey, 'would overſet and tear it to pieces a 'dozen times a day—was it not, bro-'ther Toby, that there is a ſecret ſpring 'within us.'—'Which ſpring,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I take to be religion,' —'Will that ſet my child's noſe on?' cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other. —'It makes every thing ſtraight for us,' anſwered my Uncle Toby.—'Figura-'tively ſpeaking, dear Toby, it may, 'for aught I know,' ſaid my father; 'but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is 'that great and elaſtick power within 'us of counterbalancing evil, which, 'like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered 'machine, though it can't prevent the 'ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our 'ſenſe of it.

'Now, my dear brother,' ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point—'had 'my child arrived life into the world, 'unmartyred in that precious part of 'him—fanciful and extravagant as I 'may appear to the world in my opi-'nion of chriſtian names, and of that 'magick bias which good or bad names 'irreſiſtibly impreſs upon our charac-'ters and conducts—Heaven is wit-'neſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports 'of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my 'child, I never once wiſhed to crown 'his head with more glory and honour 'than what GEORGE or EDWARD 'would have ſpread around it.

'But, alas!' continued my father, 'as the greateſt evil has befallen him— 'I muſt counteract and undo it with 'the greateſt good.

'He ſhall be chriſtened *Triſmegiſtus*, 'brother.'

'I wiſh it may anſwer!'—replied my Uncle Toby, riſing up.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

'WHAT a chapter of chances,' said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my Uncle Toby were going down stairs, 'what a long chapter of chances do the 'events of this world lay open to us!—'Take pen and ink in hand, brother 'Toby, and calculate it fairly——'—'I know no more of calculation than 'this balluster,' said my Uncle Toby—(striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone)—'It was a 'hundred to one——' cried my Uncle Toby—— 'I thought,' quoth my father, (rubbing his shin) 'you had 'known nothing of calculations, bro-'ther Toby.'—'It was a mere chance,' said my Uncle Toby.—'Then it adds 'one to the chapter,' replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once.—It was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation—to guess it, there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express; and, in truth, I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have I not promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—(No, I have done that)—a chapter of my Uncle Toby's modesty?—to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep.——By my great-grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of them through this year!

——'Take pen and ink in hand, and 'calculate it fairly, brother Toby,' said my father, 'and it will turn out a 'million to one, that of all the parts of 'the body, the edge of the forceps 'should have the ill luck just to fall 'upon and break down that one part, 'which should break down the fortunes 'of our house with it.'

'It might have been worse,' replied my Uncle Toby.

—'I don't comprehend,' said my father.—'Suppose the hip had presented,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as Doctor 'Slop foreboded.'

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger——

——'True,' said he.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom: and, for aught I know, as my father and my Uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps——let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny——a sudden impulse comes across me——Drop the curtain, Shandy——I drop it——Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram——I strike it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it into pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done!——Am I warm?—I am, and the cause demands it——a pretty story!—is a man to follow rules,—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse—that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that, in a work of this dramatick cast, they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him.—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple—you must read Longinus——Read away—if you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again——Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's metaphysicks forty times through a-piece, and never understood a single word. But mark the consequence—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni scribili*—and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world

:nows he was born a fœtus*, of e than five inches and a half in yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing n literature, as to write a book title as long as himſelf—the know, I mean his *Gonopſychan-gia*, upon the origin of the hu-ul.

uch for my chapter upon chap-hich I hold to be the beſt chap-ny whole work; and take my whoever reads it, is full as well :d as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XI.

'E ſhall bring all things to ' rights,' ſaid my father, ſet-foot upon the firſt ſtep from ling.——' This Triſmegiſtus,' :d my father, drawing his leg d turning to my Uncle Toby—he greateſt—(Toby)—of all y beings——he was the great-ng—the greateſt lawgiver—the ſt philoſopher—and the greateſt ——' '—And engineer!'—ſaid le Toby.

In courſe,' ſaid my father.

CHAP. XII.

ND how does your miſtreſs?' cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to Suſannah, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pincuſhion in her hand—' how ' does your miſtreſs?'—' As well,' ſaid Suſannah, tripping by, but without looking up, ' as can be expected.'—' What a fool am I!' ſaid my father—drawing his leg back again—' let things ' be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ' ever the preciſe anſwer.—And how ' is the child, pray?'—No anſwer.—' And where is Doctor Slop?' added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the baluſters.——Suſannah was out of hearing.

' Of all the riddles of a married life,' ſaid my father, croſſing the landing in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my Uncle Toby—' of all the puzzling riddles,' ſaid he, ' in a marriage-ſtate—of which, ' you may truſt me, brother Toby, ' there are more aſſes loads than all ' Job's ſtock of aſſes could have car-' ried—there is not one that has more ' intricacies in it than this—that from ' the very moment the miſtreſs of the ' houſe is brought to bed, every female ' in it, from my lady's gentlewoman ' down to the cinder-wench, becomes ' an inch taller for it; and give them-' ſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, ' than all their other inches put to-' gether.'

' I think, rather,' replied my Uncle Toby, ' that 'tis we who ſink an inch

'œtus n'etoit pas plus grand que la paûme de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un , le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & s medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rein d'eſſentiel à la vie; re, pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de ', & de travailler à la formation de l'enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont t pour faire éclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce roit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fil dans un four proprement accommodè, à l'élever & a lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité leur étrangére meſurée éxactement ſur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un rument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. .)

roit toujours été très ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un pere ſi experimenté dans l'art eration, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour quelques mois, eu d'années.

uand on ſe repreſente que l'enfant à vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il : quatre-vingts ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut con-: tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraiſemblance n'eſt rs du coté de la Verité*.

oit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Ani-anæ.

nfans celebres, revûs & corriges par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Fran-

'lower.—If I meet but a woman with 'child—I do it.——'Tis a heavy tax 'upon that half of our fellow-creatures, 'brother Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'It is a piteous burden upon 'em,' continued he, ſhaking his head—'Yes, 'yes, 'tis a painful thing,' ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too.——But certainly, ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

'God bleſs 'em all!'—ſaid my Uncle Toby and my father, each to himſelf.
'Deuce take

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!——here's ſixpence—do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop, and call me a *day-tale* critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my Uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

——'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt Trim was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the bye, did my father no ſort of good, upon the ſcore of the bad hinge—they have not elſe ſhut their eyes, ſince nine hours before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back-parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—and to take up——Truce.

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent—an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until it's final deſtruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work, with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—and why not?—and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—and for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort?—as, at this rate, I ſhould juſt live three hundred and ſixty-four times faſter than I ſhould write——it muſt follow, an' pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write—and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive, I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame Life of mine—or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect—write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advices—I ſhall never overtake myſelf—whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch, at the worſt I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven proſper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us—as I truſt it's providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geeſe—I give myſelf no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I ſhall never want tools to work with.

——So then, friend! you have got my father and my Uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtairs-foot—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

——'THEN reach me my breeches 'off the chair,' ſaid my father to Suſannah.—'There is not a moment's

it's time to dreſs you, Sir,' Sannah—'the child is as black face as my——' 'As your ' ſaid my father—for, like all he was a dear ſearcher into ons.—'Bleſs me, Sir,' ſaid Su- 'the child's in a fit.'—'And Mr. Yorick?'—'Never where uld be,' ſaid Suſannah; 'but ate's in the dreſſing-room, with ild upon his arm, waiting for ne—and my miſtreſs bid me faſt as I could to know, as Shandy is the godfather, whe- ſhould not be called after him.' Were one ſure,' ſaid my father lf, ſcratching his eye-brow, child was expiring, one might compliment my brother Toby —and it would be a pity, in caſe, to throw away ſo great a s Triſmegiſtus upon him—But recover.——

no!'—ſaid my father to Su- I'll get up.'—'There is no cried Suſannah; 'the child's k as my ſhoe.'—*Triſmegiſ-* id my father.—'But ſtay— rt a leaky veſſel, Suſannah,' y father; 'canſt thou carry giſtus in thy head, the length gallery, without ſcattering?'— ' cried Suſannah, ſhutting the huff.—'If ſhe can, I'll be aid my father, bouncing out the dark, and groping for his

ah ran with all ſpeed along the

her made all poſſible ſpeed to reeches.

ah got the ſtart, and kept it— *ris*—ſomething,' cried Suſan- 'There is no Chriſtian name ld,' ſaid the curate, 'begin- ith *Iris*—but *Triſtram*.'—— is *Triſtram-giſtus*,' quoth Su-

There is no *giſtus* to it, noo- tis my own name,' replied the pping his hand, as he ſpoke, alon——'*Triſtram!*' ſaid he, &c. &c.—So *Triſtram* was I d *Triſtram* ſhall I be to the death.

her followed Suſannah with -gown acroſs his arm, with more than his breeches on, through haſte, with but a ſin- , and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

——'She has not forgot the name?' cried my father, half opening the door. —'No, no,' ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence.—'And the child 'is better,' cried Suſannah.—'And 'how does your miſtreſs?'—'As well,' ſaid Suſannah, 'as can be expected.'— 'Piſh!' ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at Suſannah, or the button-hole—whether *piſh* was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chambermaids*, my chapter of *piſhes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried 'Piſh!' he whiſk'd himſelf about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I Wiſh I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one—for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years—of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em—and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em.—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run ſoul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep—I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no

dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary and the broken hearted—nor could I ſet out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us—that this is the chiefeſt—(I know pleaſures worth ten of it)—or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that which ever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear—or doubt—that troubles the air; nor any difficulty, paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet ſeceſſion,

'God's bleſſing,' ſaid Sancho Panca, 'be upon the man who firſt invented this ſelf-ſame thing called ſleep!—it covers a man all over like a cloak.' Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueezed out of the head of the learned together upon the ſubject.

——Not that I altogether diſapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in it's way—(I quote by memory.)

'The world enjoys other pleaſures,' ſays he, 'as they do that of ſleep, 'without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips 'and paſſes by.—We ſhould ſtudy and 'ruminate upon it, in order to render 'proper thanks to him who grants it 'to us.—For this end I cauſe myſelf 'to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I 'may the better and more ſenſibly re'liſh it.—And yet I ſee few,' ſays he again, 'who live with leſs ſleep, when 'need requires; my body is capable of 'a firm, but not of a violent and ſud'den agitation.—I evade, of late, all 'violent exerciſes—I am never weary 'with walking—but from my youth, 'I never liked to ride upon pavements. 'I love to lie hard and alone, and even 'without my wife.'—This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world—but remember, '*La Vraiſemblance* (as Baylet ſays in the affair of Liceti) '*n'eſt pas toujours du cotè de la Ve*'*rité*.' And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

'IF my wife will but venture him—' brother Toby, Triſmegiſtus ſhall 'be dreſſed and brought down to us, 'whilſt you and I are getting our break'faſts together.

——'Go, tell Suſannah, Obadiah, 'to ſtep here,'

'She is run up ſtairs,' anſwered Obadiah, 'this very inſtant, ſobbing and 'crying, and wringing her hands as if 'her heart would break.'

'We ſhall have a rare month of it!' ſaid my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wiſtfully in my Uncle Toby's face for ſome time—'we 'ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, bro'ther Toby,' ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; 'fire, water, women, wind—brother 'Toby!'—'It is ſome misfortune—' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'That it is,' cried my father——'to have ſo many 'jarring elements breaking looſe, and 'riding triumph in every corner of a 'gentleman's houſe.—Little boots it to 'the peace of a family, brother Toby, 'that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and 'ſit here ſilent and unmoved—whilſt 'ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our 'heads!

——'And what's the matter, Su'ſannah?'—'They have called the 'child *Triſtram*—and my miſtreſs is 'juſt got out of an hyſterick fit about 'it.—'No!'—'It is not my fault!' ſaid Suſannah—'I told him it was '*Triſtramgiſtus*.'

——'Make tea for yourſelf, bro'ther Toby,' ſaid my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine.

——For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation—and took down his hat with the gentleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——'Go to the bowling-green for

'Corporal

oral Trim,' ſaid my Uncle To-aking to Obadiah, as ſoon as ıer left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

'HEN the misfortune of my noſe fell ſo heavily upon my father's the reader remembers that he inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt down upon his bed; and from unleſs he has a great inſight in-an nature, he will be apt to ex-rotation of the ſame aſcending ſcending movements from him, is misfortune of my NAME——

different weight, dear Sir—nay e different package of two vexa-' the ſame weight—makes a very ifference in our manners of bear-d getting through with them.—ot half an hour ago, when (in at hurry and precipitation of a vil's writing for daily bread) I a fair ſheet, which I had juſt , and carefully wrote out, ſlap : fire, inſtead of the foul one. ntly I ſnatched off my wig, and t perpendicularly, with all ima- violence, up to the top of the indeed, I caught it as it fell—re was an end of the matter; nor hink any thing elſe in Nature have given ſuch immediate eaſe: ar goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous :, in all provoking caſes, deter-is to a ſally of this or that mem-r elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or ıce, or poſture of body, we know ıy——but mark, Madam, we ıongſt riddles and myſteries—ſt obvious things, which come way, have dark ſides, which the ſight cannot penetrate into; and e cleareſt and moſt exalted un-dings amongſt us find ourſelves l and at a loſs in almoſt every of Nature's works; ſo that this, houſand other things, falls out n a way, which though we can-ıſon upon it—yet we find the f it, may it pleaſe your reve-and your worſhips—and that's for us.

my father could not lie down ıis affliction for his life—nor e carry it up ſtairs like the other—he walks compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone—reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds—but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſ-orderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

'YOUR honour,' ſaid Trim, ſhutting the parlour-door be-fore he began to ſpeak, 'has heard, I 'imagine, of this unlucky accident.'—'O yes, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and it gives me great concern.'—I 'am heartily concerned too; but I hope 'your honour,' replied Trim! 'will do 'me the juſtice to believe, that it was not 'in the leaſt owing to me.'—'To thee, 'Trim!'—cried my Uncle Toby, look-ing kindly in his face—'it was Suſan-'nah's and the curate's folly betwixt 'them.'—'What buſineſs could they 'have together, an' pleaſe your honour, 'in the garden?'—'In the gallery, 'thou meaneſt!' replied my Uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow—'Two misfortunes,' quoth the corporal to himſelf, 'are twice as many, 'at leaſt, as are needful to be called 'over at one time—the miſchief the 'cow has done in breaking into the 'fortifications, may be told his honour 'hereafter.'—Trim's caſuiſtry and ad-dreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my Uncle Toby, ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to Trim as follows.

——'For my own part, Trim, 'though I can ſee little or no difference 'betwixt my nephew's being called '*Triſtram* or *Triſmegiſtus*—yet as the 'thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart,

'Trim—

'Trim—I would freely have given a 'hundred pounds rather than it ſhould 'have happened.'——'A hundred 'pounds, an' pleaſe your honour!' replied Trim—'I would not give a cher-'ry-ſtone to boot.'—'Nor would I, 'Trim, upon my own account,' quoth my Uncle Toby; 'but my brother, 'whom there is no arguing with in this 'caſe—maintains, that a great deal 'more depends, Trim, upon Chriſtian 'names, than what ignorant people 'imagine—for he ſays there never was 'a great or heroick action performed, 'ſince the world began, by one called '*Tiſtram*—nay, he will have it, Trim, 'that a man can neither be learned, or 'wiſe, or brave——' 'It is all fancy, 'an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt 'as well,' replied the corporal, 'when 'the regiment called me *Trim*, as when 'they called me *James Butler*.'—'And 'for my own part,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt 'of myſelf, Trim—yet had my name 'been *Alexander*, I could have done 'no more at Namur than my duty.'

——'Bleſs your honour!' cried Trim, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, 'does 'a man think of his Chriſtian name 'when he goes upon the attack?'—'Or when he ſtands in the trench, 'Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby, look-ing firm.—'Or when he enters a 'breach?' ſaid Trim,' puſhing in be-tween two chairs.—'Or forces the 'lines?' cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.—'Or facing a platoon?' cried Trim, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.—'Or when he marches up the glacis?' cried my Uncle Toby, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.—

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond—and open-ed the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my Uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim re-covered his arms—never was my Uncle Toby caught in riding at ſuch a deſpe-rate rate in his life!—Alas! my Uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter call-ed forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou then, and thy poor *hobby-horſe* too, have been inſulted.

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-againſt my Uncle Toby, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

'IT is in vain longer,' ſaid my fa-ther, addreſſing himſelf as much to Ernulphus's curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece—as to my Uncle Toby who ſat under it—'it is in vain longer,' ſaid my fa-ther, in the moſt querulous monotony imaginable, 'to ſtruggle as I have done 'againſt this moſt uncomfortable of 'human perſuaſions—I ſee it plainly, 'that either for my own ſins, brother 'Toby, or the ſins and follies of the 'Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit 'to draw forth the heavieſt of it's artil-'lery againſt me; and that the proſperity 'of my child is the point upon which 'the whole force of it is directed to 'play.'—'Such a thing would batter 'the whole univerſe about our ears, 'brother Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle To-by—'if it was ſo.'—'Unhappy Triſ-'tram! child of wrath! child of de-'crepitude, interruption, miſtake, and 'diſcontent! What one misfortune or 'diſaſter in the book of embryotick 'evils, that could unmechanize thy 'frame, or entangle thy filaments! 'which has not fallen upon thy head, 'or ever thou cameſt into the world!—'what evils in thy paſſage into it!—'what evils ſince!—Produced into be-'ing, in the decline of thy father's 'days—when the powers of his imagi-'nation and of his body were waxing 'feeble—when radical heat, and radical 'moiſture, the elements which ſhould 'have tempered thine, were drying 'up, and nothing left to found thy 'ſtamina in, but negations—'tis pi-'ful—brother Toby, at the beſt—and 'called out for all the little helps that 'care and attention on both ſides could 'give it. But how were we defeated! 'You know the event, brother Toby '—'tis too melancholy a one to be re-'peated now—when the few animal 'ſpirits I was worth in the world, and

'with

hich memory, fancy, and quick
ſhould have been conveyed—
all diſperſed, confuſed, con-
:d, ſcattered, and ſent to the
——

e then was the time to have put
to this perſecution againſt him
tried an experiment at leaſt—
:r calmneſs and ſerenity of mind
ır ſiſter, with a due attention,
r Toby, to her evacuations and
ons—and the reſt of her non-
ls, might not, in a courſe of
months geſtations, have ſet all
; to rights.—My child was
of theſe!—What a teazing
id ſhe lead herſelf, and conſe-
ly her fœtus too, with that non-
l anxiety of her's about lying-in
n!'—'I thought my ſiſter ſub-
l with the greateſt patience,' re-
y Uncle Toby—'I never heard
tter one fretful word about it.'
: fumed inwardly,' cried my fa-
'and that, let me tell you,
er, was ten times worſe for the
—and then, what battles did
ght with me, and what perpe-
ſtorms about the midwife!'—
e ſhe gave vent,' ſaid my Uncle
—'Vent!' cried my father, look-

t what was all this, my dear
, to the injuries done us by my
's coming head-foremoſt into the
l, when all I wiſhed, in this ge-
wreck of his frame, was to have
this little caſket unbroke, un-
.——

ith all my precautions, how was
ſyſtem turned topſide-turvy in
womb with my child! his head
ſed to the hand of violence, and
ſſure of four hundred and ſeventy
ds avoirdupois weight acting ſo
ndicularly upon it's apex—that
is hour 'tis ninety per cent. in-
ice, that the fine net-work of
ntellectual web be not rent and
to a thouſand tatters.
-'Still we could have done.—
, coxcomb, puppy—give him but
)sz—Cripple, dwarf, driveller,
:cap—(ſhape him as you will)
e door of fortune ſtands open!
Licetus! Licetus! had I been
with a fœtus five inches long
a half, like thee—Fate might
done her worſt!
ill, brother Toby, there was one
'caſt of the dye left for our child after
'all—O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſ-
'tram!
'We will ſend for Mr. Yorick,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.
——'You may ſend for whom you 'will,' replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and friſking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—'I'll tread upon no 'one;'—quoth I to myſelf when I mounted—'I'll take a good rattling 'gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt 'jack-aſs upon the road.'—So off I ſet—up one lane, down another—through this turnpike, over that—as if the arch-jockey of jockies had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may—'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf—'He's flung '—he's off—he's loſt his ſeat—he's 'down—he'll break his neck—ſee!—'if he has not galloped full among the 'ſcaffolding of the undertaking cri-'ticks!—he'll knock his brains out 'againſt ſome of their poſts—he's 'bounced out!—look—he's now riding 'like a mad-cap full tilt through a 'whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, 'poets, biographers, phyſicians, law-'yers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, 'churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſu-'iſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and 'engineers.'

——'Don't fear, ſaid I; 'Ill not hurt 'the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's 'highway.'—'But your horſe throws 'dirt; ſee! you've ſplaſhed a biſhop.' —'I hope in God, 'twas only Ernul-'phus!' ſaid I.—'But you have ſquirt-'ed full in the faces of Meſſrs. Le 'Moyne, De Romigny, and De Mar-'cilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.'—'That was laſt year,' replied I.—'But 'you have trod this moment upon a 'king.'—'Kings have bad times on't,' ſaid I, 'to be trod upon by ſuch people 'as me.'

——'You have done it,' replied my accuſer.

'I deny it,' quoth I—and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my

my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.—'And what is it?'—You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS Francis the Firſt of France was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate*—'It 'would not be amiſs,' ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, 'if 'this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and Switzerland was a little 'ſtrengthened.'—'There is no end, 'Sire,' replied the miniſter, 'in giving 'money to theſe people—they would 'ſwallow up the treaſury of France.'—'Poo! poo!' anſwered the king—'there 'are more ways, Monſ. le Premier, of 'bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving 'money.—I'll pay Switzerland the ho'nour of ſtanding godfather for my 'next child.'—'Your majeſty,' ſaid the miniſter, 'in ſo doing, would have 'all the grammarians in Europe upon 'your back.—Switzerland, as a re'publick, being a female, can in no 'conſtruction be *godfather*.'—'She 'may be *godmother*,' replied Francis, haſtily—'ſo announce my intentions 'by a courier to-morrow morning.—

'I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Francis the Firſt, (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, 'that we have had no anſwer from Switzerland!'—'Sire, I wait upon you this 'moment,' ſaid Monſ. le Premier, 'to 'lay before you my diſpatches upon 'that buſineſs.'—'They take it kind'ly?' ſaid the king.—'They do, Sire,' replied the miniſter, 'and have the 'higheſt ſenſe of the honour your ma'jeſty has done them—but the repub'lick, as godmother, claims her right, 'in this caſe, of naming the child.'

'In all reaſon,' quoth the king—'ſhe will chriſten him Francis, or 'Henry, or Lewis, or ſome name that 'ſhe knows will be agreeable to us.'—'Your majeſty is deceived,' replied the miniſter—'I have this hour received 'a diſpatch from our reſident, with the 'determination of the republick on that 'point alſo.'—'And what name has the 'republick fixed upon for the dauphin?'—'Shadrach, Meſech, and Abed-nego,' replied the miniſter.—'By St. Peter's 'girdle, I will have nothing to do 'with the Swiſs!' cried Francis the 'Firſt;' pulling up his breeches, and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

'Your majeſty,' replied the miniſter, calmly, 'cannot bring yourſelf off.'

'We'll pay them in money,' ſaid the king.

'Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand 'crowns in the treaſury,' anſwered the miniſter.—'I'll pawn the beſt jewel in 'my crown,' quoth Francis the Firſt.

'Your honour ſtands pawned al'ready in this matter,' anſwered Monſ. le Premier.

'Then Monſ. le Premier,' ſaid the king, 'by —— we'll go to war with 'them.'

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to intreat thy lenity ſeriouſly—in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his Chriſtian names—I had no thoughts of treading upon Francis the Firſt——nor in the affair of the noſe—upon Francis the Ninth——nor in the character of my Uncle Toby—of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country——the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind———nor by Trim—that I meant the Duke of Ormond——or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes.——If 'tis wrote againſt any thing—'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen!—in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles

* Vide Menagiana, vol. i.

in

in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread, of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—'BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick?' ſaid my father; 'for, in my opinion,' continued he, 'it cannot.'—'I am a vile canoniſt,' replied Yorick—'but of all evils, 'holding ſuſpence to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the 'worſt of this matter.'—'I hate theſe 'great dinners,' ſaid my father.—'The 'ſize of the dinner, is not the point,' anſwered Yorick—'we want, Mr. 'Shandy, to dive into the bottom of 'this doubt, whether the name can be 'changed or not—and as the beards of 'ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the 'moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, 'and others, are all to meet in the 'middle of one table, and Didius has 'ſo preſſingly invited you—who, in 'your diſtreſs, would miſs ſuch an 'occaſion?—All that is requiſite,' continued Yorick, 'is to apprize Di'dius, and let him manage a con'verſation after dinner ſo as to in'troduce the ſubject.'—'Then my 'brother Toby,' cried my father, clapping his two hands together, 'ſhall 'go with us.'

—'Let my old tye-wig,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'and my laced regi'mentals, be hung to the fire all night, 'Trim.'

H A P. XXV.

doubt, Sir——there is
a whole chapter wanting
chaſm of ten pages made
by it—but the book-binder
ool, or a knave, or a pup-
the book a jot more im-
leaſt, upon that ſcore)—
contrary, the book is more
compleat by wanting the
n having it, as I ſhall de-
your reverences in this
queſtion, firſt, by the bye,
ſame experiment might not
ſucceſsfully upon ſundry
rs——but there is no end,
your reverences, in trying
upon chapters—we have
of it——So there's an end
er.

re I begin my demonſtra-
e only tell you, that the
ch I have torn out, and
wiſe you would all have been
now, inſtead of this—was
on of my father's, my Un-
Trim's, and Obadiah's, ſet-
journeying to the viſitations

in the coach,' ſaid my fa-
ythee, have the arms been
badiah?'——It would have
tory much better, to have
telling you, that at the
other's arms were added to
's, when the coach was re-
on my father's marriage, it
n out, that the coach-pain-
by performing all his works
ft-hand, like Turpilius the
Hans Holbein of Baſil—
'twas more from the blun-
head than hand — or whe-
, it was from the ſiniſter
every thing relating to our
apt to take—it ſo fell out,
our reproach, that inſtead
-dexter, which ſince Harry
's reign was honeſtly our
d-ſiniſter, by ſome of theſe
ad been drawn quite acroſs
f the Shandy arms. 'Tis
ble that the mind of ſo wiſe
my father was, could be ſo
mmoded with ſo ſmall a
The word *coach*—let it be
ld—or *coach-man*, or *coach-*
horſe, or *coach*-hire, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the *bend-ſiniſter* was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the deſtinies had ſet down in their books ever to be grumbled at—(and in wiſer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

——'Has the *bend-ſiniſter* been brush-
'ed out, I ſay?' ſaid my father.—
'There has been nothing brushed out,
'Sir,' anſwered Obadiah, 'but the lin-
'ing.'—'We'll go on horſeback,' ſaid my father, turning to Yorick.—'Of
'all things in the world, except poli-
'ticks, the clergy know the leaſt of he-
'raldy,' ſaid Yorick.—'No matter for
'that,' cried my father.—'I ſhould be
'ſorry to appear with a blot in my eſ-
'cutcheon before them.'—'Never mind
'the *bend-ſiniſter*,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig.—'No, in-
'deed,' ſaid my father—'you may go
'with my Aunt Dinah to a viſitation
'with a *bend-ſiniſter*, if you think fit!'
—My poor Uncle Toby bluſhed.—My father was vexed at himſelf.——'No,
'my dear brother Toby,' ſaid my father, changing his tone—'but the damp
'of the coach lining about my loins,
'may give me the ſciatica again, as it
'did December, January, and Febru-
'ary laſt winter—ſo, if you pleaſe, you
'ſhall ride my wife's pad——and as
'you are to preach, Yorick, you had
'better make the beſt of your way be-
'fore—and leave me to take care of
'my brother Toby, and to follow at
'our own rates.'

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade,—in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horſes abreaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrole—whilſt my Uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations, alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

——But the painting of this jour-

ney, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene; and deſtroying at the ſame time that neceſſary equipoiſe and balence (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, Madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take it.——This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well—(as Yorick told my Uncle Toby one night)—by ſiege.—My Uncle Toby looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

'I'm to preach at court next Sun-'day,' ſaid Homenas—'run over my 'notes.'——So I hummed over Doctor Homenas's notes——'The modu-'lation's very well—'twill do, Home-'nas, if it holds on at this rate.'—So on I hummed—and a tolerable tune I thought it was: and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was, but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world! now had I—(as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible—certes I had been out-witted.—'Your notes, Homenas,' I ſhould have ſaid, 'are good notes'—but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I hummed I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.——And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

——'SEE if he is not cutting it 'all into ſlips, and giving 'them about him to light their pipes!'—'It is abominable,' anſwered Didius.—'It ſhould not go unnoticed,' ſaid Doctor Kyſarcius.——☞ He was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

'Methinks,' ſaid Didius, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick—'you might have ſpared this ſar-'caſtick ſtroke, and have hit upon a 'more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or 'at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion, 'to have ſhewn your contempt of what 'we have been about: if the ſermon is 'of no better worth than to light pipes 'with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good 'enough to be preached before ſo learn-'ed a body; and if 'twas good enough 'to be preached before ſo learned a 'body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good 'to light their pipes with afterwards.

——'I have got him faſt hung up,' quoth Didius to himſelf, 'upon one of 'the two horns of my dilemma—let 'him get off as he can.'

'I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable 'torments in bringing forth this ſer-'mon,' quoth Yorick, 'upon this oc-'caſion, that I declare, Didius, I would 'ſuffer martyrdom—and, if it was poſ-'ſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand 'times over, before I would ſit down 'and make ſuch another.—I was deli-'vered of it at the wrong end of me—'it came from my head, inſtead of my 'heart; and it is for the pain it gave 'me, both in the writing and preach-'ing of it, that I revenge myſelf of it 'in this manner.—To preach, to ſhew 'the extent of our reading, or the ſub-'tilties of our wit—to parade it in the 'eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly 'accounts of a little learning, tinſelled 'over with a few words which glit-'ter, but convey little light, and leſs 'warmth—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the 'poor ſingle half-hour in a week which 'is put into our hands. 'Tis not preach-'ing the goſpel—but ourſelves.—For 'my own part,' continued Yorick, 'I 'had rather direct five words point-'blank to the heart——'

As

orick pronounced the word
k, my Uncle Toby roſe up
thing upon projectiles—when
word, and no more, uttered
ppoſite ſide of the table, drew
s ears towards it——a word,
ers in the dictionary, the laſt
ice to be expected—a word I
d to write—yet muſt be writ-
be read—illegal—uncanoni-
s ten thouſand gueſſes, mul-
o themſelves—rack—torture
ntion for ever, you're where
—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the
ter.

CHAP. XXVII.

UNDS!' ——————
——————
——————'Z——ds!' cried
us—partly to himſelf—and
nough to be heard—and what
d, 'twas uttered in a conſtruc-
ook, and in a tone of voice,
between that of a man in
it and of one in bodily pain.
two who had very nice ears,
l diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and
f the two tones as plainly as a
a *fifth*, or any other chord in
were the moſt puzzled and per-
h it—the *concord* was good in
t then 'twas quite out of the
no way applicable to the ſub-
d—ſo that, with all their
e, they could not tell what
ld to make of it.

who knew nothing of mu-
eſſion, and merely lent their
e plain import of the *word*,
that Phutatorius, who was
of a cholerick ſpirit, was juſt
ſnatch the cudgels out of Di-
ds, in order to bemawl Yorick
urpoſe—and that the deſperate
ible 'Z——ds!' was the exor-
an oration—which, as they
om the ſample, preſaged but a
d of handling of him; ſo that
e Toby's good-nature felt a
what Yorick was about to un-
But ſeeing Phutatorius ſtop
thout any attempt or deſire to
third party began to ſuppoſe
s no more than an involuntary
n, caſually forming itſelf into
e of a twelve-penny oath—
he ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſely formed againſt Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurprize which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which Phutatorius uttered—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom—namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards—who would not have thought the ſame?—But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own *galligaſkins*, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: ſo that notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to Yorick, who ſat over-againſt him—yet, I ſay, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed, then, that Gaſtripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on—obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred

or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over—Gastripheres inforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of them.

About two minutes before the time that my Uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—Gastripheres's chesnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius sat straddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all Johnson's Dictionary——let it suffice to say—it was that particular aperture which, in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace, at least) to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the bye, should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.

——Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it—and are so to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of it's own accord—and then falling with all it's heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obscene treatise *De Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me, as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut—and that the chesnut, some how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else, at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undelectable for the first twenty or five and twenty seconds—and did no more than gently solicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part—but the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain, the soul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crouded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forward below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it: however, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of some wry faces and contortions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter—but the sallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that though the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat—it might notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a *newt* or an *asker*, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard:

the

of which was this, that he continently up—uttering, as that interjection of ſurprize ſo ſcanted upon, with the apoſi- break after it, marked thus, ls!'—which, though not ſtrict- ical, was ſtill as little as any d have ſaid upon the occaſion; h, by the bye, whether cano- ot, Phutatorius could no more n he could the cauſe of it.

h this has taken up ſome time rrative, it took up little more ıe tranſaction, than juſt to al- for Phutatorius to draw forth ıut, and throw it down with ıpon the floor—and for Yorick m his chair, and pick the cheſ-

urious to obſerve the triumph ncidents over the mind—what weight they have in forming rning our opinions, both of things—that trifles, light as waſt a belief into the ſoul, it ſo immoveably within it— id's demonſtrations, could they ıt to batter it in breach, ſhould ve power to overthrow it.

, I ſaid, picked up the cheſ- Phutatorius's wrath had flung he action was trifling—I am to account for it—he did it, ıſon, but that he thought the ot a jot worſe for the adven- l that he held a good cheſnut oping for.—But this incident, s it was, wrought differently torius's head: he conſidered ſ Yorick's, in getting off his picking up the cheſnut, as a nowledgment in him, that the was originally his——and in hat it muſt have been the own- cheſnut, and no one elſe, who e played him ſuch a prank with greatly confirmed him in this was this, that the table being grammical, and very narrow, d a fair opportunity for Yo- ſat directly over-againſt Phu- of flipping the cheſnut in— equently that he did it. The omething more than ſuſpicion, utatorius caſt full upon Yo- heſe thoughts aroſe, too evi- oke his opinion—and as Phu- was naturally ſuppoſed to know he matter than any perſon be- ſides, his opinion at once became the ge- neral on——and, for a reaſon very dif- ferent from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, natu- rally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them. The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which Phutatorius had wrote, *De Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in Yorick's prank— and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into Phutatorius's ***-*****, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book—the doc- trines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentus —made Agelaſtes ſmile—and, if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a rid- dle—it threw Gaſtripheres's into that form—and, in ſhort, was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch- wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his an- ceſtor—*was a man of jeſt*—but it was tempered with ſomething which with- held him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as un- deſervedly bore the blame—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was inca- pable. All I blame him for—or ra- ther, all I blame and alternately like him for, was, that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe—he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike ſo injurious to him—he could

could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroick caſt produced him inconveniences in many reſpects—in the preſent it was followed by the fixed reſentment of Phutatorius; who, as Yorick had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it——which, indeed, he did with a ſmile; ſaying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

——The ſmile was for the company.

——The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——'CAN you tell me,' quoth Phutatorius, ſpeaking to Gaſtripheres, who ſat next to him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair—'can you tell me, Gaſtri-'pheres, what is beſt to take out the 'fire?'—'Aſk Eugenius,' ſaid Gaſtripheres.—'That greatly depends,' ſaid Eugenius, (pretending ignorance of the adventure) 'upon the nature of the part. '—If it is a tender part, and a part 'which can conveniently be wrapped 'up——' 'It is both the one and the 'other,' replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it.—'If 'that is the caſe,' ſaid Eugenius, 'I 'would adviſe you, Phutatorius, not 'to tamper with it by any means; but 'if you will ſend to the next printer, 'and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple 'thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come 'off the preſs—you need do nothing 'more than twiſt it round.'—'The 'damp paper,' quoth Yorick—(who ſat next to his friend Eugenius)—'though I know it has a refreſhing 'coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no 'more than the vehicle—and that the 'oil and lamp-black with which the 'paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does 'the buſineſs.'—'Right,' ſaid Eugenius; 'and is, of any outward applica-'tion I would venture to recommend, 'the moſt anodyne and ſafe.'

'Was it my caſe,' ſaid Gaſtripheres, 'as the main thing is the oil and lamp-'black, I ſhould ſpread them thick 'upon a rag, and clap it on directly.' —'That would make a very devil of 'it,' replied Yorick.—'And beſides,' added Eugenius, 'it would not anſwer 'the intention, which is the extreme 'neatneſs and elegance of the preſcrip-'tion, which the faculty hold to be half 'in half—for conſider, if the type is a 'very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) 'the ſanative particles, which come in-'to contact in this form, have the ad-'vantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely 'thin, and with ſuch a mathematical 'equality, (freſh paragraphs and large 'capitals excepted) as no art or ma-'nagement of the ſpatula can come up 'to.'—'It falls out very luckily,' replied Phutatorius, 'that the ſecond 'edition of my treatiſe *De Concubinis 'retinendis* is at this inſtant in the 'preſs.'—'You may take any leaf of 'it,' ſaid Eugenius—'no matter which.' —'Provided,' quoth Yorick, 'there is 'no bawdry in it.'—

'They are juſt now,' replied Phutatorius, 'printing off the ninth chap-'ter—which is the laſt chapter but one 'in the book.'—'Pray what is the title 'to that chapter?' ſaid Yorick, making a reſpectful bow to Phutatorius as he ſpoke.—'I think,' anſwered Phutatorius, 'it is that, *De re concubina-'ria.*'

'For Heaven's ſake keep out of that 'chapter!' quoth Yorick.

——'By all means!' added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'NOW,' quoth Didius, riſing up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers ſpread upon his breaſt—'had ſuch a blunder about a 'chriſtian-name happened before the 'reformation—' ['It happened the 'day before yeſterday,' quoth my Uncle Toby to himſelf.]—'and when bap-'tiſm was adminiſtered in Latin——' '[It was all in Engliſh,' ſaid my uncle.]—'many things might have co-'incided with it, and upon the authority 'of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pro-'nounced the baptiſm null, with a pow-'er of giving the child a new name.—'Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was 'no uncommon thing, through igno-

'rance

f the Latin tongue, baptized
Tom o'Stiles, "*In nomino & Filia & Spiritum Sanctos*," aptiſm was held null.'—'I r pardon,' replied Kyſarcius; at caſe, as the miſtake was the *terminations*, the baptiſm d—and to have rendered it e blunder of the prieſt ſhould len upon the firſt ſyllable of in—and not, as in your caſe, : laſt.'—

her delighted in ſubtilties of and liſtened with infinite at-

pheres, for example,' con-ſarcius, 'baptizes a child of adling's "*In* gomine gatris, :." inſtead of "*In* nomine &c."—'Is this a baptiſm?' —ſay the ableſt canoniſts; h as the radix of each word is orn up, and the ſenſe and of them removed and chang- to another object; for *go-* s not ſignify a name, nor *ga-* her.'—'What do they ſig- aid my Uncle Toby.—'No- all,' quoth Yorick.—'Ergo, baptiſm is null,' ſaid Kyſar- courſe!' anſwered Yorick; two parts jeſt and one part

n the caſe cited,' continued 'where *patrim* is put for *pa-* for *filii*, and ſo on—as it is nly in the declenſion, and the the words continue untouch- inflexions of their branches, is way or that, does not in hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch ame ſenſe continues in the before.'—'But then,' ſaid the intention of the prieſt's ing them grammatically muſt n proved to have gone along —'Right,' anſwered Kyſar- l of this, brother Didius, we nſtance in a decree of the de- Pope Leo the IIId.'—'But ier's child,' cried my Uncle as nothing to do with the s the plain child of a Pro- ntleman, chriſten'd *Triſtram* he wills and wiſhes both of r and mother, and all who to it.'—

'If the wills and wiſhes,' ſaid Kyſarcius, interrupting my Uncle Toby, 'of thoſe only who ſtand related to 'Mr. Shandy's child, were to have 'weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, 'of all people, has the leaſt to do in it.' —My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

'It has not only been a queſtion, 'Captain Shandy, amongſt the beſt law- 'yers and civilians in this land,' continued Kyſarcius, '*Whether the mo- 'ther be of kin to her child*?*—but, 'after much diſpaſſionate enquiry and 'jactitation of the arguments on all 'ſides—it has been adjudged for the 'negative—namely, *that the mother 'is not of kin to her child*†.'——My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my Uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear——the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero; —and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument—he begged my Uncle Toby, for Heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it.——My Uncle Toby gave a nod—reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling Lillabullero inwardly—Kyſarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus, went on with the diſcourſe as follows.

'This determination,' continued Kyſarcius, 'how contrary ſoever it may 'ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar 'ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on it's 'ſide; and has been put out of all man- 'ner of diſpute from the famous caſe, 'known commonly by the name of the 'Duke of Suffolk's caſe.'—'It is cited 'in Brook,' ſaid Triptolemus.—'And 'taken notice of by Lord Coke,' added Didius.—'And you may find it in 'Swinburn on Teſtaments,' ſaid Kyſarcius.

'The caſe, Mr. Shandy, was this.

'In the reign of Edward the Sixth, 'Charles Duke of Suffolk having iſſue 'a ſon by one venter, and a daughter 'by another venter, made his laſt will, 'wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, 'and died; after whoſe death the ſon 'died alſo—but without will, without 'wife, and without child——his mo- 'ther, and his ſiſter by the father's ſide '(for ſhe was born of the former ven-

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, part vii. ſect. 8.
† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

'ter) then living. The mother took 'the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, 'according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt 'of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is 'enacted, that in caſe any perſon die 'inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his 'goods ſhall be committed to the next 'of kin.

'The adminiſtration being thus (ſur-'reptitiouſly) granted to the mother, 'the ſiſter by the father's ſide com-'menced a ſuit before the eccleſiaſtical 'judge, alledging, 1ſt, That ſhe her-'ſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, That 'the mother was not of kin at all to the 'party deceaſed; and therefore prayed 'the court, that the adminiſtration 'granted to the mother might be re-'voked, and be committed unto her, as 'next of kin to the deceaſed, by force 'of the ſaid ſtatute.

'Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, 'and much depending upon it's iſſue '—and many cauſes of great proper-'ty likely to be decided in times to 'come, by the precedent to be then 'made—the moſt learned, as well in the 'laws of this realm, as in the civil law, 'were conſulted together, whether the 'mother was of kin to her ſon, or no. '—Whereunto not only the temporal 'lawyers—but the church-lawyers—'the juris-conſulti—the juris-prudentes '—the civilians—the advocates—the 'commiſſaries—the judges of the con-'ſiſtory and prerogative courts of Can-'terbury and York, with the maſter of 'the faculties, were all unanimouſly 'of opinion, *that the mother was not of 'kin to her child* *.'

'And what ſaid the Ducheſs of Suf-'folk to it?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

The unexpectedneſs of my Uncle Toby's queſtion, confounded Kyſarcius more than the ableſt advocate.—He ſtopped a full minute, looking in my Uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'It is a ground and principle in the law,' ſaid Triptolemus, 'that things 'do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and 'I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, 'that however true it is, that the child 'may be of the blood and ſeed of it's 'parents—that the parents, neverthe-'leſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of 'it; inaſmuch as the parents are not 'begot by the child, but the child by 'parents—For ſo they write, "*Liberi* "*ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed* "*pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine* "*liberorum.*"

——'But this, Triptolemus,' cries Didius, 'proves too much—for, from 'this authority cited, it would follow, 'not only, what indeed is granted on 'all ſides, that the *mother* is not of kin 'to her child—but the *father* likewiſe.'—'It is held,' ſaid Triptolemus, 'the 'better opinion; becauſe the father, 'the mother, and the child, though 'they be three perſons, yet they are 'but (*una caro* †) one fleſh; and con-'ſequently no degree of kindred—or 'any method of acquiring one *in na-'ture*.'—'There you puſh the argu-'ment again too far,' cried Didius; 'for there is no prohibition *in nature*, 'though there is in the Levitical law—'but that a man may beget a child 'upon his grandmother—in which caſe, 'ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe 'would ſtand in relation both of——' 'But who ever thought,' cried Kyſarcius, 'of lying with his grandmother?'—'The young gentleman,' replied Yorick, 'whom Selden ſpeaks of—'who not only thought of it, but juſti-'fied his intention to his father, by the 'argument drawn from the law of re-'taliation.—"You laid, Sir, with my "mother," ſaid the lad; "why may I "not lay with yours?"—'It is the 'argumentum commune,' added Yorick. —'It is as good,' replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, 'as they deſerve.'

The company broke up.——

CHAP. XXX.

——'AND pray!'—ſaid my Uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs—(Don't be terrified, Madam; this ſtair-caſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt)——'and pray, Yorick,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'which way is this ſaid 'affair of Triſtram at length ſettled by 'theſe learned men?'—'Very ſatisfac-'torily,' replied Yorick; 'no mortal,

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos. Bald. in uſt. C. *de Verb. ſignific.*

† Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

Sir,

'Sir, has any concern with it—for 'Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing 'at all a-kin to him—and as the mo-'ther is the ſureſt ſide—Mr. Shandy, 'in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing—— 'in ſhort, he is not as much a-kin to 'him, Sir, as I am.'

——'That may well be,' ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

——'Let the learned ſay what they 'will, there muſt certainly,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'have been ſome ſort of 'conſanguinity betwixt the Ducheſs of 'Suffolk and her ſon.'

'The vulgar are of the ſame opi-'nion,' quoth Yorick, 'to this hour.'

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtilties of theſe learned diſcourſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier; as is ever the caſe, when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us.—He became penſive—walked frequently forth to the fiſh pond—let down one loop of his hat—ſighed often—forbore to ſnap—and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued, by a freſh train of diſquietudes, left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds, by my Aunt Dinah.—

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family.—A hundred and fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome—he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy John Hobſon's farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a wind-mill on the other ſide of the river in full view to anſwer it—But, above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great OX-MOOR, and ſend out my BROTHER *BOBBY immediately upon his* travels.

But as the ſum was finite, and conſequently could not do every thing—and, in truth, very few of theſe to any purpoſe—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education; and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the Miſſiſſippi-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—like a wiſe man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that, upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis—the two old projects, the *Ox-moor* and my *brother*, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

——People may laugh as they will—but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs, into foreign parts, before marriage—not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt Chriſtian indulgence—to

deprive him of it without *why* or *wherefore*—and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a Turk.

On the other hand, the caſe of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before—beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the Shandy family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family—yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been over-looked—aſid, to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled, (Obadiah ſaid) who underſtood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above—(and which had aroſe about it's boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in it's favour; and upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weighed them in all humours and conditions—ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done—reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances—communing every day with my Uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For, to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, though the Ox-moor would have undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my Brother Bobby—let Obadiah ſay what he would.—

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans—beſides potatoes without end——But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpenſe—that, as he often declared to my Uncle Toby, —he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: for, to ſay nothing of the havock, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you know

convey the animal ſpirits and ıbtle juices from the heart to the and ſo on—it is not to be told in ı degree ſuch a wayward kind of ı works upon the more groſs and ırts, waſting the fat and impair- ſtrength of a man every time as backwards and forwards.

father had certainly ſunk under 'il, as certainly as he had done that of my CHRISTIAN NAME : not been reſcued out of it, as out of that, by a freſh evil— ıfortune of my Brother Bobby's

at is the life of man! Is it not to om ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ?—to button up one cauſe of n—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

OM this moment, I am to be ınſidered as heir-apparent to the family—and it is from this point y, that the ſtory of my LIFE and HNIONS ſets out. With all my ınd precipitation, I have but been g the ground to raiſe the build- nd ſuch a building do I foreſee turn out, as never was planned, never was executed, ſince Adam.

than five minutes, I ſhall have ı my pen into the fire, and the rop of thick ink which is left re- g at the bottom of my ink-horn, .—I have but half a ſcore things in the time——I have a thing to —a thing to lament—a thing to a thing to promiſe—and a thing aten——I have a thing to ſup- a thing to declare—a thing to l—a thing to chuſe—a thing to or.—This chapter, therefore, I he chapter of THINGS—and my ıapter to it, that is, the firſt chap- my next volume, if I live, ſhall chapter upon WHISKERS, in or- keep up ſome ſort of connection works.

thing I *lament* is—that things rouded in ſo thick upon me, that not been able to get into that part work, towards which I have all ıy looked forwards with ſo much deſire; and that is, the *cam-* , but eſpecially the *amours* of my Toby, the events of which are ngular a nature, and ſo Cervan- tick a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own—I will anſwer for it the book ſhall make it's way in the world much better than it's maſter has done before it.——Oh, Triſtram! Triſtram! can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feaſt upon the one—when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours—They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em—aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it)—I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!——and that's the thing I have to *declare*.——I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*—and the thing I *hope*, is that your worſhips and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way——but who my Jenny is—and which is the right and which is the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it ſhall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of BUTTON-HOLES—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe four volumes—the thing I have to *aſk*—is, how you feel your heads—my own aches diſmally!—as for your healths, I know, they are much better.—True Shandeiſm, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all thoſe affections which partake of it's nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through it's channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of——no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: and, as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe

paſſions,

paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon—I ſhould add to my prayer—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people, under heaven!

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month; when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

A

Dedication to a Great Man.

HAVING, *à priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my Uncle Toby* to Mr. *** ——, I ſee more reaſons, *à poſteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I ſhould lament from my ſoul, if this expoſe me to the jealouſy of their reverences; becauſe, *à poſteriori*, in court Latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for preferment—or any thing elſe—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worſe than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impreſſions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of baſe metal; but gold and ſilver will paſs all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The ſame good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at preſent, as half an hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable and refreſhing after labour and ſorrow, than after a philoſophical repaſt.

Nothing is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are ſo totally different as thoſe of miniſters and innocent lovers: for which reaſon, when I come to talk of ſtateſmen and patriots, and ſet ſuch marks upon them as will prevent confuſion and miſtakes concerning them for the future—I purpoſe to dedicate that volume to ſome gentle ſhepherd,

> Whoſe thoughts proud ſcience never taught to ſtray,
> Far as the ſtateſman's walk or patriot-way;
> Yet ſimple Nature to his hopes had given,
> Out of a cloud-capp'd head, a humbler heaven:
> Some untam'd world in depth of woods embrac'd——
> Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte——
> And where, admitted to that equal ſky,
> His faithful dogs ſhould bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a diverſion to his paſſionate and love-ſick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you theſe two volumes; they are the beſt my talents, with ſuch bad health as I have, could produce: had Providence granted me a larger ſtock of either, they had been a much more proper preſent to your Lordſhip.

I beg your Lordſhip will forgive me, if, at the ſame time I dedicate this work to you, I join LADY SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inſcribing the ſtory of Le Fevre to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the ſtory is a humane one.

I am, my Lord,

your Lordſhip's

moſt devoted, and

moſt humble ſervant,

LAUR. STERNE.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

RISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered l, He flew like lightning—there ope of three miles and a half—e touched the ground—the mo- s moſt rapid—moſt impetuous—mmunicated to my brain—my rtook of it—'By the great god r,' ſaid I, looking towards the d thruſting my arm out of the ndow of the chaiſe, as I made , 'I will lock up my ſtudy- the moment I got home, and the key of it ninety feet below rface of the earth, into the draw- t the back of my houſe!'

London waggon confirmed me ſolution; it hung tottering up- ill, ſcarce progreſſive, dragg'd 'd up by eight heavy beaſts—in ſtrength!'—quoth I, nod- but your betters draw the ſame and ſomething of every body's l are!'

ne, ye learned, ſhall we for ever g ſo much to the bulk—ſo lit- ſtock?

we for ever make new books, ecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting, and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track—for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be ſhewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their ſaints—without working one—one ſingle miracle—with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that moſt excellent, and moſt noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaſter in his book Περὶ Φύσεως called him—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Preſence, as Chryſoſtom — the *image* of God, as Moſes—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Ariſtotle—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate?

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as Horace upon the occaſion—but if there is no catachreſis in the wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farciful houſe large enough to hold—aye, and ſublimate them—*ſhag rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiſkers*—but, by what

chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to prudes and tartufs, to enjoy and make the moſt of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm ſorry I made it—'twas as inconſiderate a promiſe as ever entered a man's head—A chapter upon Whiſkers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world—but I know not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever ſeen the underwritten fragment; otherwiſe, as ſurely as noſes are noſes, and whiſkers are whiſkers ſtill, (let the world ſay what it will to the contrary) ſo ſurely would I have ſteered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

* * * \

ıg it this way and that way
y—" Ave Maria † what
oſſeuſe mean?" ſaid ſhe,
wn upon the cuſhion.
l, La Battarelle, La Ma-
Sabatiere, retired inſtant-
hambers.—" Whiſkers!"
ır of them to themſelves,
ed their doors on the in-

y Carnavallette was count-
ds with both hands, un-
nder her farthingal—from
, down to St. Urſula in-
a ſaint paſſed through her
out whiſkers; St. Francis,
ck, St. Bennet, St. Baſil,
had all whiſkers.
y Bauſſiere had got into a
of conceits, with moraliz-
ieately upon La Foſſeuſe's
mounted her palfrey, her
d her—the Hoſt paſſed by.
y Bauſſiere rode on.
ıier," cried the Order of
one ſingle denier, in behalf
nd patient captives, whoſe
towards Heaven and you
lemption!"
Lady Bauſſiere rode on.
unhappy," ſaid a devout,
ıoary-headed man, meek-
ıp a box, begirt with iron,
ered hands—" I beg for
nate—good, my lady, 'tis
—for an hoſpital—'tis for
—a poor man undone by
by ſuretiſhip, by fire—I
nd his angels to witneſs
clothe the naked—to feed
—'tis to comfort the ſick
ken-hearted!"
Lady Bauſſiere rode on.
d kinſman bowed himſelf
ıd.
y Bauſſiere rode on.
gging bare-headed on one
palfrey, conjuring her by
bonds of friendſhip, al-
anguinity, &c.—" Cou-
iſter, mother—for virtue's
your own, for mine, for
ke, remember me—pity

Lady Bauſſiere rode on.
ld of my whiſkers," ſaid
ıuſſiere.
page took hold of her
he diſmounted at the end
e.

' There are ſome trains of certain
' ideas which leave prints of themſelves
' about our eyes and eyebrows; and
' there is a conſciouſneſs of it, ſome-
' where about the heart, which ſerves
' but to make theſe etchings the ſtronger
' —we ſee, ſpell, and put them together
' without a dictionary.
" Ha, ha! hee, hee!" cried La Guyol
' and La Sabatiere, looking cloſe at
' each other's prints.——" Ho, ho!"
' cried La Battarelle and Maronette,
' doing the ſame.
——" Whiſt!" cried one——" St,
" ſt!"—ſaid a ſecond.——" Huſh!"
' quoth a third.——" Poo, poo," re-
' plied a fourth.——" Gra-mercy!"
' cried the Lady Carnavallette!—" it
" was ſhe who be-whiſkered St. Brid-
" get."
' La Foſſeuſe drew her bodkin from
' the knot of her hair, and having traced
' the outline of a ſmall whiſker, with
' the blunt end of it, upon one ſide of
' her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's
' hand.—La Rebours ſhook her head.
' The Lady Bauſſiere coughed thrice
' into the inſide of her muff.—La Guyol
' ſmiled. " Fy," ſaid the Lady Bauſ-
' ſiere. The Queen of Navarre touched
' her eye with the tip of her fore-finger
' —as much as to ſay, " I underſtand
" you all."
' It was plain to the whole court the
' word was ruined: La Foſſeuſe had
' given it a wound, and it was not the
' better for paſſing through all theſe de-
' files—It made a faint ſtand, however,
' for a few months; by the expiration
' of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding
' it high time to leave Navarre for
' want of whiſkers—the word in courſe
' became indecent, and (after a few ef-
' forts) abſolutely unfit for uſe.
' The beſt word, in the beſt language
' of the beſt world, muſt have ſuffered
' under ſuch combinations.—The cu-
' rate d'Eſtella wrote a book againſt
' them, ſetting forth the dangers of ac-
' ceſſory ideas, and warning the Nava-
' rois againſt them.
" Does not all the world know,"
' ſaid the curate d'Eſtella, at the con-
' cluſion of his work, " that *noſes* ran
" the ſame fate ſome centuries ago in
" moſt parts of Europe, which *whiſ-*
" *kers* have now done in the kingdom
" of Navarre.—The evil, indeed, ſpread
" no farther then—but have not beds
" and bolſters, and night-caps and

" chamber-pots, ſtood upon the brink " of deſtruction ever ſince? Are not " trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump- " handles—and ſpigots and faucets, in " danger ſtill, from the ſame aſſocia- " tion?——Chaſtity, by nature, the " gentleſt of all affections—give it but " it's head—'tis like a ramping and a " roaring lion."

'The drift of the Curate d'Eſtella's 'argument was not underſtood.—They 'ran the ſcent the wrong way.—The 'world bridled his aſs at the tail.— 'And when the *extremes* of DELICA- 'CY, and the *beginnings* of CONCU- 'PISCENCE, hold the next provincial 'chapter together, they may decree that 'bawdy alſo.'

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my Brother Bobby's death, he was buſy calculating the expence of his riding poſt from Calais to Paris, and ſo on to Lyons.

'Twas a moſt inauſpicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afreſh, when he had almoſt got to the end of it by Obadiah's open- ing the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeaſt—and to aſk whether he might not take the great coach-horſe early in the morning and ride in ſearch of ſome.—'With all my heart, Oba- 'diah!' ſaid my father—(purſuing his journey)—'take the coach horſe, and 'welcome!'—'But he wants a ſhoe, 'poor creature!' ſaid Obadiah.—'Poor 'creature!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, vi- brating the note back again, like a ſtring in uniſon.—'Then ride the Scotch 'horſe,' quoth my father haſtily. 'He 'cannot bear a ſaddle upon his back,' quoth Obadiah, 'for the whole world.' —'The devil's in that horſe!—Then 'take Patriot,' cried my father; 'and 'ſhut the door.'—'Patriot is ſold,' ſaid Obadiah.—'Here's for you!' cried my father, making a pauſe, and look- ing in my Uncle Toby face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.— 'Your worſhip ordered me to ſell him 'laſt April,' ſaid Obadiah.—'Then 'go on foot for your pains!' cried my father.—'I had much rather walk than 'ride,' ſaid Obadiah, ſhutting the door.

'What plagues!' cried my father, going on with his calculation.—'But 'the waters are out,' ſaid Obadiah— opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanſon's, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon Ne- vers, the laſt ſtage he had paid for— purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as Obadiah quitted the room——but this ſecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much—he let go his compaſſes—or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais—(like many others)—as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of Nevers.—'By your 'leave, Monſ. Sanſon,' cried my fa- ther, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through Nevers into the table—and nodding to my Uncle Toby, to ſee what was in the letter—'twice of one night is 'too much for an Engliſh gentleman 'and his ſon (Monſ. Sanſon) to be 'turned back from ſo louſy a town as 'Nevers.—What think'ſt thou, To- 'by?' added my father in a ſprightly tone.—'Unleſs it be a garriſon town,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'for then——' —'I ſhall be a fool,' ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, 'as long as I live.'— So giving a ſecond nod—and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt- roads in the other—half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my Un- cle Toby hummed over the letter.

'— — — — — — '— — — — — — — — '— — — — — — — — '— — — — — he's gone!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Where?— 'Who?'—cried my father.——'My 'nephew,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.— 'What!—without leave—without mo- 'ney—without governor?' cried my father in amazement. 'No—he is dead, 'my dear brother!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

Toby.—'Without being ill?' cried my father again.—'I dare ſay not,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart; 'he has been ill enough, 'poor lad! I'll anſwer for him—for he 'is dead!'

When Agrippina was told of her ſon's death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.—My father ſtuck his compaſſes into Nevers but ſo much the faſter.—What contrarities! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.—

CHAP. III.

——— —— And a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too——ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophraſtus, or Lucian—or ſome one perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine or father of the church, St Auſtin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard—who affirm that it is an irreſiſtable and natural paſſion to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel.—And accordingly we find, that David wept for his ſon Abſalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children—and that Apollodorus and Crito both ſhed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwiſe; and indeed differently from moſt men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and Romans—or ſlept it off, as the Laplanders—or hanged it, as the Engliſh—or drowned it, as the Germans—nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it——He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at firſt he laid it to his heart—he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it—'O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!' Still, ſtill, ſtill—'twas, 'O my Tullia! '—my Tullia! Methinks I ſee my 'Tullia! I talk with my Tullia.'—But as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion—'Nobody upon 'earth can conceive,' ſays the great orator, 'how happy, how joyful it made 'me.'

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life—and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary, at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was indeed his ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.—His ſtrength, for he was by nature eloquent—and his weakneſs, for he was hourly a dupe to it—and provided an occaſion in life would permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one—(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematick misfortune)—he had all he wanted.——A bleſſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which ſet it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two—for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as 10, and the pain of the misfortune but as 5,—my father gained half in half, and conſequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwiſe would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtick character; and it is this, that in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had conſigned over to a moſt beautiful Arabian horſe, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was ſanguine in all his projects; ſo talked about his pad every day with as abſolute a ſecurity, as if it had been reared—broke—and bridled and ſaddled at his door ready for mounting. By ſome neglect or other in Obadiah, it ſo fell out, that my father's

ther's expectations were anſwered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaſt of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my Uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah—and that there never would be an end of the diſaſter.—'See here! 'you raſcal,' cried my father, pointing to the mule, 'what you have done!' —'It was not me,' ſaid Obadiah.—'How do I know that?' replied my father.

Triumph ſwam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the Attick ſalt brought water into them—and ſo Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philoſophy has a fine ſaying for every thing.—For death it has an entire ſet; the miſery was, they all at once ruſhed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to ſtring them together, ſo as to make any thing of a conſiſtent ſhow out of them.—He took them as they came.

'It is an inevitable chance—the firſt 'ſtatute in Magnâ Chartâ—it is an 'everlaſting act of parliament, my dear 'brother.—*All muſt die!*

'If my ſon could not have died, it 'had been matter of wonder—not that 'he is dead.

'Monarchs and princes dance in the 'ſame ring with us.

——'*To die*, is the great debt and 'tribute due unto nature: tombs and 'monuments, which ſhould perpetuate 'our memories, pay it themſelves; and 'the proudeſt pyramid of them all, 'which wealth and ſcience have erected, has loſt it's apex, and ſtands ob'truncated in the traveller's horizon.' —(My father found he got great eaſe, and went on.)—'Kingdoms and pro'vinces, and towns and cities, have 'they not their periods? and when 'thoſe principles and powers, which 'at firſt cemented and put them toge'ther, have performed their ſeveral 'evolutions, they fall back.'—'Bro'ther Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolutions—'*Revolutions*, I meant,' quoth my father——'by Heaven! I meant *re'volutions*, brother Toby—*evolutions* 'is nonſenſe.'—'It is not nonſenſe,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'But is it not 'nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch 'a diſcourſe, upon ſuch an occaſion?' cried my father—'do not—dear Toby,' continued he, taking him by the hand, 'do not—do not, I beſeech thee, inter'rupt me at this criſis.' My Uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

'Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and 'Thebes and Delos, and Perſepolis, 'and Agrigentum?' continued my father, taking up his book of poſt-roads, which he had laid down.—'What is be'come, brother Toby, of Nineveh and 'Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenæ? '—The faireſt towns that ever the ſun 'roſe upon, are now no more; the 'names only are left, and thoſe (for 'many of them are wrong ſpelt) are 'falling themſelves by piece-meals to 'decay, and in length of time will be 'forgotten, and involved with every 'thing in a perpetual night: the world 'itſelf, brother Toby, muſt—muſt 'come to an end.

"Returning out of Aſia, when I ſail"ed from Ægina towards Megara," —['When can this have been?' thought my Uncle Toby]—"I began to view "the country round about. Ægina "was behind me, Megara was before, "Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on "the left.—What flouriſhing towns "now proſtrate upon the earth! "Alas! "alas!" ſaid I to myſelf, "that man "ſhould diſturb his ſoul for the loſs of "a child, when ſo much as this lies "awfully buried in his preſence!—Re"member," ſaid I to myſelf again— "Remember thou art a man."

Now my Uncle Toby knew not that this laſt paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's conſolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little ſkill, honeſt man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilſt he was concerned in the Turky trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had ſtaid a whole year and a half at Zant, my Uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in ſome one of theſe periods, he had taken a trip acroſs the Archipelago into Aſia; and that all this ſailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right-hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true courſe of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critick would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations.—'And pray, brother,' quoth

ncle Toby, laying the end
ıpon my father's hand in a
›f interruption—but wait-
niſhed the account—'what
Lord was this?'—'It was
our Lord,' replied my fa-
at's impoſſible!' cried my
. 'Simpleton!' ſaid my
ras forty years before Chriſt

Toby had but two things
r to ſuppoſe his brother to
ering Jew, or that his mis-
l diſordered his brain.—
Lord God of heaven and
ct him and reſtore him!'
cle Toby, praying ſilently
er, and with tears in his

father placed the tears to a
ınt, and went on with his
th great ſpirit.
s not ſuch great odds, bro-
, betwixt good and evil,
rld imagines;'—(this way
, by the bye, was not like-
y Uncle Toby's ſuſpicions)
ſorrow, grief, ſickneſs,
woe, are the ſauces of
ſuch good may do them!'
le Toby to himſelf.
is dead! ſo much the bet-
a ſhame in ſuch a tempeſt
t one anchor.
is gone for ever from us!
ſo. He is got from under
of his barber before he was
s but riſen from a feaſt be-
ras ſurfeited—from a ban-
e he had got drunken.
racians wept when a child
—' ('And we were very
ıuoth my Uncle Toby)—
d and made merry when a
out of the world; and with
Death opens the gate of
ſhuts the gate of envy after
›oſes the chain of the cap-
puts the bondſman's taſk
er man's hands.
ne the man, who knows
s, who dreads it, and I'll
a priſoner who dreads his

›t better, my dear brother
›or mark—our appetites are
es)—is it not better not to
all, than to eat?—not to
n to take phyſick to cure it?
›t better to be freed from
'cares and agues, from love and me-
'lancholy, and the other hot and cold
'fits of life—than, like a galled tra-
'veller, who comes weary to his inn, to
'be bound to begin his journey afreſh?

'There is no terror, brother Toby,
'in it's looks, but what it borrows
'from groans and convulſions—and the
'blowing of noſes, and the wiping away
'of tears with the bottoms of curtains
'in a dying man's room.—Strip it of
'theſe, what is it——' ('It is better
'in battle than in bed,' ſaid my Uncle
Toby.)—'Take away it's hearſes, it's
'mutes, and it's mourning—it's plumes,
'ſcutcheons, and other mechanick aids
'—What is it?——'Better in battle!'
continued my father, ſmiling, for he
had abſolutely forgot my Brother Bobby
—'it is terrible no way—for conſider,
'brother Toby—when we *are*—death
'is *not*——and when death *is*—we are
'*not*.' My Uncle Toby laid down
his pipe to conſider the propoſition: my
father's eloquence was too rapid to ſtay
for any man—away it went—and hur-
ried my Uncle Toby's ideas along with
it.

'For this reaſon,' continued my fa-
ther, 'it is worthy to recollect, how
'little alteration in great men, the ap-
'proaches of death have made.—Veſpa-
'ſian died in a jeſt upon his cloſe-ſtool
'—Galba with a ſentence—Septimus
'Severus in a diſpatch—Tiberius in
'diſſimulation—and Cæſar Auguſtus
'in a compliment.'—'I hope 'twas a
'ſincere one!'—quoth my Uncle Toby.

——'It was to his wife,' ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

——'AND laſtly—for all the choice
'anecdotes which hiſtory
'can produce of this matter,' continued
my father—'this, like the gilded dome
'which covers in the fabrick—crowns
'all.

'It is of Cornelius Gallus, the præ-
'tor—which, I dare ſay, brother Toby,
'you have read.'—'I dare ſay I have
'not,' replied my uncle.—'He died,'
ſaid my father, 'as * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * *.'

——'And if it was with his wife,'
ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'there could be
'no hurt in it.'—'That's more than I
'know,' replied my father.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my Uncle Toby pronounced the word *quife*.—'Tis a ſhrill, penetrating ſound of itſelf, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; ſo laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—ſhe liſtened with all her powers.—The liſtening ſlave, with the goddeſs of ſilence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH, in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings, and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes—that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantage of a complex one—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inſide of a Dutch ſilk-mill.

Amongſt theſe there was one, I am going to ſpeak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether ſo ſingular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or diſſertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the ſame time, and upon the ſame ſubject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary meſſage, or letter, was delivered in the parlour—or a diſcourſe ſuſpended till a ſervant went out—or the lines of diſcontent were obſerved to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in ſhort, when any thing was ſuppoſed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liſtening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abſolutely ſhut, but ſomewhat a-jar—as it ſtands juſt now—which, under covert of the bad-hinge, (and that, poſſibly, might be one of the many reaſons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all theſe caſes, a paſſage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was ſufficient to ſave my father the trouble of governing his houſe—my mother, at this moment, ſtands profitting by it.—Obadiah did the ſame thing, as ſoon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; ſo that before my father had well got over his ſurprize, and entered upon his harangue—had Trim got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's ſtock—though, by the bye, your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory——with Cato and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers ends.

The corporal—with nothing to remember——of no deeper reading than his muſter-roll—or greater names at his finger's end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis, point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the pictures on the other, going ſtraight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.——O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadſt a better hiſtorian!—would—thy hiſtorian hadſt a better pair of breeches!—O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

Plate IV.

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H A P. VII.

Y young maſter in Lon-
' don is dead!' ſaid Oba-

en ſattin night-gown of my
ich had been twice ſcoured,
idea which Obadiah's ex-
ought into Suſannah's head.
ht Locke write a chapter
perfections of words.—
th Suſannah, ' we muſt all
ourning.'—But note a ſe-
the word *mourning*, not-
Suſannah made uſe of it
d alſo of doing it's office;
t one ſingle idea, tinged
ey or black—all was green.
ſattin night-gown hung

twill be the death of my
s!' cried Suſannah.——My
le wardrobe followed.——
ceſſion! her red damaſk—
wny—her white and yel-
s—her brown taffata—her
ps—her bed-gowns, and
under-petticoats—not a
ehind.——' No—ſhe will
up again!' ſaid Suſannah.
a fat fooliſh ſcullion—my
k, kept her for her ſimpli-
d been all autumn ſtrug-
dropſy.—' He is dead!'
—' he is certainly dead!'—
,' ſaid the fooliſh ſcullion.
re is ſad news, Trim!'
ah, wiping her eyes as
into the kitchen; ' Maſ-
is dead and *buried!*'——
vas an interpolation of Su-
we ſhall have all to go into
' ſaid Suſannah.
not!' ſaid Trim.—' You
cried Suſannah earneſtly.
ourning ran not in Trim's
did in Suſannah's.——
id Trim, explaining him-
e in God the news is not
I heard the letter read with
rs,' anſwered Obadiah; and
ave a terrible piece of work
ubbing the Ox-moor.'—
ead!' ſaid Suſannah.—' As
the ſcullion, ' as I am alive.'
t for him from my heart
ul,' ſaid Trim, fetching a
r creature!—poor boy!—
man!'

——' He was alive laſt Whitſun-
' tide,' ſaid the coachman:—' Whit-
' ſuntide!—Alas!' cried Trim, extend-
ing his right-arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon—' what is Whitſuntide,
' Jonathan,' (for that was the coach-
man's name) ' or Shrovetide, or any
' tide or time paſt to this? Are we not
' here now,' continued the corporal, (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability)—' and are
' we not'—(dropping his hat upon the ground)—' gone! in a moment!'——
(It was infinitely ſtriking! Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.)—' We are
' not ſtocks and ſtones!'—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted—the fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle upon her knees, was rouzed with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preſervation of our conſtitution in church and ſtate—and poſſibly the preſervation of the whole world—or, what is the ſame thing—the diſtribution and balance of it's property and power—may in time to come depend greatly upon the right underſtanding of this ſtroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention——your worſhips and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, *we were not ſtocks and ſtones*—'tis very well——I ſhould have added, nor are we angels—I wiſh we were—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations—and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them, for my own part, I own it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye (for I abſolutely deny the touch, though moſt of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or ſometimes get rid of.

——I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat.——' Are we not here now
' —and gone in a moment?'——There

'people.—He would not hurt a chick-'en.'—'I would ſooner,' quoth Jonathan, 'Drive ſuch a gentleman for 'ſeven pounds a year—than ſome for 'eight.'—'Thank thee, Jonathan! for 'thy twenty ſhillings—as much, Jona-'than,' ſaid the corporal, ſhaking him by the hand, 'as if thou hadſt put the 'money into my own pocket.—I would 'ſerve him to the day of my death out 'of love. He is a friend and a brother 'to me—and could I be ſure my poor 'brother Tom was dead,'—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief, —'was I worth ten thouſand pounds, 'I would leave every ſhilling of it to 'the captain!'——I trim could not refrain from tears at this teſtamentary proof he gave of his affection to his maſter.—The whole kitchen was affected.—'Do tell us this ſtory of the 'poor lieutenant,' ſaid Suſannah.—'With all my heart,' anſwered the corporal.

Suſannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and, as ſoon as the ſcullion had ſhut the kitchen-door, the corporal begun.

CHAP. XI.

I Am a Turk, if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaiſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the River Nile, without one.——Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam. I've coſt you a great deal of trouble—I wiſh it may anſwer—but you have left a crack in my back—and here's a great piece fallen off here before—and what muſt I do with this foot? I ſhall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing—and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong—at leaſt I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without—I'll go to the world's end with him——but I hate diſputes—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choak me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one——but I cannot bear ſuffocation—and bad ſmells worſt of all——for which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, that if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented—or a new one raiſed—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

——BUT, to return to my mother. My Uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, 'that there could be no harm 'in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman prætor's lying with his wife;'—or rather the laſt word of that opinion, (for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex——you ſhall not miſtake me—I mean, her curioſity——ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation, and with that prepoſſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father ſaid was accommodated either to herſelf or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live, who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a tranſition to that of Socrates, and was giving my Uncle Toby an abſtract of his pleading before his judges——'twas irreſiſtible—not the oration of Socrates—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life of Socrates *, himſelf, the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it; ſo that no one was able to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroick loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which cloſed with a ſhorter word than *tranſmigration*, or *annihilation*—or a worſe thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be—*

* This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other tracts of his, in the family, all or moſt of which will be printed in due time.

he entering upon a new and untried tate of things—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, vithout diſturbance—*that we and our hildren were born to die—but neither f us born to be ſlaves.*—No—there I niſtake; that was part of Eleazer's oraion, as recorded by Joſephus (de Bell. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from he philoſophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his iruption into India, after he had overun Perſia, amongſt the many things ie ſtole—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by vhich means it was carried, if not all he way by himſelf, (for we all know ie died at Babylon) at leaſt by ſome of iis maroders, into Greece—from Greece t got to Rome—from Rome to France —and from France to England.——So hings come round!—

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.

By water, the ſentiment might eaſily ave come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, nd ſo into the Indian Sea; and, following the courſe of trade, (the way rom India by the Cape of Good Hope eing then unknown) might be carried vith other drugs and ſpices up the Red ea to Joddah, the port of Mekka, or lſe to Tor or Sues, towns at the bottom of the gulph; and from thence by aravans to Coptos, but three days ourney diſtant, ſo down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very oot of the great ſtair-caſe of the Alexndrian library—and from that ſtoreouſe it would be fetched.——Bleſs ne! what a trade was driven by the earned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

——NOW my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in aſe there ever was ſuch a man—if not, here's an end of the matter.)

Though, by the bye, becauſe your earned men find ſome difficulty in fixng the preciſe æra in which ſo great a nan lived—whether, for inſtance, beore or after the patriarchs, &c.—to ote, therefore, that he never lived *at all* s a little cruel—'tis not doing as they *would be done by*——*happen* that as it ay—*my father, I ſay,* had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience—of wondering why he was begot—wiſhing himſelf dead—ſometimes worſe——and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers—Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from Socrates himſelf.—Every word would breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining life, and careleſs about all it's iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my Uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philoſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won by working upon the paſſions of his judges.—'I have 'friends—I have relations—I have three 'deſolate children!'—ſays Socrates.

——'Then,' cried my mother, opening the door,—'you have one more, 'Mr. Shandy, than I know of.'

'By Heaven, I have one leſs!'—ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

——'THEY are Socrates's chil-'dren!' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'He has been dead a hundred 'years ago,' replied my mother.

My Uncle Toby was no chronologer—ſo not caring to advance a ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the ecclairciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce—which, unleſs every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed

finiſhed the firſt act of it, and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus.

'Ptr..r..r..ing — twing — twang — 'prut—trut — 'tis a curſed bad fiddle. '—Do you know whether my fiddle's 'in tune or no?—trut.. prut..— They 'ſhould be *fifths*—'Tis wickedly ſtrung '—tr... a. e. i. o. u. — twang. The 'bridge is a mile too high, and the 'ſound-poſt abſolutely down—elſe— 'trut..prut—hark! 'tis not ſo bad a 'tone.—Diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle; 'diddle, diddle; dum. There is no-'thing in playing before good judges— 'but there's a man there——no—not 'him with the bundle under his arm— 'the grave man in black——S'death! 'not the gentleman with the ſword on! '——Sir, I had rather play a *capri-'cbio* to Calliope herſelf, than draw 'my bow acroſs my fiddle before that 'very man; and yet, I'll ſtake my 'Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is 'the greateſt muſical odds that ever 'were laid, that I will this moment ſtop 'three hundred and fifty leagues out of 'tune upon my fiddle, without puniſh-'ing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him '—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle— 'twiddle diddle — twoddle diddle— 'twuddle diddle — prut-trut—kriſh— 'kraſh — kruſh——I've undone you, 'Sir——but you ſee he is no worſe— 'and was Apollo to take his fiddle 'after me, he can make him no better.

'Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, did-'dle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

——Your worſhips and your reverences love muſick—and God has made you all with good ears — and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves—trut-prut—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could ſit and hear whole days — whoſe talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt—who inſpires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir, which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare — or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying— that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were *little* ſettled in the family, and Suſannah had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſattin night-gown—was to ſit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a TRISTRA-*pædia*, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting, firſt, for that purpoſe, his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence. I was my father's laſt ſtake— he had loſt my Brother Bobby entirely; he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me—my geniture, noſe, and name—there was but this one left: and accordingly my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my Uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectils. The difference between them was, that my Uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectils from Nicholas Tartaglia—my father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain—or ſo reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments.—He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall compaſs, that when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huſſive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man ſay—'Come, I'll write a *duodecimo*.'

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line, with the ſame kind of caution and circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by John de la Caſa, the Lord Archbiſhop of Benevento, in compaſſing his Galateo; in which his grace of Benevento ſpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret— and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement

of thoſe few in it, who write ich to be fed—as to be famous. , had John de la Caſa, the op of Benevento, for whoſe me- otwithſtanding his Galateo) I e higheſt veneration—had he , a ſlender clerk—of dull wit— s—coſtive head, and ſo forth— is Galateo might have jogged er to the age of Methuſelah for phænomenon had not been parentheſis.

e reverſe of this was the truth: la Caſa was a genius of fine d fertile fancy; and yet, with great advantages of nature, ould have pricked him forwards Galateo, he lay under an im- at the ſame time of advancing line and a half in the compaſs ole ſummer's day: this diſabi- s grace aroſe from an opinion afflicted with, which opinion —viz. that whenever a Chriſ- writing a book (not for his muſement, but) where his in- purpoſe was, *bonâ fide*, to d publiſh it to the world, his ights were always the tempta- the evil one. This was the ordinary writers: but when a e of venerable character and ion, either in church or ſtate, ed author—he maintained, that e very moment he took pen in ll the devils in hell broke out holes to cajole him.—'Twas e with them—every thought, l laſt, was captious—how ſpe- d good ſoever—'twas all one— ver form or colour it preſented the imagination—'twas ſtill a one or other of 'em levelled at l was to be fenced off.—So that of a writer, whatever he might the contrary, was not ſo much f *compoſition*, as a ſtate of *war-* nd his probation in it, preciſely any other man militant upon oth depending alike, not half upon the degrees of his WIT— ESISTANCE.

father was hugely pleaſed with ry of John de la Caſa, Arch- f Benevento; and (had it not him a little in his creed) I be- uld have given ten of the beſt the Shandy eſtate, to have been cher of it.—How far my father believed in the devil, will be ſeen, when I come to ſpeak of my father's religious notions, in the progreſs of this work: 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it—and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Caſa's parabolical repreſentation—as was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or myſtick record of antiquity.—'Preju- 'dice of education,' he would ſay, 'is 'the devil—and the multitudes of them 'which we ſuck in with our mother's 'milk—are the devil and all.—We 'are haunted with them, brother Toby, 'in all our lucubrations and reſearches; 'and was a man fool enough to ſubmit 'tamely to what they obtruded upon 'him—what would his book be?—'Nothing,' he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance—'nothing 'but a farrago of the clack of nurſes, 'and of the nonſenſe of the old women '(of both ſexes) throughout the king- 'dom.'

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his Triſtra-pædia; at which (as I ſaid) he was three years and ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and at laſt, had ſcarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs—every day a page or two became of no conſequence.

—— Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, that the wiſeſt of us all ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance—or in other words—he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that if an event had not happened—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, ſhall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a

ſun-

ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'TWAS nothing—I did not loſe two drops of blood by it—'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us—thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occaſion: ſome men riſe, by the art of hanging great weights upon ſmall wires—and I am this day (Auguſt the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a ſtone, to ſee how things are carried on in this world!——The chamber-maid had left no *******-*** under the bed.—'Cannot you contrive, maſter,' quoth Suſannah, lifting up the ſaſh with one hand, as ſhe ſpoke, and helping me up into the window-ſeat with the other—'cannot you manage, my dear, 'for a ſingle time, to **** *** ** *** **** ?'

I was five years old.—Suſannah did not conſider that nothing was well hung in our family—ſo ſlap came the ſaſh down like lightning upon us—'Nothing 'is left!'—cried Suſannah—'nothing 'is left—for me, but to run my coun-'try.'—

My Uncle Toby's houſe was a much kinder ſanctuary; and ſo Suſannah fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN Suſannah told the corporal the miſadventure of the ſaſh, with all the circumſtances which attended the *murder* of me—(as ſhe called it)—the blood forſook his cheeks ——all acceſſaries in murder being principals—Trim's conſcience told him he was as much to blame as Suſannah—and if the doctrine had been true, my Uncle Toby had as much of the bloodſhed to anſwer for to Heaven, as either of 'em—ſo that neither reaſon or inſtinct, ſeparate or together, could poſſibly have guided Suſannah's ſteps to ſo proper an aſylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination—to form any kind of hypotheſis that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore—and to do it without—he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XIX.

'IT is a pity, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, reſting with his hand upon the corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their works—'that 'we have not a couple of field-pieces 'to mount in the gorge of that new re-'doubt—'twould ſecure the lines all 'along there, and make the attack on 'that ſide quite compleat—get me a 'couple caſt, Trim.'

'Your honour ſhall have them,' replied Trim, 'before to-morrow morn-'ing.'

It was the joy of Trim's heart—nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my Uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his laſt crown, he would have ſat down and hammered it into a paderero to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his maſter. The corporal had already—what with cutting off the ends of my Uncle Toby's ſpouts—hacking and chiſelling up the ſides of his leaden gutters—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon—and going at laſt, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for ſpare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demi-culverins, into the field; my Uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had ſet the corporal at work again; and no better reſource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nurſery-window: and, as the ſaſh-pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of uſe, he had taken them away alſo, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had diſmantled every ſaſh-window in my Uncle Toby's houſe long before, in the very ſame way—though not always in the ſame order: for ſometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead—ſo then he began with the pullies—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became uſeleſs—and ſo the lead went to pot too.

—A great

– A great MORAL might be pick-
ıdſomely out of this; but I have
ne—'tis enough to ſay, wherever
nolition began, 'twas equally fa-
the ſaſh-window.

CHAP. XX.

HE corporal had not taken his
meaſures ſo badly in this ſtroke of
ryſhip, but that he might have
he matter entirely to himſelf, and
ſannah to have ſuſtained the whole
t of the attack, as ſhe could—
ɔurage is not content with com-
f ſo.—The corporal, whether as
l or comptroller of the train—
no matter—had done that, with-
ıich, as he imagined, the misfor-
ɔuld never have happened, *at leaſt ſannah's hands*——How would
honours have behaved?——He
ıined, at once, not to take ſhelter
l Suſannah—but to give it; and
this reſolution upon his mind,
rched upright into the parlour, to
e whole manœuvre before my
Toby.

Uncle Toby had juſt then been
Yorick an account of the battle
ınkirk, and of the ſtrange conduct
unt Solmes in ordering the foot
, and the horſe to march where
ld not act; which was directly
ry to the king's commands, and
l the loſs of the day.

re are incidents in ſome families
to the purpoſe of what is going
low—they are ſcarce exceeded by
vention of a dramatick writer—
ı, of ancient days.—

m, by the help of his fore-finger
ıt upon the table, and the edge of
nd ſtriking acroſs it at right-an-
made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo
prieſts and virgins might have
d to it.——And the ſtory being
the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

–'I would be picketted to death,'
he corporal, as he concluded Su-
ı's ſtory, 'before I would ſuffer
roman to come to any harm—'twas
fault, an pleaſe your honour— not
ɜ.'

ɔrporal Trim,' replied my Uncle Toby, putting on his hat which lay upon the table—'if any thing can be ſaid 'to be a fault, when the ſervice abſo-'lutely requires it ſhould be done—'tis 'I certainly who deſerve the blame—'you obeyed your orders.'

'Had Count Solmes, Trim, done 'the ſame at the battle of Steenkirk,' ſaid Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat—'he had ſaved 'thee——' 'Saved!' cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion—'he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe 'your reverence, every ſoul of them! '——There was Cutts's,' continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right-hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand—'there was Cutts's—Mackay's—An-'gus's—Graham's—and Levens's, all 'cut to pieces——and ſo had the En-'gliſh life-guards too, had it not been 'for ſome regiments upon the right, 'who marched up boldly to their re-'lief, and received the enemy's fire in 'their faces, before any one of their 'own platoons diſcharged a muſket—'they'll go to Heaven for it!'—added Trim.—'Trim is right,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick; 'he's 'perfectly right.'—'What ſignifies his 'marching the horſe,' continued the corporal, 'where the ground was ſo 'ſtrait, and the French had ſuch a 'nation of hedges, and copſes, and 'ditches, and felled trees laid this way 'and that to cover them—(as they al-'ways have.)—Count Solmes ſhould 'have ſent us—we would have fired 'muzzle to muzzle with them for their 'lives. There was nothing to be done 'for the horſe.——He had his foot 'ſhot off, however, for his pains,' continued the corporal, 'the very next 'campaign, at Landen.'—'Poor Trim 'got his wound there,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'It was owing, an' 'pleaſe your honour, entirely to Count 'Solmes. Had we drubbed them ſound-'ly at Steenkirk, they would not have 'fought us at Landen.'—'Poſſibly 'not Trim;' ſaid my Uncle Toby: 'though, if they have the advantage 'of a wood, or you give them a mo-'ment's time to intrench themſelves, 'they are a nation which will pop and 'pop for ever at you. There is no way 'but to march coolly up to them, re-

'ceive their fire, and fall in upon them, 'pell-mell—' 'Ding-dong,' added Trim.—'Horſe and foot,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'Helter-ſkelter,' ſaid Trim.—'Right and left!' cried my Uncle Toby.—'Blood an' ounds!' ſhouted the corporal.——The battle raged—Yorick drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety; and, after a moment's pauſe, my Uncle Toby ſinking his voice a note—reſumed the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

'KING William,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Yorick, 'was ſo terribly provoked at 'Count Solmes for diſobeying his or-'ders, that he would not ſuffer him to 'come into his preſence for many 'months after.'—'I fear,' anſwered Yorick, 'the ſquire will be as much 'provoked at the corporal, as the king 'at the count.—But 'twould be ſin-'gularly hard in this caſe,' continued he, 'if Corporal Trim, who has be-'haved ſo diametrically oppoſite to 'Count Solmes, ſhould have the fate 'to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace '—too oft, in this world, do things 'take that train.'—'I would ſpring a 'mine,' cried my Uncle Toby, riſing up —'and blow up my fortifications, and 'my houſe with them, and we would 'periſh under their ruins, ere I would 'ſtand by and ſee it!'—Trim directed a ſlight—but a grateful bow towards his maſter——and ſo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

——'Then Yorick,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'you and I will lead the 'way abreaſt—and do you, corporal, 'follow a few paces behind us.'—'And 'Suſannah, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'ſhall be put in the rear.'—'Twas an excellent diſpoſition——and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched ſlowly from my Uncle Toby's houſe to Shandy Hall.

——'I wiſh,' ſaid Trim, as they entered the door—'inſtead of the ſaſh-'weight, I had cut off the church-'ſpout, as I once thought to have done.' —'You have cut off ſpouts enough!' replied Yorick.

CHAP. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him ſoever in different airs and attitudes—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, ſpeak, or act, upon any untried occaſion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay ſo very far on one ſide, from that wherein moſt men travelled—that every object before him preſented a face and ſection of itſelf to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it ſeen by the reſt of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object—and in courſe was differently conſidered.

This is the true reaſon, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world beſides us, have ſuch eternal ſquabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outſide—I, at her in——. How is it poſſible we ſhould agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'TIS a point ſettled—and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain ſtory—that provided he keeps along the line of his ſtory—he may go backwards and forwards as he will—'tis ſtill held to be no digreſſion.

This being premiſed, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myſelf.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thouſand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbiſhop of Benevento's—I mean, of Rabelais's devils)—with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made ſo diabolical a ſcream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up

* Mr. Shandy is ſuppoſed to mean ***** ******, Eſq. member for ******—and not the Chineſe legiſlator.

her inſtantly into the nurſery—Suſannah had but juſt time to er eſcape down the back-ſtairs, nother came up the fore.

though I was old enough to d the ſtory myſelf—and young I hope, to have done it without y; yet Suſannah, in paſſing itchen, for fear of accidents, had ſhort-hand with the cook—the id told it with a commentary to n, and Jonathan to Obadiah; ſo the time my father had rung the a dozen times, to know what matter above—was Obadiah to give him a particular ac- it, juſt as it had happened—ght as much!' ſaid my father, up his night-gown—and ſo up ſtairs.

would imagine from this—, for my own part, I ſomewhat it)—that my father, before that l actually wrote that remarkable n the *Triſtra-pædia*, which to e moſt original and entertain- n the whole book—and that is, *ter upon ſaſh-windows*, with a *ilippick* at the end of it, upon tfulneſs of chamber-maids.—but two reaſons for thinking .

Had the matter been taken in- eration, before the event hap- ny father certainly would have p the ſaſh-window for good —which, conſidering with what he compoſed books—he might ne with ten times leſs trouble could have wrote the chapter: ument, I foreſee, holds good his writing the chapter, even event; but 'tis obviated under nd reaſon, which I have the to offer to the world in ſup- y opinion, that my father did the chapter upon ſaſh-windows nber-pots at the time ſuppoſed is this—

That, in order to render the *ædia* compleat—I wrote the nyſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

father put on his ſpectacles—oked—took them off—put them *aſe—all in leſs than a ſtatutable and, without opening his lips,* turned about, and walked precipitately down ſtairs. My mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-deſk, ſhe took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bed-ſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

——If it be but right done,' ſaid my father, turning to the ſection—*De ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis*—for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us all together.

——' If it be but right done——' quoth he.—' Only tell us,' cried my mother, interrupting him, 'what herbs?'—' For that,' replied my father, 'you muſt ſend for Doctor Slop.'

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows.

' * * *

'tram of ours, I find, comes very hard-
'ly by all his religious rites.—Never
'was the ſon of Jew, Chriſtian, Turk,
'or Infidel, initiated into them in ſo
'oblique and ſlovenly a manner.'—
'But he is no worſe, I truſt,' ſaid Yorick.

——'There has been certainly,' continued my father, 'the deuce and 'all to do in ſome part or other of the 'ecliptick, when this offspring of mine 'was formed!'—'That you are a bet-'ter judge of than I,' replied Yorick. —'Aſtrologers,' quoth my father, 'know better than us both—the trine 'and ſextil aſpects have jumped awry '—or the oppoſite of their aſcendents 'have not hit it as they ſhould—or the 'lords of the genitures (as they call 'them) have been at *bo-peep*—or, ſome-'thing has been wrong above or below 'with us.'

'It is poſſible,' anſwered Yorick.—'But is the child,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'the worſe?'—'The Troglodytes 'ſay not,' replied my father.—'And 'your theologiſts, Yorick, tell us——', 'Theologically?' ſaid Yorick; 'or 'ſpeaking after the manner of apothe-'caries *?—ſtateſmen †?—or waſher-'women ‡?'

——'I am not ſure,' replied my father—'but they tell us, brother To-'by, he's the better for it.'—'Pro-'vided,' ſaid Yorick, 'you travel him 'into Egypt.'—'Of that,' anſwered my father, 'he will have the advan-'tage when he ſees the *Pyramids*.'—

'Now every word of this,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is Arabick to me.' —'I wiſh,' ſaid Yorick, 'it was ſo—'to half the world!'

——'Ilus §,' continued my father, 'circumciſed his whole army one morn-'ing.'——'Not without a court-'martial?' cried my Uncle Toby.—— 'Though the learned,' continued he, taking no notice of my Uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—'are 'greatly divided ſtill who Ilus was; 'ſome ſay Saturn—ſome the Supreme 'Being—others, no more than a bri-'gadier-general under *Pharaoh neco*.' —'Let him be who he will,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I know not by what 'article of war he could juſtify it.'

'The controvertiſts,' anſwered my father, 'aſſign two and twenty dif-'ferent reaſons for it—others, indeed, 'who have drawn their pens on the op-'poſite ſide of the queſtion, have ſhewn 'the world the futility of the greateſt 'part of them.—But then again, our 'beſt polemick divines—' 'I wiſh 'there was not a polemick divine,' ſaid Yorick, 'in the kingdom—one ounce 'of practical divinity is worth a painted 'ſhip-load of all their reverences have 'imported theſe fifty years!'—'Pray, 'Mr. Yorick,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'do tell me what a polemick divine is?' —'The beſt deſcription, Captain Shan-'dy, I have ever read, is a couple of 'them,' replied Yorick, 'in the ac-'count of the battle fought ſingle 'hands betwixt *Gymnaſt* and *Captain 'Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.' —'I beg I may hear it!' quoth my Uncle Toby, earneſtly.—'You ſhall,' ſaid Yorick.—'And as the corporal is 'waiting for me at the door—and I 'know the deſcription of a battle will 'do the poor fellow more good than his 'ſupper—I beg, brother, you'll give 'him leave to come in.'—'With all 'my ſoul!' ſaid my father.—Trim came in, erect and happy as an em-peror; and, having ſhut the door, Yo-rick took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'which words being heard by all 'the ſoldiers which were there, divers 'of them being inwardly terrified, did 'ſhrink back and make room for the 'aſſailant: all this did Gymnaſt very 'well remark and conſider; and there-'fore, making as if he would have 'alighted from off his horſe, as he was 'poiſing himſelf on the mounting-ſide, 'he moſt nimbly (with his ſhort ſword 'by his thigh) ſhifting his feet in the 'ſtirrup and performing the ſtirrup-'leather feat, whereby, after the inclin-

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τειμήμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος ἐνεκεν. BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ιλεὺς, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταυτὸ ποιήσας καὶ τοὺς ἅμ' αὐτῷ συμμάχους κατα-κελεύσας. SANCHUNIATHO.

'ing

is body downwards, he forth-
ıched himſelf aloft into the air,
:ed both his feet together up-
ıddle, ſtanding upright, with
: turned towards his horſe's
" Now," ſaid he, " my caſe
:ward." Then, ſuddenly, in
: poſture wherein he was, he
ı gambol upon one foot, and
to the left-hand, failed not to
ı body perfectly round, juſt
former poſition, without miſſ-
jot.—" Ha!" ſaid Tripet,
ot do that at this time—and
hout cauſe."—" Well," ſaid
t, " I have failed—I will un-
leap:"—then with a marvel-
ngth and agility, turning to-
ıe right-hand, he fetched an-
riſking gambol as before;
one, he ſet his right-hand
ıpon the bow of the ſaddle,
mſelf up, and ſprung into the
ing and upholding his whole
ıpon the muſcle and nerve of
thumb, and ſo turned and
himſelf about three times:
ourth, reverſing his body and
ning it upſide down, and fore-
:, without *touching any thing*,
ht himſelf betwixt the horſe's
, and then giving himſelf a
wing, he ſeated himſelf upon
per—'

can't be fighting,' ſaid my
y.—The corporal ſhook his
—'Have patience,' ſaid Yo-

(Tripet) paſſed his right-leg
ſaddle, and placed himſelf *en*
'But," ſaid he, " 'twere bet-
me to get into the ſaddle."
ıtting the thumbs of both
pon the crupper before him,
:upon leaning himſelf, as up-
ıly ſupporters of his body, he
:ntly turned heels over head
r, and ſtraight found himſelf
the bow of the ſaddle in a
ſeat; then ſpringing into the
ı a ſummerſet, he turned him
ke a windmill, and made
hundred friſks, turns, and
nmadas.'——'Good God!'
ı, loſing all patience—'one
ruſt of a bayonet is worth
—'I think ſo too,' replied

am of a contrary opinion,'
father.

CHAP. XXX.

——'No—I think I have advanced
'nothing,' replied my father, making
anſwer to a queſtion which Yorick had
taken the liberty to put to him—'I have
'advanced nothing in the *Triſtra-pæ-*
'*dia*, but what is as clear as any one
'propoſition in Euclid.—Reach me,
'Trim, that book from off the ſcru-
'toire——It has oft times been in my
'mind,' continued my father, 'to have
'read it over both to you, Yorick, and
'to my brother Toby—and I think it
'a little unfriendly in myſelf, in not
'having done it long ago——ſhall we
'have a ſhort chapter or two now—and
'a chapter or two hereafter, as occa-
'ſions ſerve; and ſo on, till we get
'through the whole?'—My Uncle To-
by and Yorick made the obeiſance which
was proper; and the corporal, though
he was not included in the compliment,
laid his hand upon his breaſt, and made
his bow at the ſame time.—The com-
pany ſmiled. 'Trim,' quoth my fa-
ther, 'has paid the full price for ſtay-
'ing out the *entertainment*.'—'He
'did not ſeem to reliſh the play,' re-
'plied Yorick.—'It was a Tom-fool
'battle, an' pleaſe your reverence, of a
'Captain Tripet's and that other offi-
'cer making ſo many ſummerſets as
'they advanced——the French come
'on capering now and then in that
'way—but not quite ſo much.'

My Uncle Toby never felt the con-
ſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more
complacency than what the corporal's,
and his own reflections, made him do
at that moment—He lighted his pipe—
Yorick drew his chair cloſer to the ta-
ble—Trim ſnuffed the candle—My fa-
ther ſtirred up the fire—took up the
book—coughed twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

'THE firſt thirty pages,' ſaid my father, turning over the leaves—
'are a little dry; and as they are not
'cloſely connected with the ſubject—
'for the preſent we'll paſs them by—
'tis a prefatory introduction,' con-
tinued my father, 'or an introductory
'preface, (for I am not determined
'which name to give it) upon political
'or civil government; the foundation

'of

'of which being laid in the firſt con-
'junction betwixt male and female, for
'procreation of the ſpecies—I was in-
'ſenſibly led into it.'—'It was natural,'
ſaid Yorick.

'The original of ſociety,' continued my father, 'I'm ſatisfied is, what *Po-*
'*litian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal;
'and nothing more than the getting
'together of one man and one woman
'—to which, (according to Heſiod)
'the philoſopher adds a ſervant——
'but ſuppoſing in the firſt beginning
'there were no men-ſervants born—
'he lays the foundation of it, in a man
'—a woman—and a bull.'—'I be-
believe, 'tis an ox,' quoth Yorick, quoting the paſſage—'(οἶκον μὲν πρῶτιστα,
'γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀρότηρα ;)—a bull muſt
'have given more trouble than his head
'was worth.'—'But there is a better
'reaſon ſtill,' ſaid my father (dipping his pen into his ink;) 'for, the ox be-
'ing the moſt patient of animals, and
'the moſt uſeful withal in tilling the
'ground for their nouriſhment—was
'the propereſt inſtrument, and emblem
'too, for the new-joined couple, that
'the creation could have aſſociated with
'them.'—'And there is a ſtronger rea-
'ſon,' added my Uncle Toby, 'than
'them all, for the ox.'—(My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my Uncle Toby's reaſon.) 'For when the ground was till-
'ed,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and made
'worth incloſing, then they began to
'ſecure it by walls and ditches, which
'was the origin of fortification.'——
'True, true, dear Toby;' cried my father, ſtriking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to ſnuff the candle, and reſumed his diſcourſe.

——'I enter upon this ſpeculation,' ſaid my father careleſsly, and half ſhutting the book, as he went on—'merely
'to ſhew the foundation of the natu-
'ral relation between a father and his
'child; the right and juriſdiction over
'whom he acquires theſe ſeveral ways—
'1ſt, By marriage.
'2d, By adoption.
'3d, By legitimation.
'And 4th, By procreation——all
'which I conſider in their order.'

'I lay a ſlight ſtreſs upon one of
'them,' replied Yorick.—'The act,
'eſpecially where it ends there, in my
'opinion, lays as little obligation upon
'the child, as it conveys power to the
'father.'—'You are wrong,' ſaid my father argutely, 'and for this plain rea-
'ſon * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * * * * * * * *.—I own,' added my father, 'that the offſpring, up-
'on this account, is not ſo under the
'power and juriſdiction of the *mother*.'
—'But the reaſon,' replied Yorick,
'equally holds good for her.'—'She
'is under authority herſelf,' ſaid my father.—'And beſides,' continued my father, nodding his head and laying his finger upon the ſide of his noſe, as he aſſigned his reaſon—'*ſhe is not the*
'*principal agent, Yorick.*'—'In what?' quoth my Uncle Toby, ſtopping his pipe.—'Though by all means,' added my father, (not attending to my Uncle Toby) '*the ſon ought to pay her reſpect*
'—as you may read, Yorick, at large,
'in the firſt book of the Inſtitutes of
'Juſtinian, at the eleventh title and the
'tenth ſection.'—'I can read it as well,' replied Yorick, 'in the Catechiſm.'

CHAP. XXXII.

'TRIM can repeat every word of
'it by heart,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Pugh!' ſaid my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's ſaying his catechiſm.—'He can, upon
'my honour!' replied my Uncle To-
by.—'Aſk him, Mr. Yorick, any
'queſtion you pleaſe.'—

——'The fifth commandment,
'Trim?' ſaid Yorick, ſpeaking mild-
ly, and with a gentle nod, as to a mo-deſt catechumen.—The corporal ſtood ſilent.—'You don't aſk him right,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, raiſing his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command——The fifth!'—cried my Uncle Toby.—'I muſt begin with the firſt, an'
'pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the corporal.

——Yorick could not forbear ſmil-
ing.—'Your reverence does not con-
'ſider,' ſaid the corporal, ſhouldering
'his ſtick like a muſket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illuſ-trate his poſition—'that 'tis exactly the
'ſame thing, as doing one's exerciſe in
'the field.'—

'*Join your right hand to your fir-*
'*lock!*' cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

firelock!' cried the cor-
e duty ſtill of both ad-
ite man.—
relock!——one motion,
our reverence, you ſee,
other.——If his honour
with the *firſt*—'
T!'—cried my Uncle
his hand upon his ſide—
* * * * * * * * * *

ND!' cried my Uncle
his tobacco-pipe, as he
e his ſword at the head
——The corporal went
nual with exactneſs; and
d his father and mother,
ow, and fell back to the
n.

g in this world,' ſaid my
with jeſt—and has wit
truction too—if we can
it.

is the *ſcaffold-work* of
ON, it's true point of
ut the BUILDING be-

is the glaſs for peda-
eptors, tutors, governors,
lers and bear-leaders, to
lves in, in their true di-
is a huſk and ſhell, Yo-
grows up with learning,
unſkilfulneſs knows not
away!

NCES MAY BE LEARN-
E, BUT WISDOM NOT!'
ght my father inſpired.—
nto obligations this mo-
my father, 'to lay out all
Dinah's legacy in charita-
(of which, by the bye, my
high opinion)—'if the
any one determinate idea
any one word he has re-
'ythee, Trim,' quoth my
g round to him—'What
an, by *honouring thy fa-*
ther?'

them, an' pleaſe your
e-halfpence a day out of
n they grow old.'—'And
o that, Trim?' ſaid Yo-
id, indeed!' replied my
—'Then, Trim,' ſaid Yo-
g out of his chair, and
poral by the hand, 'thou
commentator upon that
Decalogue; and I honour
thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than
if thou hadſt had a hand in the Tal-
mud itſelf.'

CHAP. XXXIII.

'O Bleſſed health!' cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, 'thou art above all gold and trea-
ſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul
—and openeſt all it's powers to receive
inſtruction and to reliſh virtue. He that
has thee, has little more to wiſh for—
and he that is ſo wretched as to want
thee, wants every thing with thee!

'I have concentrated all that can be ſaid upon this important head,' ſaid my father, 'into a very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.'

My father read as follows.

'The whole ſecret of health depending upon the due contention for maſtery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moiſture——' 'You have proved that matter of fact, I ſuppoſe, above,' ſaid Yorick.—'Sufficiently,' replied my father.

In ſaying this, my father ſhut the book—not as if he reſolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter—nor pettiſhly, for he ſhut the book ſlowly; his thumb reſting, when he had done it, upon the upper-ſide of the cover, as his three fingers ſupported the lower ſide of it, without the leaſt compreſſive violence.

'I have demonſtrated the truth of that point,' quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, 'moſt ſufficiently in the preceding chapter.'

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, ſufficiently demonſtrating—that the ſecret of all health depended upon the due contention for maſtery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moiſture*—and that he had managed the point ſo well, that there was not one ſingle word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moiſture, throughout the whole chapter—or a ſingle ſyllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt theſe two powers in any part of the animal œconomy——

'O thou Eternal Maker of all be-
ings!'—he would cry, ſtriking his breaſt

breaſt with his right-hand, (in caſe he had one) 'thou, whoſe power and 'goodneſs can enlarge the faculties of 'thy creatures to this infinite degree of 'excellence and perfection—what have 'we Moonites done?'

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father atchieve it.

The ſtroke at the prince of phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*—and *Vita brevis*. 'Life ſhort,' cried my father—'and the art of healing tedious!—And 'who are we to thank for both the one 'and the other, but the ignorance of 'quacks themſelves—and the ſtage-'loads of chymical noſtrums, and pe-'ripatetick lumber—with which, in all 'ages, they have firſt flattered the world, 'and at laſt deceived it!

——'O, my Lord Verulam!' cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt—'What ſhall I ſay to thee, 'my great Lord Verulam? what ſhall 'I ſay to thy internal ſpirit—thy opi-'um—thy ſalt-petre—thy greaſy unc-'tions—thy daily purges—thy nightly 'gliſters, and ſuccedaneums?'

——My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordſhip's opinion—you ſhall ſee——but when—I know not—we muſt firſt ſee what his lordſhip's opinion was,

CHAP. XXXV.

'THE two great cauſes, which 'conſpire with each other to 'ſhorten life,' ſays Lord Verulam, 'are 'firſt——

'The internal ſpirit—which, like a 'gentle flame, waſtes the body down to 'death——And ſecondly, the external 'air, that parches the body up to aſhes: 'which two enemies attacking us on 'both ſides of our bodies together, at 'length deſtroy our organs, and ren-'der them unfit to carry on the functions 'of life.'

This being the ſtate of the caſe; the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of ſalt-petre every morning before you got up.

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter—nor could any one get out. This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers—a courſe of gliſters was requiſite to carry off redundant humours—and render the ſyſtem compleat.

What my father had to ſay to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his ſalt-petre, and greaſy unctions and gliſters, you ſhall read—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me—my reader is impatient—I muſt get forwards. You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure, (if you chuſe it) as ſoon as ever the *Triſtra-pædia* is publiſhed.

Sufficeth it at preſent to ſay, my father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.

CHAP. XXXVI.

'THE whole ſecret of health,' ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, 'depending evidently upon 'the due contention betwixt the radical 'heat and radical moiſture, within us—'the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been 'ſufficient to have maintained it, had 'not the ſchoolmen confounded the 'taſk, merely (as Van Helmont, the 'famous chymiſt, has proved) by all 'along miſtaking the radical moiſture 'for the tallow and fat of animal bo-'dies.

'Now the radical moiſture is not the 'tallow or fat of animals, but an oily 'and balſamous ſubſtance: for the fat

'and

low, as alſo the phlegm or
parts are cold; whereas the oily
famous parts are of a lively
d ſpirit, which accounts for
ervations of Ariſtotle, "*Quod*
mimal poſt coitum eſt triſte."
it is certain, that the radical
es in the radical moiſture, but
vice verſâ, is a doubt: how-
hen the one decays, the other
alſo; and then is produced,
unnatural heat, which cauſes
tural dryneſs—or an unnatu-
ſture, which cauſes dropſies.
if a child, as he grows up, can
taught to avoid running into
vater, as either of 'em threaten
truction—'twill be all that is
to be done upon that head.'

CHAP. XXXVII.

deſcription of the ſiege of Je-
o itſelf, could not have en-
attention of my Uncle Toby
erfully than the laſt chapter—
were fixed upon my father
t it—he never mentioned ra-
and radical moiſture, but my
oby took his pipe out of his
d ſhook his head; and as
he chapter was finiſhed, he
to the corporal to come cloſe
air, to aſk him the following
aſide.——'* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *?'—
at the ſiege of Limerick, an'
our honour,' replied the cor-
king a bow.
oor fellow and I,' quoth my
by, addreſſing himſelf to my
were ſcarce able to crawl out
ents, at the time the ſiege of
c was raiſed, upon the very
you mention.'—'Now what
got into that precious noddle
, my dear brother Toby!'
ather, mentally.—'By Hea-
ntinued he, communing ſtill
ſelf, 'it would puzzle an
to bring it in point!'
ve, an' pleaſe your honour,'
corporal, 'that if it had not
the quantity of brandy we
every night, and the claret
namon with which I plied
our off——' 'And the ge-
rim,' added my Uncle Toby,
d us more good than all.'——
'I verily believe,' continued the cor-
poral, 'we had both, an' pleaſe your
'honour, left our lives in the trenches,
'and been buried in them too.'—'The
'nobleſt grave, corporal,' cried my
Uncle Toby, his eyes ſparkling as he
ſpoke, 'that a ſoldier could wiſh to lie
'down in.'—'But a pitiful death for
'him! an' pleaſe your honour,' replied
the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my Uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or ſmile.

My Uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, reſumed the caſe at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it—and ſo ſettled the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

'IT was undoubtedly,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'a great happineſs for
'myſelf and the corporal, that we had all
'along a burning fever, attended with
'a moſt raging thirſt, during the whole
'five and twenty days the flux was
'upon us in the camp; otherwiſe what
'my brother calls the radical moiſture,
'muſt, as I conceive it, inevitably have
'got the better.'——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as ſlowly as he poſſibly could.

——'It was Heaven's mercy to us,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'which
'put it into the corporal's head to main-
'tain that due contention betwixt the
'radical heat and the radical moiſture,
'by reinforcing the fever, as he did all
'along, with hot wine and ſpices;
'whereby the corporal kept up (as it
'were) a continual firing, ſo that the
'radical heat ſtood it's ground from the
'beginning to the end, and was a fair
'match for the moiſture, terrible as it
'was.——Upon my honour,' added my Uncle Toby, 'you might have
'heard the contention within our bo-
'dies, brother Shandy, twenty toiſes.'
—'If there was no firing,' ſaid Yorick.

'Well!' ſaid my father, with a full aſpiration, and pauſing a while after the word—'was I a judge, and the
'laws of the country which made me
'one permitted it, I would condemn
'ſome of the worſt malefactors, pro-
'vided they had had their clergy——
'——'

'——' Yorick foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the corporal a queſtion.—'Prythee, Trim,' ſaid Yorick, without ſtaying for my father's leave, 'tell us honeſtly—what 'is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-'ſame radical heat and radical moi-'ſture?'

'With humble ſubmiſſion to his ho-'nour's better judgment——' quoth the corporal, making a bow to my Uncle Toby.——'Speak thy opinion 'freely, corporal!' ſaid my Uncle To-Toby.—'The poor fellow is my ſer-'vant—not my ſlave;' added my Uncle Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left-arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right-hand before he opened his mouth—he delivered his notion thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Doctor Slop.——'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.

'Well, my good doctor!' cried my father ſportively; for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden—'and what has this whelp of mine 'to ſay to the matter?'

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Doctor Slop had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of enquiry. He ſat down.

'Pray, Sir,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanſwered—'in what condition is the 'boy?'—'It will end in a *phimoſis*,' replied Doctor Slop.

'I am no wiſer than I was!' quoth my Uncle Toby—returning his pipe into his mouth.—'Then let the corporal 'go on,' ſaid my father, 'with his 'medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Doctor Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat, and radical moiſture, in the following words.

CHAP. XL.

'THE city of Limerick, the ſiege 'of which was begun under his 'majeſty King William himſelf, the 'year after I went into the army—lies, 'an' pleaſe your honours, in the middle 'of a deviliſh wet, ſwampy country.' —'It is quite ſurrounded,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'with the Shannon, and 'is, by it's ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt 'fortified places in Ireland.'—

'I think this is a new faſhion,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'of beginning a medical 'lecture.'—'It is all true,' anſwered Trim.—'Then I wiſh the faculty 'would follow the cut of it!' ſaid Yorick.—'It is all cut through, an' pleaſe 'your reverence,' ſaid the corporal, 'with drains and bogs; and beſides, 'there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell 'during the ſiege, the whole country 'was like a puddle—'twas that, and 'nothing elſe, which brought on the 'flux, and which had like to have kill-'ed both his honour and myſelf.—'Now there was no ſuch thing, after 'the firſt ten days,' continued the corporal, 'for a ſoldier to lie dry in his 'tent, without cutting a ditch round it, 'to draw off the water—nor was that 'enough, for thoſe who could afford it, 'as his honour could, without ſetting 'fire every night to a pewter diſh full 'of brandy, which took off the damp 'of the air, and made the inſide of the 'tent as warm as a ſtove.'—

'And what concluſion doſt thou 'draw, Corporal Trim,' cried my father, 'from all theſe premiſes?'

'I infer, an' pleaſe your worſhip,' replied Trim, 'that the radical moiſture 'is nothing in the world but ditch 'water—and that the radical heat, of 'thoſe who can go to the expence of it, 'is burnt brandy—the radical heat and 'moiſture of a private man, an' pleaſe 'your honours, is nothing but ditch-'water—and a dram of geneva——and 'give us but enough of it, with a pipe 'of tobacco, to give us ſpirits, and 'drive away the vapours—we know 'not what it is to fear death.'

'I am at a loſs, Captain Shandy,' quoth

r Slop, ‘ to determine in
nch of learning your ſer-
s moſt, whether in phyſio-
inity.’—Slop had not for-
mment upon the ſermon.—
an hour ago,’ replied Yo-
the corporal was examined
er, and paſs’d muſter with
ur.’—
dical heat and moiſture,’
r Slop, turning to my fa-
nuſt know, is the baſis and
of our being—as the root
the ſource and principle of
ion.—It is inherent in the
animals, and may be pre-
dry ways, but principally,
ion, by *conſubſtantials*, *in-*
and *occludents*.—Now this
,’ continued Doctor Slop,
he corporal, ‘ has had the
to have heard ſome ſuper-
irick diſcourſe upon this
—‘ That he has,’ ſaid my
ry likely,’ ſaid my Uncle.
of it,’ quoth Yorick.

H A P. XLI.

OR Slop being called out
t at a cataplaſm he had or-
e my father an opportunity
with another chapter in the
a.——Come! cheer up, my
w you land—for, when we
through that chapter, the
not be opened again this
.—‘ Huzza!’—

H A P. XLII.

VE years with a bib under
his chin;
rs in travelling from Chriſt-
o Malachi;
and a half in learning to
wn name;
ng years and more *τυπλω-*
Greek and Latin;
rs at his *probations* and his
the fine ſtatue ſtill lying
dle of the marble block—
g done but his tools ſharp-
w it out!—’Tis a piteous
’as not the great Julius
thin an ace of never get-
ools ſharpened at all?—
years old was he before
‘ he could manage his Greek—and Pe-
‘ ter Damianus, Lord Biſhop of Oſtia,
‘ as all the world knows, could not ſo
‘ much as read, when he was of man’s
‘ eſtate.—And Baldus himſelf, as emi-
‘ nent as he turned out after, entered
‘ upon the law ſo late in life, that every
‘ body imagined he intended to be an
‘ advocate in the other world: no won-
‘ der, when Eudamidas, the ſon of Ar-
‘ chidamas, heard Xenocrates at ſeven-
‘ ty-five diſputing about wiſdom, that
‘ he aſked gravely, *if the old man be*
‘ *yet diſputing and enquiring concerning*
‘ *wiſdom—what time will he have to*
‘ *make uſe of it?*’

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention; there was a ſeaſoning of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims, and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them——be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

‘ I am convinced, Yorick,’ continued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, ‘ that there is a north-
‘ weſt paſſage to the intellectual world;
‘ and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter
‘ ways of going to work, in furniſhing
‘ itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction,
‘ than we generally take with it.——
‘ But, alack! all fields have not a river
‘ or a ſpring running beſides them—
‘ every child, Yorick! has not a pa-
‘ rent to point it out.

——‘ The whole entirely depends,’ added my father, in a low voice, ‘ upon
‘ the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.’

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil’s ſnake, he could not have looked more ſurprized.—‘ I am ſurprized too,’ cried my father, obſerving it! ‘ and I reckon
‘ it as one of the greateſt calamities
‘ which ever befel the republick of let-
‘ ters—that thoſe who have been en-
‘ truſted with the education of our chil-
‘ dren, and whoſe buſineſs it was to
‘ open their minds, and ſtock them early
‘ with ideas, in order to ſet the imagi-
‘ nation looſe upon them, have made ſo
‘ little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in do-
‘ ing it, as they have done.—So that,
‘ except Raymond Lullius, and the
‘ elder Pelegrini, the laſt of which ar-
‘ rived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of
‘ them, with his topicks, that in a few
‘ leſſons, he could teach a young gen-
‘ tleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility
‘ upon any ſubject, *pro* and *con*, and

'to ſay and write all that could be 'ſpoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.'—'I 'ſhould be glad,' ſaid Yorick, interrupting my father, 'to be made to com-'prehend this matter.'—'You ſhall,' ſaid my father.

'The higheſt ſtretch of improvement 'a ſingle word is capable of, is a high 'metaphor—for which, in my opinion, 'the idea is generally the worſe, and 'not the better——but, be that as it 'may—when the mind has done that 'with it—there is an end——the mind 'and the idea are at reſt—until a ſe-'cond idea enters—and ſo on.

'Now the uſe of the *auxiliaries* is, 'at once to ſet the ſoul a-going by her-'ſelf upon the materials as they are 'brought her: and by the verſability 'of this great engine, round which 'they are twiſted, to open new tracks 'of enquiry, and make every idea en-'gender millions.'

'You excite my curioſity greatly,' ſaid Yorick.

'For my own part,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I have given it up.'—'The 'Danes, an' pleaſe your honour,' quoth the corporal, 'who were on the left at 'the ſiege of Limerick, were all auxi-'liaries.'—'And very good ones!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'But the auxi-'liaries, Trim, my brother is talking 'about—I conceive to be different 'things.'——

——'You do?' ſaid my father, riſing up.

CHAP. XLIII.

MY father took a ſingle turn acroſs the room, then ſat down and finiſhed the chapter.

'The verbs auxiliary we are con-'cerned in here,' continued my father, 'are—*am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; '*make*; *made*; *ſuffer*; *ſhall*; *ſhould*; '*will*; *would*; *can*, *could*; *owe*; '*ought*; *uſed*; or *is wont*.——And 'theſe varied with tenſes—*preſent*, *paſt*, '*future*, and conjugated with the verb '*ſee*——or with theſe queſtions added 'to them—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? 'Would it be? May it be? Might it 'be?* And theſe again put negatively '—*Is it not? Was it not? Ought it 'not?*——Or affirmatively—*It is*; *it 'was*; *it ought to be*.——Or chrono-'logically—*Has it been always? Late-'ly? How long ago?*——Or hypothe-'tically—*If it was? If it was not?* '——What would follow?—If the 'French ſhould beat the Engliſh? If 'the ſun go out of the zodiack?

'Now, by the right uſe and applica-'tion of theſe,' continued my father, 'in which a child's memory ſhould be 'exerciſed, there is no one idea can 'enter his brain, how barren ſoever, 'but a magazine of conceptions and 'concluſions may be drawn forth from 'it.——Did'ſt thou ever ſee a white 'bear?' cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who ſtood at the back of his chair.—'No, an' pleaſe 'your honour,' replied the corporal.—'But thou could'ſt diſcourſe about one, 'Trim,' ſaid my father, 'in caſe of 'need?'—'How is it poſſible, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'if the corpo-'ral never ſaw one?'—'It is the fact, 'I want,' replied my father—'and the 'poſſibility of it is as follows.

'A WHITE BEAR!—Very well.—'Have I ever ſeen one? Might I ever 'have ſeen one? Am I ever to ſee one? 'Ought I ever to have ſeen one? Or 'can I ever ſee one?

'Would I had ſeen a white bear! '(for how can I imagine it?)

'If I ſhould ſee a white bear, what 'ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould never ſee a 'white bear, what then?

'If I never have, can, muſt, or ſhall 'ſee a white bear alive; have I ever 'ſeen the ſkin of one? Did I never ſee 'one painted?—deſcribed? Have I ne-'ver dreamed of one?

'Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, 'brothers or ſiſters, ever ſee a white 'bear? What would they give? how 'would they behave? How would the 'white bear have behaved? Is he wild? 'tame? terrible? rough? ſmooth?

——'Is the white bear worth ſee-'ing?—

——'Is there no ſin in it?—

'Is it better than a BLACK ONE?'

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAP. I.

WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir—only, as we have got through theſe five volumes, (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet—they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſſed through.—

——What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt or devoured by wild beaſts in it?

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of jack-aſſes?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

——Pr'ythee, ſhepherd, who keeps all thoſe jack-aſſes? * * *

——Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on—the world is deeply your debtor——louder ſtill—that's nothing——in good ſooth, you are ill-uſed——Was I a jack-aſs, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good an' all—and in a kind of triumph re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the ſcrutoire where he found it.—'Triſtram,' ſaid he, 'ſhall be made 'to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the 'ſame way—every word, Yorick, by 'this means, you ſee, is converted into 'a theſis or an hypotheſis—every theſis 'and hypotheſis have an offspring of 'propoſitions—and each propoſition has 'it's own conſequences and concluſions; every one of which leads the 'mind on again into freſh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force 'of this engine,' added my father, 'is 'incredible, in opening a child's head.'

——'It is enough, brother Shandy,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'to burſt it into 'a thouſand ſplinters.'—

'I preſume,' ſaid Yorick, ſmiling—'it muſt be owing to this—(for let logicians ſay what they will, it is not 'to be accounted for ſufficiently from 'the bare uſe of the ten predicaments) '—that the famous Vincent Quirino, 'amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing 'feats of his childhood, of which the 'Cardinal Bembo has given the world 'ſo exact a ſtory—ſhould be able to 'paſte up in the publick ſchools at 'Rome, ſo early as in the eighth year 'of his age, no leſs than four thouſand 'five hundred and ſixty different theſes, 'upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the 'moſt abſtruſe theology—and to defend 'and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as 'to cramp and dumb-found his opponents.'—'What is that?' cried my

father,

father, 'to what is told us of Alphonſus 'Toſtatus—who, almoſt in his nurſe's 'arms, learned all the ſciences and li-'beral arts, without being taught any 'one of them!—What ſhall we ſay of 'the great Piereſkius?'—'That's the 'very man,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'I once told you of, brother Shandy, 'who walked a matter of five hundred 'miles, reckoning from Paris to Schev-'ling, and from Schevling back again, 'merely to ſee Stevinus's flying chariot. —'He was a very great man!' added my Uncle Toby; (meaning Stevinus) 'He was ſo, brother Toby,' ſaid my father, (meaning Piereſkius)—'and had 'multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and in-'creaſed his knowledge to ſuch a pro-'digious ſtock, that, if we may give 'credit to an anecdote concerning him, 'which we cannot withold here, with-'out ſh king the authority of all anec-'dotes whatever—at ſeven years of age, 'his father committed entirely to his 'care the education of his younger bro-'ther, a boy of five years old—with the 'ſole management of all his concerns.' ——'Was the father as wiſe as the 'ſon?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'I 'ſhould think not,' ſaid Yorick.——— 'But what are theſe,' continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of en-thuſiaſm)—'what are theſe, to thoſe 'prodigies of childhood in Grotius, 'Scioppius, Heinſius, Politian, Paſcal, 'Joſeph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cor-'douè, and others—ſome of which left 'off their *ſubſtantial forms* at nine years 'old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning 'without them—others went through 'their claſſicks at ſeven—wrote trage-'dies at eight——Ferdinand de Cor-'douè was ſo wiſe at nine, 'twas 'thought the devil was in him—and at 'Venice gave ſuch proofs of his know-'ledge and goodneſs, that the monks 'imagined he was Antichriſt, or no-'thing.—Others were maſters of four-'teen languages at ten—finiſhed the 'courſe of their rhetorick, poetry, lo-'gick, and ethicks, at eleven—put 'forth their commentaries upon Servius 'and Martianus Capella at twelve— 'and at thirteen received their degrees 'in philoſophy, laws, and divinity.'— 'But you forget the great Lipſius,' quoth Yorick, 'who compoſed a work 'the day he was born*.'—'They 'ſhould have wiped it up,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'and ſaid no more about 'it.'

CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of *decorum* had unſeaſonably roſe up in Suſannah's conſcience, about holding the candle, whilſt Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated Suſannah's diſtemper with anodynes— and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

——'Oh! oh!'—ſaid Slop, caſting a glance of undue freedom in Suſannah's face, as ſhe declined the office—'then, 'I think, I know you, Madam!'— 'You know me, Sir!' cried Suſannah faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently not at his profeſſion, but at the doctor himſelf—'you know 'me!' cried Suſannah again.—Doctor Slop clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils.—Suſannah's ſpleen was ready to burſt at it: 'It is 'falſe!' ſaid Suſannah.—'Come, come, 'Mrs. Modeſty,' ſaid Slop, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt; 'if you won't hold the candle, and 'look—you may hold it and ſhut your 'eyes.'—'That's one of your Popiſh 'ſhifts,' cried Suſannah.—'It is bet-'ter,' ſaid Slop, with a nod, 'than 'no ſhift at all, young woman.'—'I 'defy you, Sir!' cried Suſannah, pull-ing her ſhift-ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe with a more ſplenetick cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm—Suſannah ſnatched up the candle.—'A 'little this way,' ſaid Slop. Suſannah looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to Slop's wig, which

* "Nous aurions quelque interêt,' ſays Baillet, 'de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule 's'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de 'lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme Lipſe a pû compoſer un ouv-'rage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de 'ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que 'c'ait été a l'age de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipſe fit 'un poeme.—Le tour eſt ingenieux,' &c. &c.

being

omewhat bushy and unctuous was burnt out before it was well —'You impudent whore!' cri- — (for what is passion, but a st)—'you impudent whore!'— op, getting upright, with the n in his hand——'I never was struction of any body's nose!' annah; 'which is more than n say!'——'Is it?' cried Slop, g the cataplasm in her face.— is!' cried Susannah—return- compliment with what was left in.—

CHAP. IV.

CTOR Slop and Susannah filed oss-bills against each other in our; which done, as the cata- ad failed, they retired into the to prepare a fomentation for me; whilst that was doing, my father ied the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

OU see 'tis high time,' said my my father, addressing himself to my Uncle Toby and Yorick, e this young creature out of women's hands, and put him ose of a private governor. Mar- ntoninus provided fourteen go- s all at once to superintend his ommodus's education—and in eks he cashiered five of them know very well,' continued my 'that Commodus's mother was e with a gladiator at the time of nception, which accounts for a many of Commodus's cruelties he became emperor—but still I opinion, that those five whom inus dismissed, did Commo- temper, in that short time, more han the other nine were able to y all their lives long.

w, as I consider the person who e about my son, as the mirror ich he is to view himself from ing to night, and by which he adjust his looks, his carriage, erhaps the inmost sentiments of art—I would have one, Yorick, sible, polished at all points, fit 'for my child to look into.'—'Th 'very good sense!' quoth my U Toby to himself.

——'There is, continued my fa 'a certain mien and motion of the 'dy and all it's parts, both in a 'and speaking, which argues a '*well within*: and I am not a 'surprized that Gregory of Na zum, upon observing the hasty 'untoward gestures of Julian, sh 'foretel he would one day becom 'apostate—or that St. Ambrose sh 'turn his amanuensis out of doors 'cause of an indecent motion of 'head, which went backwards and 'wards like a flail—or that Dem 'tus should conceive Protagoras t 'a scholar, from seeing him bind 'faggot, and thrusting, as he di 'the small twigs inwards.——T 'are a thousand unnoticed openi continued my father, 'which let 'netrating eye at once into a m 'soul—and I maintain it,' adde 'that a man of sense does not lay d 'his hat in coming into a room 'take it up in going out of it, 'something escapes which disc 'him.

'It is for these reasons,' conti my father, 'that the governor I 'choice of shall neither lisp*, or sq 'or wink, or talk loud, or look fi 'or foolish—or bite his lips, or g 'his teeth—or speak through his 'or pick it, or blow it with his 'gers.—

'He shall neither walk fast, or 't '—or fold his arms, for that is 'ness—or hang them down, for 'is folly—or hide them in his po 'for that is nonsense.—

'He shall neither strike, or pinc 'tickle—or bite, or cut his nails 'hawk, or spit, or snift—or drum 'his feet or fingers in company- '—(according to Erasmus)—sha 'speak to any one in making wa 'nor shall he point to carrion or e 'ment.'——'Now this is all non 'again!' quoth my Uncle Toby to self.—

'I will have him,' continued m ther, 'chearful, faceté, jovial—a 'same time, prudent, attentive to 'ness, vigilant, acute, argute, i 'tive, quick in resolving doubts an

* Vid. Pellegrina.

'culative queſtions—he ſhall be wiſe, and 'judicious, and learned——' 'And 'why not humble, and moderate, and 'gentle-tempered, and good?' ſaid Yorick.—'And why not,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'free, and generous, and 'bountiful, and brave?'—'He ſhall, 'my dear Toby,' replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.—'Then, brother Shandy,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—'I 'humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon to you!'——A tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my Uncle Toby's eye—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made.——You will ſee why, when you read Le Fevre's ſtory.——Fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words!——but the occaſion is loſt—I muſt now tell it in my own.

CHAP. VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſide-board——I ſay, ſitting—for, in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee—(which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain)—when my Uncle Toby dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that with a proper artillery, my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him—for many a time, when my Uncle Toby ſuppoſed the corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect: this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes, for five and twenty years together.——But this is neither here nor there——why do I mention it?——Aſk my pen——it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack. 'It is for a poor 'gentleman—I think, of the army,' ſaid the landlord, 'who has been taken 'ill at my houſe four days ago, and 'has never held up his head ſince, or 'had a deſire to taſte any thing, till 'juſt now, that he has a fancy for a 'glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—"I "think," ſays he, taking his hand 'from his forehead, "it would com-"fort me!"—

——'If I could neither beg, bor-'row, or buy ſuch a thing,' added the landlord—'I would almoſt ſteal it for 'the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill—— 'I hope in God he will ſtill mend!' continued he; 'we are all of us con-'cerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I 'will anſwer for thee,' cried my Uncle Toby; 'and thou ſhalt drink the poor 'gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack 'thyſelf—and take a couple of bottles 'with my ſervice, and tell him he is 'heartily welcome to them, and to a 'dozen more if they will do him good.

'Though I am perſuaded,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, 'he is a very compaſſionate fel-'low, Trim—yet I cannot help enter-'taining a high opinion of his gueſt 'too; there muſt be ſomething more 'than common in him, that in ſo ſhort 'a time ſhould win ſo much upon the 'affections of his hoſt.'—'And of his 'whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.'—'Step after him,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—'do, Trim—and aſk if he knows 'his name.'

——'I have quite forgot it, truly!' ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can aſk 'his ſon again.'—'Has he a ſon with 'him then?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of 'about eleven or twelve years of age—'but the poor creature has taſted almoſt 'as little as his father; he does nothing

'but

mourn and lament for him night day—he has not ſtirred from the ſide theſe two days.'

Uncle Toby laid down his knife ork, and thruſt his plate from be- im, as the landlord gave him the nt; and Trim, without being or- took away without ſaying one and in a few minutes after ht him his pipe and tobacco.

—' Stay in the room a little!' ſaid ncle Toby.

rim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, af- had lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked a dozen whiffs.—Trim came nt of his maſter, and made his my Uncle Toby ſmoaked on, and o more. ' Corporal!' ſaid my Toby—the corporal made his —My Uncle proceeded no farther, niſhed his pipe.

rim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ' I a project in my head, as it is a night, of wrapping myſelf up n in my roquelaure, and paying iſit to this poor gentleman.'— r honour's roquelaure,' replied rporal, ' has not once been had ſince the night before your ho- received your wound, when we nted guard in the trenches before gate of St. Nicholas—and, be- , it is ſo cold and rainy a night, what with the roquelaure, and t with the weather, 'twill be gh to give your honour your a, and bring on your honour's ent in your groin.'—' I fear ſo,' my Uncle Toby; ' but I am not ſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the unt the landlord has given me.—I I had not known ſo much of this r,' added my Uncle Toby; ' or I had known more of it!—How we manage it?'—' Leave it, an't e your honour, to me,' quoth rporal—' I'll take my hat and , and go to the houſe and recon- e, and act accordingly; and I bring your honour a full account hour.'—' Thou ſhalt go, Trim,' y Uncle Toby, ' and here's a ng for thee to drink with his ſer- .'—' I ſhall get it all out of him,' e corporal, ſhutting the door.

Uncle Toby filled his ſecond and had it not been, that he now en wandered from the point, with ring whether it was not full as have the curtin of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoaked it.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

' I deſpaired at firſt,' ſaid the corporal, ' of being able to bring back ' your honour any kind of intelligence ' concerning the poor ſick lieutenant.' —' Is he in the army, then?' ſaid my Uncle Toby. ' He is,' ſaid the corporal.—' And in what regiment?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—' I'll tell your ho- ' nour,' replied the corporal, ' every ' thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt ' it.'—' Then, Trim, I'll fill another ' pipe,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ' and ' not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ' ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the ' window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory ' again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—' *Your ho-* ' *nour is good!*'——and having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered—and begun the ſtory to my Uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

' I deſpaired at firſt,' ſaid the corporal, ' of being able to bring back any ' intelligence to your honour about the ' lieutenant and his ſon; for when I ' aſked where his ſervant was, from ' whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing ' every thing which was proper to be ' aſked——' ' That's a right diſtinc- ' tion, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.— ' I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your ho- ' nour, that he had no ſervant with ' him—that he had come to the inn ' with hired horſes; which, upon find- ' ing himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, ' I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſ- ' miſſed the morning after he came.— " If I get better, my dear," ſaid he, ' as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay ' the man—" we can hire horſes from " hence."—" But, alas! the poor " gentleman will never get from hence,"

' ſaid the landlady to me—" for I " heard the death-watch all night long "'—and when he dies, the youth, his " ſon, will certainly die with him; for " he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, ' when the youth ' came into the kitchen, to order the ' thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of— " But I will do it for my father my- " ſelf," ſaid the youth.—" Pray let " me ſave you the trouble, young gen- " tleman!" ſaid I, taking up a fork ' for the purpoſe, and offering him my ' chair to ſit down upon by the fire ' whilſt I did it.—" I believe, Sir," ' ſaid he, very modeſtly, " I can pleaſe " him beſt myſelf."—" I am ſure," ' ſaid I, " his honour will not like the " toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by " an old ſoldier." The youth took ' hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt ' into tears.'——' Poor youth!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—' he has been bred up ' from an infant in the army, and the ' name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in ' his ears like the name of a friend—I ' wiſh I had him here!'

——' I never, in the longeſt march,' ſaid the corporal, ' had ſo great a mind ' to my dinner, as I had to cry with ' him for company.—What could be ' the matter with me, an' pleaſe your ' honour?'—' Nothing in the world, ' Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, blowing his noſe, ' but that thou art a good- ' natured fellow.'

' When I gave him the toaſt,' continued the corporal, ' I thought it was ' proper to tell him I was Captain ' Shandy's ſervant, and that your ho- ' nour (though a ſtranger) was ex- ' tremely concerned for his father—and ' that if there was any thing in your ' houſe or cellar——' (—' And thou ' mighteſt have added, my purſe too,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.)——' he was ' heartily welcome to it.——He made ' a very low bow—(which was meant ' to your honour)—but no anſwer, ' —for his heart was full—ſo he ' went up ſtairs with the toaſt——" I " warrant you, my dear," ſaid I, as I ' opened the kitchen-door, " your fa- " ther will be well again."—Mr. Yo- ' rick's curate was ſmoaking a pipe ' by the kitchen-fire—but ſaid not a ' word, good or bad, to comfort the ' youth——I thought it wrong,' added the corporal.—' I think ſo too,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

' When the lieutenant had taken his ' glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt him- ' ſelf a little revived, and ſent down ' into the kitchen, to let me know, ' that in about ten minutes he ſhould ' be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.— " I believe," ſaid the landlord, " he " is going to ſay his prayers—for there " was a book laid upon the chair by " his bed-ſide; and, as I ſhut the door, " I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion."

" I thought," ſaid the curate, " that " you gentlemen of the army, Mr. " Trim, never ſaid your prayers at " all."—" I heard the poor gentleman " ſay his prayers laſt night," ſaid the ' landlady, " very devoutly, and with " my own ears, or I could not have " believed it."—" Are you ſure of " it?" replied the curate. " A ſoldier, " an' pleaſe your reverence," ſaid I, " prays as often (of his own accord) " as a parſon; and when he is fighting "' for his king, and for his own life, " and for his honour too, he has the " moſt reaſon to pray to God of any " one in the whole world!"—' It was ' well ſaid of thee, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—" But when a ſoldier," ' ſaid I, " an' pleaſe your reverence, " has been ſtanding for twelve hours " together in the trenches, up to his " knees in cold water; or engaged," ' ſaid I, " for months together in long " and dangerous marches—haraſſed, " perhaps, in his rear to-day—haraſ- " ſing others to-morrow——detached " here—countermanded there——reſt- " ing this night out upon his arms— " beat up in his ſhirt the next—— " benumbed in his joints—perhaps " without ſtraw in his tent to kneel " on——muſt ſay his prayers *how* and " *when* he can.——I believe," ſaid I— ' for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, ' for the reputation of the army—" I " believe, an't pleaſe your reverence," ' ſaid I, " that when a ſoldier gets time " to pray—he prays as heartily as a par- " ſon—though not with all his fuſs and " hypocriſy."——' Thou ſhould'ſt not ' have ſaid that, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby—' for God only knows who is ' a hypocrite, and who is not.—At the ' great and general review of us all, ' corporal, at the day of judgment— ' (and not till then—it will be ſeen

' who

ıas done their duties in this
—and who has not; and we
: advanced, Trim, according-
—' I hope we ſhall,' ſaid Trim.
s in the Scripture,' ſaid my
›by, ' and I will ſhew it thee to-
v.—In the mean time, we may
upon it, Trim, for our com-
ſaid my Uncle Toby, ' that
Almighty is ſo good and juſt a
or of the world, that if we
›ut done our duties in it—it
:ver be enquired into, whether
/e done them in a red-coat or a
one.'—' I hope not,' ſaid the
——' But go on, Trim,' ſaid
e Toby, ' with thy ſtory.'
en I went up,' continued the
' into the lieutenant's room,
I did not do till the expiration of
minutes—he was lying in his
ith his head raiſed upon his
with his elbow upon the pil-
and a clean white cambrick
:rchief beſide it.—The youth
ſt ſtooping down to take up the
ı—upon which, I ſuppoſe, he
een kneeling—the book was
pon the bed; and, as he roſe,
ing up the cuſhion with one
he reached out his other to take
y at the ſame time.—" Let it
n there, my dear," ſaid the lieu-
.
did not offer to ſpeak to me, till
walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide.'
'ou are Captain Shandy's ſer-
' ſaid he, " you muſt preſent my
:s to your maſter, with my little
thanks along with them, for his
eſy to me.——If he was of Le-
;——" ſaid the lieutenant.——
him your honour was.——
," ſaid he, " I ſerved three
aigns with him in Flanders,
remember him—but 'tis moſt
', as I had not the honour of
ıcquaintance with him, that he
s nothing of me.—You will tell
however, that the perſon his
-nature has laid under obliga-
to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieu-
t in Angus's——but he knows
ot!"—ſaid he, a ſecond time,
g——" poſſibly he may my
,"—added he.——" Pray tell
aptain, I was the enſign at Bre-
whoſe wife was moſt unfortu-
y killed with a muſket-ſhot, as
y in my arms in my tent."—
" I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe
" your honour," ſaid I, " very well."
—" Do you ſo?" ſaid he, wiping his
' eyes with his handkerchief—" then
" well may I!"—In ſaying this, he
' drew a little ring out of his boſom,
' which ſeemed, tied with a black rib-
' band about his neck, and kiſſed it
' twice.—" Here, Billy," ſaid he——
' the boy flew acroſs the room to the
' bed-ſide—and falling down upon his
' knee, took the ring in his hand, and
' kiſſed it too—then kiſſed his father,
' and ſat down upon the bed and wept.'

' I wiſh,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh—' I wiſh, Trim, I was ' aſleep.'

' Your honour,' replied the corporal, ' is too much concerned—ſhall I ' pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack ' to your pipe?'—' Do, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

' I remember,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the en- ' ſign and his wife, with a circumſtance ' his modeſty omitted—and particular- ' ly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ' ſome account or other, (I forget what) ' was univerſally pitied by the whole ' regiment——but finiſh the ſtory thou ' art upon.'——' It is finiſhed already,' ſaid the corporal; ' for I could ſtay no ' longer—ſo wiſhed his honour a good ' night.——Young Le Fevre roſe from ' off the bed, and ſaw me to the bot- ' tom of the ſtairs; and as we went ' down together, told me they had ' come from Ireland, and were on ' their route to join the regiment in ' Flanders.—But, alas!' ſaid the corpo- ral, ' the lieutenant's laſt day's march is ' over!'—' Then what is to become of ' his poor boy!' cried my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honour—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when cooped in betwixt the natural and poſitive law, know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves—that notwithſtanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, paral- lel with the allies, who preſſed theirs

on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that, nevertheleſs, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn—and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itſelf—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

———That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this!

'Thou haſt left this matter ſhort,' ſaid my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—'and 'I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In 'the firſt place, when thou madeſt an 'offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre—as 'ſickneſs and travelling are both ex'penſive, and thou knoweſt he was but 'a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt 'as well as himſelf, out of his pay—'that thou didſt not make an offer to 'him of my purſe; becauſe, had he 'ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, 'he had been as welcome to it as my'ſelf.'—'Your honour knows,' ſaid the corporal, 'I had no orders.'——'True,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'thou 'didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier—'but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the ſecond place—for which, in'deed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe,' continued my Uncle Toby—'when thou 'offeredſt him whatever was in my 'houſe, thou ſhouldſt have offered him 'my houſe too—a ſick brother-officer 'ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim '—and if we had him with us, we 'could tend and look to him.—Thou 'art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim '—'and what with thy care of him, 'and the old woman's, and his boy's, 'and mine together, we might recruit 'him again at once, and ſet him upon 'his legs.

——'In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my Uncle Toby, ſmiling—'he 'might march.'—'He will never march, 'an' pleaſe your honour, in this world,' ſaid the corporal.—'He will march,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off.—'An' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the corporal, 'he will never march, but to his 'grave.'—'He ſhall march,' cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he ſhall march to 'his regiment.'—'He cannot ſtand it,' ſaid the corporal.—'He ſhall be ſup'ported,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'He'll 'drop at laſt,' ſaid the corporal, 'and 'what will become of his boy?'—'He 'ſhall not drop,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, firmly.—'A well-o'day—do what we 'can for him,' ſaid Trim, maintaining his point—'the poor ſoul will 'die!'—'He ſhall not die, by G—!' cried my Uncle Toby.

——The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!

CHAP. IX.

——MY Uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purſe into his breeches-pocket—and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONCLUDED.

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round it's circle——when my Uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did; —how he had reſted in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain —and what he could do to help him?

——And, without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, with

told him of the little plan which
been concerting with the cor-
he night before for him.

'You ſhall go home directly, Le
,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'to my
—and we'll ſend for a doctor to
hat's the matter—and we'll have
othecary—and the corporal ſhall
ur nurſe—and I'll be your ſer-
Le Fevre.'

e was a frankneſs in my Uncle
-not the *effect* of familiarity, but
e of it—which let you at once
ſoul, and ſhewed you the good-
his nature; to this there was
ng in his looks, and voice, and
, ſuper-added, which eternally
ed to the unfortunate to come
e ſhelter under him: ſo that be-
y Uncle Toby had half finiſhed
d offers he was making to the
had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up
his knees, and had taken hold
reaſt of his coat, and was pulling
ards him.—The blood and ſpi-
Le Fevre, which were waxing
d ſlow within him, and were
ng to their laſt citadel, the heart—
back—the film forſook his eyes
oment—he looked up wiſhfully
Uncle Toby's face—then caſt a
on his boy—and that ligament,
it was—was never broken.
re inſtantly ebb'd again——the
urned to it's place——the pulſe
d—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd
again——mov'd—ſtopp'd,——
go on?——No.

CHAP. XI.

ſo impatient to return to my
n ſtory, that what remains of
Le Fevre's, that is, from this
his fortune, to the time my
Toby recommended him for my
or, ſhall be told in a very few
in the next chapter.—All that
ſſary to be added to this chapter
llows.

t my Uncle Toby, with young
re in his hand, attended the poor
unt, as chief mourners, to his

t the governor of Dendermond
s obſequies all military honours
that Yorick, *not to be behind-*
paid him all eccleſiaſtick—for he
im in his chancel.—And it ap-
pears, likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him——I ſay it *appears*—for it was Yorick's cuſtom, (which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion) on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronical down the time, the place, and the occaſion of it's being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf; ſeldom indeed, much to it's credit—For inſtance, *This ſermon upon the Jewiſh diſpenſation—I don't like it at all—though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowledge in it—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put together.——This is but a flimſy kind of compoſition—what was in my head when I made it?*

——N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will ſuit any ſermon——and of this ſermon—that it will ſuit any text.*

——*For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged; —for I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it——Doctor Paidagunes found me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.*—

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, ſo,* and no more——and, upon a couple, *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary—but mottly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord which ſeemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, ſo,* tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves—one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty near the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this—that the *moderato's* are five times better than the *ſo, ſo's*—ſhew ten times more knowledge of the human heart—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them—(and, to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than thoſe tied up with them——for which reaſon, whenever Yorick's dramatick ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the *ſo, ſo's*, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any ſort of ſcruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamente*—*tenutè*—*grave*—and ſometimes *adagio*—as applied to theological

gical compoſitions, and with which he has characterized ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs—I am more puzzled ſtill upon finding *A l'ottava alta!* upon one—*Con ſtrepito* upon the back of another—*Scicilliana* upon a third—*Alla capella* upon a fourth—*Con l'arco* upon this—*Senza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning—and as he was a muſical man, I will make no doubt, but that by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphor to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters upon his fancy—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion—the funeral ſermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.—I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition. It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and croſs-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twiſted round with a half ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt-cover of a general-review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.—Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned, I ſomething doubt—becauſe, at the end of the ſermon, (and not at the beginning of it) very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote—

'BRAVO!'

——Though not very offenſively—for it is at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill ſo faintly in a ſmall Italian hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not—ſo that from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of vanity, than of VANITY herſelf—of the two——reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer—than a groſs maſk of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to Yorick's character as a modeſt man—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this; that the word was ſtruck through ſome time afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~——as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in, he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though, huſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue——tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my Uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind—there remained nothing more in my Uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my Uncle Toby found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my Uncle Toby gave the corporal—'Wear it, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'as long as it will hold together, 'for the ſake of the poor lieutenant.—'And this,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke—'and this—Le Fevre, I'll ſave 'for thee——'tis all the fortune,' continued my Uncle Toby, hanging it up on a crook, and pointing to it—''tis 'all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, 'which God has left thee; but if he

'has

'has given thee a heart to fight thy 'way with it in the world—and thou 'doeſt it like a man of honour—'tis 'enough for us.'

As ſoon as my Uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a publick ſchool—where, excepting Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him—he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into Hungary againſt the Turks, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my Uncle Toby, begged his father's ſword, and my Uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.——Twice did my Uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, 'Le Fevre! I will go with 'thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me!' and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.—

My Uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up—and having detained Le Fevre a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to Leghorn, he put the ſword into his hand—'If 'thou art brave, Le Fevre,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'this will not fail thee—— 'but fortune,' ſaid he, (muſing a little) 'fortune may:——and if ſhe does,' added my Uncle Toby, embracing him; 'come back again to me, Le Fevre, and 'we will ſhape thee another courſe.'

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fevre more than my Uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs——he parted from my Uncle Toby, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my Uncle Toby gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand—and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. XIII.

LE Fevre got up to the imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at Marſeilles, from whence he wrote my Uncle Toby word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health—and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword—and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before Suſannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my Uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a deſcription of what kind of perſon he would chuſe for a preceptor to me: but as my Uncle Toby thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name—till the character, by Yorick's interpoſition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of Le Fevre and his intereſt upon my Uncle Toby ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—'I beg, brother 'Shandy,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I 'may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon 'to you!'——'I beſeech you do!' added Yorick.—'He has a good heart,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'And a brave 'one too, an' pleaſe your honour!' ſaid the corporal.

——'The beſt hearts, Trim, are ever 'the braveſt,' replied my Uncle Toby. —'And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe 'your honour, in our regiment, were 'the greateſt raſcals in it.—There was 'a Serjeant Kumber, and Enſign——'

——'We'll talk of them,' ſaid my father, 'another time.'

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your worſhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lyes!

Doctor Slop—like a ſon of a w——, as my father called him for it—to exalt himſelf—debaſed me to death—and made

made ten thouſand times more of Suſannah's accident, than there was any grounds for; ſo that in a week's time, or leſs, it was in every body's mouth, *that poor Maſter Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * *entirely*.—And FAME, who loves to double every thing—in three days more had ſworn poſitively ſhe ſaw it—and all the world, as uſual, gave credit to her evidence—*that the nurſery window had not only* * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * \

making ſome pauſe firſt—'he'll be 'exactly like other people's children.'

'Exactly,' ſaid my mother.

——'Though I ſhould be ſorry for 'that,' added my father——and ſo the debate ſtopped again.

——'They ſhould be of leather,' ſaid my father, turning him about again.

'They will laſt him,' ſaid my mother, 'the longeſt.'

——'But he can have no linings to 'them,' replied my father.

'He cannot,' ſaid my mother.

——'It were better to have them of 'fuſtian,' quoth my father.

'Nothing can be better,' quoth my mother.—

——'Except dimity,' replied my father.

'It is beſt of all,' replied my mother.

——'One muſt not give him his 'death, however!' interrupted my father.

'By no means!' ſaid my mother—and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

——'I am reſolved, however,' quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, 'he ſhall have no pockets in 'them.'

——'There is no occaſion for any,' ſaid my mother.

——'I mean, in his coat and waiſt-'coat,' cried my father.

——'I mean ſo too,' replied my mother.

——'Though, if he gets a gig or a 'top——Poor ſouls! it is a crown and 'a ſceptre to them—they ſhould have 'where to ſecure it.'

'Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. Shan-'dy,' replied my mother.

——'But don't you think it right?' added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

'Perfectly,' ſaid my mother, 'if it 'pleaſes you, Mr. Shandy.'

——'There's for you!' cried my father, loſing temper—"Pleaſes me!" '—You never will diſtinguiſh, Mrs. 'Shandy, nor ſhall I ever teach you to 'do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and 'a point of convenience.'——This was on the Sunday night—and farther this chapter ſayeth not.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother—he conſulted Albertus Rubenius upon it: and Albertus Rubenius uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother; for as Rubenius had wrote a quarto expreſs, *De re Veſtiaria Veterum*—it was Rubenius's buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a ſingle word out of Rubenius upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, Rubenius was very communicative to my father—gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The toga, or looſe gown.
The chlamys.
The ephod.
The tunica, or jacket.
The ſyntheſis.
The pænula.
The lacerna, with it's cucullus.
The paludamentum.
The prætexta.
The ſagum, or ſoldier's jerkin.
The trabea: of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.

——'But what are all theſe to the 'breeches?' ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the Romans.—

There was, The open ſhoe.
The cloſe ſhoe.
The ſlip ſhoe.
The wooden ſhoe.
The ſock.
The buſkin.
And, The military ſhoe with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.
The patins.
The pantoufles.
The brogues.
The ſandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt ſhoe.
The linen ſhoe.
The laced ſhoe.
The braided ſhoe.
The calceus inciſus.
And, The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhewed my father how well they all fitted—in what manner they laced on—with what points, ſtraps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.—

——'But I want to be informed 'about the breeches,' ſaid my father.

Albertus

lbertus Rubenius informed my fa- that the Romans manufactured s of various fabricks—ſome plain— ſtriped—others diapered through- the whole contexture of the wool, ſilk and gold—that linen did not n to be in common uſe till to- ls the declenſion of the empire, n the Egyptians coming to ſettle ngſt them brought it into vogue. —That perſons of quality and for- diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the ieſs and whiteneſs of their cloaths; h colour (next to purple, which appropriated to the great offices) moſt affected, and wore on their -days and publick rejoicings.— t it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians oſe times, that they frequently ſent cloaths to the fuller, to be cleaned whitened—but that the inferior le, to avoid that expence, generally brown cloaths, and of a ſomething er texture—till towards the begin- of Auguſtus's reign, when the dreſſed like his maſter; and almoſt diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, he *latus clavus*.

And what was the *latus clavus?*' my father.

ubenius told him, that the point ſtill litigating amongſt the learned at Egnatius, Sigonius, Boſſius Ti- iſis, Bayfius, Budæus, Salmaſius, ius, Lazius, Iſaac Cauſonbon, and h Scaliger, all differed from each —and he from them: that ſome it to be the button—ſome the coat —others only the colour of it—— the great Bayfius, in his Wardrobe he Ancients, chap. xii.—honeſtly he knew not what it was—whether ula—a ſtud—a button—a loop—a le—or claſps and keepers.

—My father loſt the horſe, but the ſaddle——' They are hooks l eyes,' ſaid my father——and with s and eyes he ordered my breeches made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.

—Leave we then the breeches in aylor's hands, with my father ing over him with his cane, read- im, as he ſat at work, a lecture the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on.

Leave we my mother,—(trueſt of all the *poco-curante's* of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her—that is, indifferent whether it was done this way or that—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop, likewiſe, to the full profits of all my diſhonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marſeilles as he can.——And laſt of all—becauſe the hardeſt of all—

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf*—— but 'tis impoſſible—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my Uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times—and recollected for what purpoſes this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE——'twas enough—Nature threw half a ſpade full of her kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings—and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory naſty in foul weather.

My Uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; ſo let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my Uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted—(but ſooner when the deſign was known)—to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large roll

of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with it's works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, &c.—he ſet the corporal to work——and ſweetly went it on—the nature of the ſoil—the nature of the work itſelf—and, above all, the good-nature of my Uncle Toby, ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt-done deeds—left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence—it was inveſted—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *that the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it*——for my Uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſidered at large in the hiſtory of my Uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaign, of which this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing.)—The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——ſurely they had better be printed apart!——we'll conſider the affair—ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with it's works was finiſhed, my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my Uncle Toby received from the daily papers—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment—my Uncle Toby made a lodgment too.——And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined—the corporal took his mattock and did as much—and ſo on——gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others—there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than, on a poſt morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my Uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, ſallied forth—the one with the Gazette in his hand—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to execute the contents.—What an honeſt triumph in my Uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt peradventure he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand to fix them upon the ramparts—Heaven! earth! ſea!—but what avails apoſtrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happineſs, for many years, without one interruption to it—except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them ſo long in torture—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I ſay, did my Uncle Toby and Trim move for many years; every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their

operations, which always opened
ſprings of delight in carrying
on.

ıe firſt year's campaign was carried
ɔm beginning to end, in the plain
mple method I've related.

the ſecond year, in which my
: Toby took Liege and Ruremond,
ɔught he might afford the expence
ır handſome draw-bridges, two of
ı I have given an exact deſcrip-
ıf, in the former part of my work.

the latter end of the ſame year he
l a couple of gates with port-cul-
-theſe laſt were converted, after-
; in orgues, as the better thing;
uring the winter of the ſame year,
Uncle Toby, inſtead of a new ſuit
oaths, which he always had at
:mas, treated himſelf with a hand-
ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner
e bowling-green, betwixt which
and the foot of the glacis, there
:ft a little kind of an eſplanade for
nd the corporal to confer and hold
ils of war upon.

—The ſentry-box was in caſe of

l theſe were painted white three
over the enſuing ſpring, which
:d my Uncle Toby to take the
with great ſplendour.

r father would often ſay to Yo-
that if any mortal in the whole
rſe had done ſuch a thing, except
rother Toby, it would have been
l upon by the world as one of the
refined ſatires upon the parade and
ing manner in which Lewis XIV.
the beginning of the war, but par-
rly that very year, had taken the
—' But 'tis not my brother To-
; nature, kind ſoul!' my father
l add, ' to inſult any one.'

—But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

ıſt obſerve, that although in the
lt year's campaign, the word *town*
:n mentioned—yet there was no
at that time within the polygon;
ddition was not made till the ſum-
ollowing the ſpring in which the
:s and ſentry-box were painted,
was the third year of my Uncle
's campaigns—when, upon his tak-
mberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and
ınd Limbourg, one after another,

a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns *without one* TOWN *to ſhow for it*—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my Uncle Toby, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon, to ſerve for all.

My Uncle Toby felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the ſtyle of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in Ghent and Bruges, and the reſt of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independant, to hook on, or off, ſo as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my Uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer—the town was a perfect Proteus—it was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Druſen, and Hagenau—and then it was Oſtend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.—

——Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my Uncle Toby's did.

In the fourth year, my Uncle Toby thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.——Trim was for having bells in it—my Uncle Toby ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way, the next campaign, for half a dozen braſs field-pieces—to be planted three and three on each ſide of my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs)—from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in

which

which Liſle was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands—my Uncle Toby was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition: — I ſay, proper amınunition—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not—for ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers —and ſo heated was my Uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

Something therefore was wanting, as a ſuccedaneum, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxiſms of the ſiege, to keep up *ſomething* like a continual firing in the imagination—and this ſomething, the corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own—without which this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one of the great *deſiderata* of my Uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow, there was—

A Montero cap, and two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes.

The Montero cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.—The Turkiſh tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as uſual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire; and mounted, at their ends, the one of them with ivory—the other with black ebony tipped with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.——'Tom did not care, 'Trim,' he would ſay, 'to put on the 'cap, or to ſmoke in the tobacco-pipe 'of a Jew.'—'God bleſs your ho-'nour,' the corporal would ſay, (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—'how can that be?'—

The Montero cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered—and ſeemed to have been the property of a Portugueze quarter-maſter—not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for it's own ſake as the ſake of the giver—ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days: and yet never was a Montero cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right—it was either his *oath*—his *wager*—or his *gift*.

—'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe. 'I'll be bound,' ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, 'to *give* away my Mon-'tero cap to the firſt beggar who comes 'to the door, if I do not manage this 'matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.'

The completion was no farther off than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate St. Andrew—and, on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides—and, I muſt add, the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men—my Uncle Toby prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my Uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain inſide-out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bed-ſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning; and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my Uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards—put it on—— This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſt-band, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt, and had got his ſword half way in—when he conſidered he ſhould want

ſhaving,

g, and that it would be very in-
ient doing it with his ſword on
ook it off.——In aſſaying to put
gimental coat and waiſtcoat, my
Toby found the ſame objection
wig—ſo that went off too——ſo
what with one thing, and what
nother, as always falls out when
is in the moſt haſte—'twas ten
k, which was half an hour later
his uſual time, before my Uncle
ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

Y Uncle Toby had ſcarce turned
the corner of his yew-hedge,
ſeparated his kitchen-garden from
owling-green, when he perceived
rporal had begun the attack with-
im.—

me give you a picture of the corpo-
pparatus; and of the corporal him-
the height of this attack, juſt as it
my Uncle Toby, as he turned to-
the ſentry-box, where the corporal
t work—for in nature there is not
nother—nor can any combination
that is groteſque and whimſical
works, produce it's equal.

e corporal——

—Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye
of genius—for he was your kinſ-
——

eed his grave clean, ye men of
reſs—for he was your brother.——
rporal! had I thee but now—now
I am able to give thee a dinner
protection—how would I cheriſh
thou ſhouldſt wear thy Montero
very hour of the day, and every
f the week—and when it was worn
I would purchaſe thee a couple
t——But, alas! alas! alas! now
can do this, in ſpite of their re-
ces——the occaſion is loſt—for
art gone——thy genius fled up to
ars from whence it came—and that
heart of thine, with all it's ge-
s and open veſſels, compreſſed into
of the valley!

—But what—what is this, to that
and dreaded page, where I look
ds the velvet pall, decorated with
ilitary enſigns of thy maſter—the
-the foremoſt of created beings—
I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant!
his ſword and ſcabbard with a
ling hand acroſs his coffin, and
then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee——where—all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows; and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lacquered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them.—When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries through my ears—'O Toby! in 'what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek 'thy fellow?'

——Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain—when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand!

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind to ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack—had no farther idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my Uncle Toby's ſix field-pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of affecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower-ends, to be tagged by the ſame number of tin pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the Morocco tube—he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field-pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.—

——Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man who has read my father's firſt and ſecond *beds of juſtice*, ever riſe up and ſay again, from colliſion of

what

what kinds of bodies, light may or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the arts and ſciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them—thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt—— 'Thou art a fool, Shandy,' ſays Eugenius; 'for thou haſt but a 'dozen in the world—and 'twill break 'thy ſet.'

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to ſatisfy one feveriſh enquirer, how many ſparks at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it—Think ye not, that in ſtriking theſe *in*—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething *out?* as ſure as a gun.—

——But this project, by the bye.

The corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my Uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my Uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake poſſibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt.—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right-hand—and the ebony pipe tipped with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs-batteries at the ſame time againſt the counterguard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two—but the pleaſure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my Uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my Uncle Toby had not his will to make that day!

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY Uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my Uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack——my Uncle Toby ſmiled—then looked grave—then ſmiled for a moment—then looked ſerious for a long time;—'Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—My Uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge—never did my Uncle Toby's mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My Uncle Toby retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

——Dear Uncle Toby, don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I Beg the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my Uncle Toby's ordnance behind the ſcenes—to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if poſſible*, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll ſnuff the candles bright—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom—draw up the curtain—and exhibit my Uncle Toby dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act; and yet, if pity be akin to love—and bra-

very

no alien to it—you have ſeen
gh of my Uncle Toby in theſe, to
theſe family likeneſſes, betwixt
wo paſſions, (in caſe there is one)
our heart's content.
ain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no
of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us
ery one!
here was, Madam, in my Uncle
y, a ſingleneſs of heart which miſled
ſo far out of the little ſerpentine
s in which things of this nature
lly go on; you can—you can have
conception of it: with this there
a plainneſs and ſimplicity of think-
with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ig-
nce of the plies and foldings of the
t of women—and ſo naked and de-
eleſs did he ſtand before you, (when
ge was out of his head) that you
it have ſtood behind any one of your
ntine walks, and ſhot my Uncle
y ten times in a day through his
—if nine times in a day, Madam,
not ſerved your purpoſe.
With all this, Madam—and what
ounded every thing as much on the
r hand, my Uncle Toby had that
ralleled modeſty of nature I once
you of—and which, by the bye,
l eternal ſentry upon his feelings,
you might as ſoon—— But where
going? theſe reflections croud in
me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and
up that time, which I ought to be-
upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

IF the few legitimate ſons of Adam,
whoſe breaſts never felt what the
of love was—(maintaining, firſt,
myſogyniſts to be baſtards)—the
teſt heroes of ancient and modern
have carried off, amongſt them,
parts in ten of the honour; and I
for their ſakes I had the key of my
out of my draw-well, only for
minutes, to tell you their names—
leſt them I cannot—ſo be content
cept of theſe, for the preſent, in
ſtead.—
here was the great King Aldrovan-
and Boſphorus, and Capadocius,
Dardanus, and Pontus, and Aſius;
ſay nothing of the iron-hearted
les the XIIth, whom the Counteſs
***** herſelf could make nothing
There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Periſcus, and Pruſicus; not one of whom, (except Capadocius and Pontus, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs.—The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my Uncle Toby, till Fate—till Fate, I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with Aldrovandus's and the reſt—ſhe baſely patched up the peace at Utrecht.

——Believe me, Sir, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my Uncle Toby a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my Uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE MONGER, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf—would always conſole my Uncle Toby upon theſe occaſions, in a way which ſhewed plainly, he imagined my Uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, ſo much as the loſs of his hobby-horſe.—'Never mind, brother Toby,' he would ſay, 'by God's bleſſing we 'ſhall have another war break out 'again ſome of theſe days! and when 'it does—the belligerent powers, if 'they would hang themſelves, cannot 'keep us out of play.——I defy 'em, 'my dear Toby,' he would add, 'to 'take countries without taking towns '—or towns without ſieges!'

My Uncle Toby never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his hobby-horſe kindly.—He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo—becauſe, in ſtriking the horſe, he hit the rider too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that, upon theſe occaſions,

caſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my Uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary.—I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent—it was not eaſy to my Uncle Toby to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to it's uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my Uncle Toby, for a time, was at leaſt equal to Tertullus—but, in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my Uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is indorſed,

'*My brother* TOBY's *juſtification of his own principles and conduct in wiſhing to continue the war.*'

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my Uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence—and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

'I Am not inſenſible, brother Shandy, 'that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, 'for war—it has an ill aſpect to the 'world——and that how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in 'vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

'For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man—which he may be, without 'being a jot the leſs brave—he will be 'ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem—but if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have it's vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are: what, I *hope*, I have been in all theſe, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to ſay—much worſe, I know, have I been, than I ought—and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think——but ſuch as I am—you, my dear brother Shandy, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle, —and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it—ſuch as I am, brother, you muſt by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

'Tell, me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain—more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure——tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?' ['*The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but cut for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*']

'If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault? ——Did I plant the propenſity there? —Did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

'When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around the ſchool—were they not all purchaſed

ith my own pocket-money? hat ſelfiſh, brother Shandy? we read over the ſiege of vhich laſted ten years and ıonths—though, with ſuch a ırtillery as we had at Namur, might have been carried in a ras I not as much concerned eſtruction of the Greeks and as any boy of the whole Had I not three ſtrokes of a ıven me, two on my right- ıd one on myleft, for calling bitch for it?—Did any one hed more tears for Hector? en King Priam came to the beg his body, and returned back to Troy without it— w, brother, I could not eat er.

)id that beſpeak me cruel?— :auſe, brother Shandy, my ew out into the camp, and t panted for war—was it a could not ache for the diſ- war too?

ther! 'tis one thing for a ſol- ıther laurels—and 'tis another cypreſs—' [' *Who told thee, Toby, that cypreſs was uſed by nts on mourniful occaſions?*']

t is one thing, brother Shan- a ſoldier to hazard his own leap firſt down into the trench, e is ſure to be cut in pieces ıe thing from publick ſpirit hirſt of glory, to enter the he firſt man—to ſtand in the rank, and march bravely in ums and trumpets, and co- ying about his ears.—'tis g, I ſay, brother Shandy, to —and 'tis another thing to re- the miſeries of war—to view ılations of whole countries, ıſider the intolerable fatigues dſhips which the ſoldier him- inſtrument who works them, d (for ſixpence a day, if he it) to undergo.

I be told, dear Yorick, as I you, in Le Fevre's funeral *that ſo ſoft and gentle a crea- rn to love, to mercy, and kind- man is, was not ſhaped for* But why did you not add, —if not by NATURE—that he NECESSITY?—For what is hat is it, Yorick, when fought *has been, upon principles of liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*? '—what is it, but the getting together 'of quiet and harmleſs people, with 'their ſwords in their hands, to keep 'the ambitious and the turbulent with- 'in bounds? And Heaven is my wit- 'neſs, brother Shandy, that the plea- 'ſure I have taken in theſe things— 'and that infinite delight, in particular, 'which has attended my ſieges in my 'bowling-green, has aroſe within me; 'and I hope in the corporal too, from 'the conſciouſneſs we both had, that 'in carrying them on, we were anſwer- 'ing the great ends of our creation.'

CHAP. XXXIII.

I Told the Chriſtian reader—I ſay, *Chriſtian*—hoping he is one—and, if he is not, I am ſorry for it—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book—

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it—and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford—which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe it's way, with all the light the ſun itſelf at noon-day can give it—and now, you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.—

'*Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum*,' ſayeth Cardan. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee it is morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I let out——

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Told the Chriſtian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my Uncle Toby's apologetical oration—though in a *different* trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now—that the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which as good as ſays to him, 'I'll go 'a foot, Sir, all the days of my life, 'before I would ride a ſingle mile upon 'your back again.' Now my Uncle Toby could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner: for, in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all—his horſe rather flung him—and ſomewhat *viciouſly*, which made my Uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate jockies as they like. —It created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe.—He had no occaſion for him from the month of March to November, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The French were ſo backward all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magiſtrates at Dunkirk, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the queen, beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her diſpleaſure—but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in it's naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the queen, (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmanted, for theſe private reaſons, * * *

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back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures, were ſlipping from under him ill—ſtill all went on heavily—the k left the mind the weaker.—NESS, with SILENCE at her back, d the ſolitary parlour, and drew gauzy mantle over my Uncle To-ead!—and LISTLESSNESS, with x fibre and undirected eye, ſat down beſide him in his arm-——No longer Amberg, and erg, and Limbourg, and Huy, onn, in one year—and the pro-of Landen, and Trerebach, and n, and Dendermond, the next—d on the blood——no longer did and mines, and blinds, and ga-and paliſadoes, keep out this emy of man's repoſe——no more my Uncle Toby, after paſſing ench lines, as he eat his egg at , from thence break into the heart ance—croſs over the Oyes, and all Picardie open behind him, up to the gates of Paris, and fall with nothing but ideas of glory; o more was he to dream, he had the royal ſtandard upon the tower Baſtile, and awake with it ſtream-his head!

—Softer viſions—gentler vibra-ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers trumpet of war fell out of his —he took up the lute, ſweet in-nt! of all others the moſt delicate, ſt difficult!—how wilt thou touch dear Uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXVI.

OW, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of g—that I was confident the fol-g memoirs of my uncle Toby's hip of Widow Wadman, when-got time to write them, would ut one of the moſt compleat ſyſ-both of the elementary and prac-art of love and love-making, that as addreſſed to the world—are imagine from thence, that I ſhall with a deſcription of *what love* hether part God and part Devil, tinus will have it—

—Or, by a more critical equation, ppoſing the whole of love to be as determine, with Ficinus, '*How y parts of it—the one*—and *how y the other*;'—or whether it is *all of it one great devil*, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion—but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with Doctor Baynyard, who being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave, as a hearſe and ſix—raſhly concluded, that the devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *canthariдis*.—

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out *(that is, polemically)* to Philagrius—

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, indeed!* "ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν πάθεσι"—*and moſt nobly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize about it in your moods and paſſions.*'

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to enquire, whether love is a diſeaſe—or embroil myſelf with Rhaſis and Dioſcorides, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver—becauſe this would lead me on to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of Aætius, who always begun with a cooling glyſter of hemp-ſeed and bruiſed cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb hanea—and, where Aætius durſt venture it, his topaz ring.

——The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. xv. *De Amore*) directs they ſhould be thraſhed, '*ad putorem uſque*;'—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my Uncle Toby's affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much—that from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my Uncle Toby's mind, almoſt as much as his amours themſelves) he took a ſingle ſtep into practice—and by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my Uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect

fect upon my Uncle Toby without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in it's proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this—that whatever effect it had upon my Uncle Toby—it had a vile effect upon the houſe; and if my Uncle Toby had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not *obliged* to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no farther—and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtick labyrinth, my opinion will then come in, in courſe—and lead me out.

At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood, in telling the reader, my Uncle Toby *fell in love*.

——Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for, to ſay a man is *fallen* in love—or that he is *deeply* in love—or *up to the ears* in love—and ſometimes even *over head and ears in it*—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man—this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip—I hold to be damnable and heretical—and ſo much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will—my Uncle Toby fell into it.

——And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation—ſo wouldſt thou; for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet, any thing in this world, more concupiſcible than Widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir; paint her to your own mind—as like your miſtreſs as you can—as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you—'tis all one to me—pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

——'Was ever any thing in nature 'so ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!'

——Then, dear Sir, how could my Uncle Toby reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book; thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS Suſannah was informed, by an expreſs from Mrs. Bridget, of my Uncle Toby's falling in love with her miſtreſs, fifteen days before it happened—the contents of which expreſs Suſannah communicated to my mother the next day—it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my Uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

'I have an article of news to tell 'you, Mr. Shandy,' quoth my mother, 'which will ſurprize you greatly.'

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.

——'My brother Toby,' quoth ſhe, 'is going to be married to Mrs. Wad-'man.'

'Then he will never,' quoth my father, 'be able to lie *diagonally* in his 'bed again as long as he lives.'

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

——'That ſhe is not a woman of 'ſcience,' my father would ſay, 'is 'her misfortune—but ſhe might aſk a 'queſtion!'

My mother never did. In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world, at laſt, without knowing whether it turned *round*, or ſtood *ſtill*.—My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was—but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons, a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much farther betwixt them than a propoſition—a reply—and a rejoinder; at the end of which it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

'If he marries, 'twill be the worſe 'for us!' quoth my mother.

'Not a cherry-ſtone,' ſaid my father; 'he may as well batter away his 'means upon that, as any thing elſe.'

——'To be ſure,' ſaid my mother——ſo here ended the propoſition—the reply—and the rejoinder—I told you of.

'It will be ſome amuſement to him, 'too,' ſaid my father.

'A very great one,' anſwered my mother, 'if he ſhould have children.'

——'Lord have mercy upon me!' ſaid my father to himſelf—* * * *

ı digreſſion, till John de la Caſſe's
ls led me the round you ſee marked
·for, as for *cccccc*, they are no-
g but parentheſes, and the common
ınd *outs* incident to the lives of the
teſt miniſters of ſtate; and when
pared with what men have done—
vith my own tranſgreſſions at the
rs A B D—they vaniſh into nothing.
ı this laſt volume, I have done better
—for, from the end of Le Fevre's
›de, to the beginning of my Uncle
›y's campaigns—I have ſcarce ſtep-
a yard out of my way.
: I mend at this rate, it is not im-
.ble—by the good leave of his grace
Benevento's devils—but I may ar-
hereafter at the excellency of going
ven thus:

:h is a line drawn as ſtraight as I
d draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler, (borrowed for that purpoſe) turning neither to the right-hand or to the left.

This *right line*—— 'the path way 'for Chriſtians to walk in!'—ſay divines.

——'The emblem of moral recti-'tude!' ſays Cicero.

——'The *beſt line!*' ſay cabbage-planters—'is the ſhorteſt line,' (ſays Archimedes) 'which can be drawn from 'one given point to another.'

I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day ſuits!

——What a journey!

Pray, can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines—by what miſtake—who told them ſo—or how it has come to paſs—that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAP. I.

NO!—I think I ſaid I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place (but where I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-wiſe upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I ſwore it ſhould be kept a going at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the Fountain of Life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now, as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, ſo very little, (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations) that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: chearily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except it's cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bade him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion.—

——'There muſt certainly be ſome 'miſtake in this matter,' quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damned for eating a muſſel; and was ſhewing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure—

——'Did ever ſo grave a perſonage 'get into ſo vile a ſcrape?' quoth Death.—'Thou haſt had a narrow 'eſcape, Triſtram,' ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſhed my ſtory.

'But there is no *living*, Eugenius,' replied I, 'at this rate; for as this *ſon 'of a whore* has found out my lodg-'ings——'

——'You call him rightly,' ſaid Eugenius—'for, by Sin, we are told, 'he entered the world——' 'I care 'not which way he entered,' quoth I, 'provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to 'take me out with him—for I have 'forty volumes to write, and forty 'thouſand things to ſay and do, which 'nobody in the world will ſay and do 'for me, except thyſelf; and as thou 'ſeeſt he has got me by the throat,' (for Eugenius could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) 'and that I am no

'match for him in the open field, had 'I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcattered 'ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider 'legs of mine,' (holding one of them up to him) 'are able to ſupport me— 'had I not better, Eugenius, fly for 'my life?'—'It is my advice, my dear 'Triſtram,' ſaid Eugenius.—'Then, 'by Heaven! I will lead him a dance 'he little thinks of—for I will gallop,' quoth I, 'without looking once behind 'me, to the banks of the Garonne; and 'if I hear him clattering at my heels— 'I'll ſcamper away to Mount Veſu- 'vius—from thence to Joppa, and from 'Joppa to the world's end; where, if 'he follows me, I pray God he may 'break his neck.—

——'He runs more riſk there,' ſaid Eugenius, 'than thou,'

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been ſome months baniſhed—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaiſe—'Allons!' ſaid I; the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

'volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one 'maſs—good G—! every thing turns 'round in it like a thouſand whirl- 'pools—I'd give a ſhilling to know if 'I ſhan't write the clearer for it.

'Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!—

——'When ſhall we get to land, 'captain?——They have hearts like 'ſtones——O, I am deadly ſick!—— 'Reach me that thing, boy—'tis the 'moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—I wiſh I 'was at the bottom——Madam! how 'is it with you?'——'Undone! un- 'done! un—— O! undone, Sir!'— 'What, the firſt time?'——'No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, 'Sir!'—'Hey day! what a trampling 'overhead!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what's 'the matter?'—

'The wind's chopped about!—— 'S'death!—then I ſhall meet him full 'in the face!'

'What luck!'——'It is chopped 'about again, maſter.'——'O the de- 'vil chop it!'

'Captain,' quoth he, 'for Heaven's 'ſake, let us get aſhore.'

CHAP. II.

'NOW, hang it,' quoth I, as I looked towards the French coaſt—'a man ſhould know ſomething 'of his own country, too, before he goes 'abroad—and I never gave a peep into 'Rocheſter church, or took notice of 'the dock of Chatham, or viſited St. 'Thomas at Canterbury; though they 'all three laid in my way.

——'But mine, indeed, is a parti- 'cular caſe.'

So without arguing the matter farther with Thomas a' Becket, or any one elſe—I ſkipped into the boat; and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcud- ded away like the wind.

'Pray, captain,' quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, 'is a man 'never overtaken by *Death* on this paſ- 'ſage?'

'Why, there is not time for a man 'to be ſick in it,' replied he.—'What 'a curſed lyar!—for I am ſick as a 'horſe,' quoth I, 'already!—— What a 'brain!—upſide down!—hey-day! the 'cells are broke looſe one into another, 'and the blood and the lymph, and 'the nervous juices, with the fixed and

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between Calais and Paris, in be- half of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by Liſle and Ar- ras——which is the moſt about—but moſt intereſting and inſtructing.

The ſecond, that by Amiens—— which you may go, if you would ſee Chantilly.

And that by Beauvais——which you may go if you will.

For this reaſon, a great many chuſe to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

'NOW, before I quit Calais,' a travel-writer would ſay, 'it 'would not be amiſs to give ſome ac- 'count of it.'—Now I think it very much amiſs—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that

ıft be turning about and draw-
ın at every kennel he croſſes
ely, o' my conſcience, for the
awing it; becauſe, if we may
n what has been wrote of theſe
y all who have *wrote and gal-*
r who have *galloped and*
ich is a different way ſtill—or
more expedition than the reſt,
te galloping, which is the
o at preſent—from the great
who did it with his ſatchel of
oks hanging at his a—, and
is beaſt's crupper at every
here is not a gallopper of us
ight not have gone on ambling
a his own ground (in caſe he
and have wrote all he had to
y-ſhod, as well as not.

y own part, as Heaven is my
nd to which I ſhall ever make
appeal—I know no more of
except the little my barber told
as he was whetting his razor)
this moment of Grand Cairo;
s duſky in the evening when I
and dark as pitch in the morn-
I ſet out; and yet—by merely
what is what, and by drawing
a that in one part of the town,
ſpelling and putting this and
ther in another—I would lay
elling odds, that I this moment
chapter upon Calais as long as
and with ſo diſtinct and ſatis-
detail of every item, which is
ſtranger's curioſity in the town
ou would take me for the town-
Calais itſelf——and where, Sir,
e the wonder? was not Demo-
who laughed ten times more
town-clerk of Abdera?—and
— (I forget his name) who had
ſcretion than us both, town-
Epheſus?——It ſhould be
moreover, Sir, with ſo much
ge and good ſenſe, and truth,
iſion——
ſay—if you don't believe me,
read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

AIS—*Calatium, Caluſium, leſium.*

town, if we may truſt it's ar-
the authority of which I ſee no
call in queſtion in this place—
no more than a ſmall village
belonging to one of the firſt Counts de Guines; and as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville* or ſuburbs—it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to it's preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking it's exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em——for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another——it is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time—it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſter-piece in it's kind—'tis of white marble; and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the Great Square—though I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well built—but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it: could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them *places* than SQUARES, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers, however, it's deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—he muſt not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account: 'tis ſo called from it's particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land—but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France Count of Boulogne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt—(as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from it's ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors upon all occaſions into France: it was not without it's inconveniences alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours: ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it: of theſe the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of *Euſtace de St. Pierre*, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantick tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. VI.

——BUT courage! gentle reader! —I ſcorn it—'tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No—! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee—naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north-wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

——'So put on, my brave boy! and 'make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.'

CHAP. VII.

——BOULOGNE!—hah!—ſo we are all got together—debtors and ſinners, before Heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes.—'For 'Heaven's ſake make haſte!'—'It is 'for high-treaſon,' quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him.—'Or elſe for murder,' quoth the tall man.—'Well thrown, *Size-Ace!*' quoth I.—'No,' quoth a third; 'the gentle-'man has been committing——'

'Ah! *ma chere fille!*' ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by from her matins—'you 'look as roſy as the morning!'—(for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious.)——'No, 'it can't be that,' quoth a fourth—(She made a curtſey to me—I kiſſed my hand.)—'It is debt,' continued he—'It is certainly for debt,' quoth a fifth.—'I would not pay that gentleman's 'debts,' quoth *Ace*, 'for a thouſand 'pounds.'—'Nor would I,' quoth *Size*,

or ſix times the ſum.'—' Well
, *Size-Ace*, again!' quoth I.
have no debt but the debt of
RE, and I want but patience of
id I will pay her every farthing
ner.'——' How can you be ſo
earted, MADAM, to arreſt a
raveller going along without
ation to any one, upon his law-
:afions?—Do ſtop that death-
g, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a
inner, who is poſting after me
ever would have followed me
: you—if it be but for a ſtage, or
ift to give me ſtart of him—I be-
ou, Madam.—Do, dear lady!'
Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity,'
ine Iriſh hoſt, ' that all this good
lip ſhould be loſt; for the young
woman has been after going out
ing of it all along.'—
Simpleton!' quoth I.
So you have nothing *elſe* in
gne worth ſeeing?'
aſus!, there is the fineſt SEMI-
for the HUMANITIES——'
There cannot be a finer,'

CHAP. VIII.

HEN the precipitancy of a
man's wiſhes hurries on his
iety times faſter than the vehicle
in—woe be to truth! and woe
ie vehicle and it's tackling (let
made of what ſtuff you will)
ich he breathes forth the diſ-
ient of his ſoul!
never give general characters
men or things in choler, '*the*
aſte, the worſt ſpeed,' was all
ction I made upon the affair,
time it happen'd—the ſecond,
urth, and fifth time, I confined
tively to thoſe times; and ac-
y blamed only the ſecond,
urth, and fifth poſt-boy for it,
carrying my reflections farther
ie event continuing to befal me
: fifth, to the ſixth, ſeventh,
ninth, and tenth time, and
one exception, I then could
d making a national reflection
ich I do in theſe words:
ſomething is always wrong in
poſt-chaiſe upon firſt ſetting
light before he has got three hundred
yards out of town.
' What's wrong now?'—' Diable!
' —a rope's broke!——a knot has ſlipt?
' —a ſtaple's drawn—a bolt's to whit-
' tle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a ſtrap, a
' buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want
' altering.'—
Now true as all this is, I never think myſelf impowered to excommunicate, thereupon, either the poſt-chaiſe or it's driver—nor do I take it into my head to ſwear by the living G—, I would rather go a foot ten thouſand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and conſider, that ſome tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—ſo I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.——' Do ſo, my lad!' ſaid I—he had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order to get a luncheon of black bread which he had crammed into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounting and going leiſurely on, to reliſh it the better.—' Get on, my lad!' ſaid I, briſkly,—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him, as he looked back—the dog grinned intelligence from his right-ear to his left, and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcover'd ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawned her jewels for them——
' Juſt Heaven! { what maſticators!' / what bread!' }
and ſo, as he finiſhed the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion looks better in the map than Montreuil; I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.
There is one thing however in it at preſent very handſome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter; ſhe has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well!—

: propoſition may ſtand thus:
ach poſtilion has always to a-

——A flut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking—Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy!—'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

——That nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*—

——But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs—beſides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me——and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing—may I never draw more—or rather, may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength—all the days of my life—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.—

——But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the faſcade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte, which has been tranſported from Artois hither——every thing is juſt, I ſuppoſe, as the maſons and carpenters left them—and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come——ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures—but he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame: and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are paſſed and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a *punkin*, and loſe thy ſhapes—or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty—nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy—and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my Aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive—'faith, ſcarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds!

——But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Apollo, I'll be ſhot!

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine, in paſſing through Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you change horſes; but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have—you had better ſtop—ſhe has a little of the *devote*; but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.

——L—— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—'I wiſh I 'was at Abbeville,' quoth I, 'were it 'only to ſee how they card and ſpin.' So off we ſet.

'* *de Montreuil à Nampont—poſte et*
'*demi de Nampont* à Bernay - - - poſte
'de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poſte
'de Nouvion à Abbeville poſte.'

——but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with death——as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his gliſter—I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe—but rather in ſome decent inn——at home, I know it—the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but, in an inn, the few cold offices

* Vide Book of French poſt-roads, page 36. Edition of 1762.

d, would be purchaſed with a few
as, and paid me with an undiſ-
l, but punctual attention——but
! This inn ſhould not be the inn
beville—if there was not another
univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn
the capitulation: ſo,
et the horſes be in the chaiſe ex-
y by four in the morning—Yes,
our, Sir!—or, by Geneviève! I'll
a clatter in the houſe ſhall wake
lead.'

CHAP. XIII.

TAKE *them like-unto a wheel*,' is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the d know, againſt the *grand tour*, nat reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, David prophetically foreſaw would the children of men in the latter and therefore, as thinketh the Biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſeve- precations which David ever ut- gainſt the enemies of the Lord— is if he had ſaid, 'I wiſh them vorſe luck than always to be roll- about.—So much motion,' conti- e, (for he was very corpulent)— much unquietneſs; and ſo much eſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo h of heaven.'

v, I (being very thin) think dif- y: and that ſo much of motion uch of life, and ſo much of joy; that, to ſtand ſtill, or get on but , is death and the devil.—

ollo! ho!—the whole world's p! bring out the horſes—greaſe wheels—tie on the mail—and a nail into that moulding—I'll oſe a moment.'—

v the wheel we are talking of, and -*into* (but not *where-onto*, for ould make an Ixïon's wheel of it) ſeth his enemies, according to the 's habit of body, ſhould certainly poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they t up in Paleſtine at that time or and my wheel, for the contrary , muſt as certainly be a cart- groaning round it's revolution n an age; and of which ſort, were urn commentator, I ſhould make ple to affirm, they had great ſtore hilly country.

e the Pythagoreans (much more er I dare tell my dear Jenny) for χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τῦ σώματος εἰς, τὸ 'Καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν'——[their] '*getting* '*out of the body, in order to think well.*' No man thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded, as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre— REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions.—

——'But which of the two, in the 'preſent caſe, do you think to be moſt- 'ly in the wrong?'

'You, certainly,' quoth ſhe, 'to diſ- 'turb a whole family ſo early.'

CHAP. XIV.

—— But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris—yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing——'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls, from which Leſſius (lib. xiii. *De moribus divinus*, cap. xxiv.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, that one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damned to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate—unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know.——I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number—he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old Roman ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in a courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, when he wrote, almoſt to nothing.

In Leſſius's time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them leſs *now*—

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that, if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we

ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together.—

Bleſſed Jupiter! and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!——But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I—I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

——'SO hating,' I ſay, 'to make 'myſteries of *nothing*,'—I entruſted it with the poſt-boy, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſick—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as, in truth, they were through all France.)

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from—

Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt; from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay; and from Pequignay, I got to *Amiens*—

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was—that Janatone went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teazing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe—and for which, (unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep—though you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country—upon the beſt roads—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—nay, was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake—nay, perhaps better—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it—(or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)—were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—'I'll be even with 'em,' quoth I, 'for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece 'of paper, and hold it ready in my 'hand all the way.—Now I ſhall have 'nothing to do,' ſaid I (compoſing myſelf to reſt) 'but to drop this gently 'into the poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay 'a word.'—Then there wants two ſous more to drink—or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot—which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouze him. Still is ſweet ſleep retrievable—and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows—but then, 'By 'Heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle 'poſt—whereas 'tis a poſt and a half!' and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur Le Cure offers you a pinch of ſnuff—or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg—or a ſhaveling his box—or the *prieſteſſe* of the ciſtern will water your wheels——they do not want it—but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do——then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened—you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſſed clean by the ſtables of Chantilly.—

——But the poſtilion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there

s no mark upon the two ſous
opened my eyes to be con-
-and ſeeing the mark upon it,
as my noſe—I leaped out of the
ı a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every
Chantilly in ſpite.—I tried it
three poſts and a half, but be-
the beſt principle in the world
ſpeedily upon; for as few ob-
c very inviting in that mood—
: little or nothing to ſtop you;
h means it was that I paſſed
St. Dennis, without turning
ſo much as on one ſide towards
y.—
ichneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff
enſe!——Bating their jewels,
e all falſe, I would not give
ıs for any one thing in it, but
lanthern—nor for that either—
it grows dark, it might be of

CHAP. XVII.

ACK, crack—crack, crack—
crack, crack—ſo this is Paris!'
(continuing in the ſame mood)
his is Paris!—humph!—Pa-
ried I, repeating the name a
e—
firſt, the fineſt, the moſt bril-

The ſtreets, however, are naſty;
it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than
s—crack, crack—crack, crack!
ıt a fuſs thou makeſt—as if it
ıed the good people to be in-
, that a man with a pale face,
d in black, had the honour to
en into Paris at nine o'clock
t, by a poſtillion in a tawny-
jerkin turned up with red cal-
ɔ—crack, crack—crack, crack
:, crack! I wiſh thy whip—
ıt 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation;
k—crack on!'
—and no one gives the wall!
n the SCHOOL of URBANITY
f the walls are beſh—t—how
ı do otherwiſe?
pr'ythee when do they light
ps? What! never in the ſum-
nths?—Ho!—'tis the time of
—O rare! ſallad and ſoup—
d ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, en-

——'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it: how can that unconſcionable coach-man talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? 'Don't you ſee, friend, the 'ſtreets are ſo villainouſly narrow, that 'there is not room in all Paris to turn 'a wheel-barrow? In the grandeſt city 'of the whole world, it would not have 'been amiſs, if they had been left a 'thought wider; nay, were it only ſo 'much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a 'man might know (was it only for 'ſatisfaction) of which ſide of it he 'was walking.

'One—two—three—four—five—ſix '—ſeven—eight—nine—ten—— Ten 'cooks ſhops! and twice the number 'of barbers! and all within three mi-'nutes driving! one would think that 'all the cooks in the world, on ſome 'great merry meeting with the barbers, 'by joint conſent had ſaid—"Come, "let us all go live at Paris: the French "love good eating—they are all *gour-*"*mands*—we ſhall rank high; if their "god is their belly—their cooks muſt "be gentlemen."—"And, foraſmuch "*as the periwig maketh the man*, and "the periwig-maker maketh the peri-"wig—ergo," would the barbers ſay, "we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall "be above you all—we ſhall be *Ca-*"*pitouls* * at leaſt—pardi! we ſhall all "wear ſwords."

——And ſo, one would ſwear, (that is, by candle-light—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE French are certainly miſunderſtood—but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves, or ſpeaking with that exact limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance, and which, morever, is ſo likely to be conteſted by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always ſo critically as to know *what they would be at*——I ſhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm *that they who have ſeen Paris, have ſeen every thing*, they muſt mean

* Chief Magiſtrate in Toulouſe, &c. &c. &c.

to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up—I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades are too ſharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect—that in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood*—(which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis ſimply this—

That, by the laſt ſurvey, taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the City—there are fifty-three ſtreets.
In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Opportune, thirty-four ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five ſtreets.
In the Palace Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine ſtreets.
In Mont. Martyr, forty-one ſtreets.
In St. Euſtace, twenty-nine ſtreets.
In the Halles, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
In St. Dennis, fifty-five ſtreets.
In St. Martin, fifty-four ſtreets.
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.
The Greve, thirty-eight ſtreets.
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen ſtreets.
In the Marias, or the Temple, fifty-two ſtreets.
In St. Antony's, ſixty-eight ſtreets.
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one ſtreets.
In St. Bennet, ſixty ſtreets.
In St. Andrew's de Arc's, fifty-one ſtreets.
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, ſixty-two ſtreets.
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets—into any of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues—and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice—and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

——Then you will have ſeen—
——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words—

EARTH—NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN *.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſpleen*—eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that, by any analyſis—or that, from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other—which point being now gained, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion—I ſtill

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——ulla parem.

nue in the ſame ſentiments—only I not then experience enough of it's ing to add this, that though you et on at a tearing rate, yet you get it uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame ; for which reaſon I here quit it ely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily y one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me digeſtion of a good ſupper, and ght on a bilious diarrhœa, which brought me back again to my firſt iple on which I ſet out—and with h I ſhall now ſcamper it away to anks of the Garonne.—

—No!—I cannot ſtop a moment ve you the character of the people— genius—their manners—their cuſ- —their laws—their religion—their rnments—their manufactures—commerce—their finances—with e reſources and hidden ſprings which in them: qualified as I may be, by ding three days and two nights ngſt them, and during all that time ing theſe things the entire ſubject y enquiries and reflections.—

ill—ſtill I muſt away—the roads aved—the poſts are ſhort—the days long—'tis no more than noon—I l be at Fontainbleau before the g.—

—'Was he going there?'—'Not at I know.'—

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, com- n' that we do not get on ſo faſt in nce as we do in England; whereas get on much faſter, *conſideratis, conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, if you weigh their vehicles with the ntains of baggage which you lay n before and behind upon them— then conſider their puny horſes, n the very little they give them—'tis onder they get on at all: their ſuf- ng is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evi- t thereupon to me, that a French -horſe would not know what in the ld to do, was it not for the two ds ****** and ****** in which e is as much ſuſtenance, as if you e him a peck of corn: now, as theſe ds coſt nothing, I long from my to tell the reader what they are; but e is the queſtion—they muſt be told plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no and yet to do it in that plain w though their reverences may laugh in the bed-chamber—full well I they will abuſe it in the parlour which cauſe, I have been volving revolving in my fancy ſome time to no purpoſe, by what clean dev facete contrivance I might ſo moc them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* the reader chuſes to *lend* me—I not diſſatisfy the other which he to himſelf.

——My ink burns my finger to and when I have—'twill have a conſequence—it will burn (I fear paper.

——No—I dare not—

But if you wiſh to know how Abbeſs of Andoüillets, and a nov her convent got over the difficulty firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginabl ceſs)—I'll tell you without the ſcruple.

CHAP. XXI.

THE Abbeſs of Andoüillets, if you look into the large provincial maps now publiſhing at you will find ſituated amongſt th which divide Burgundy from being in danger of an *anchyloſis* joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee bec hard by long matins) and havin every remedy—firſt, prayers and t giving; then invocations to all th in heaven promiſcuouſly—then p larly to every ſaint who had ever ſtiff leg before her—then touch with all the reliques of the convent cipally with the thigh-bone of t of Lyſtra, who had been impoten his youth—then wrapping it up in when ſhe went to bed—then cro her roſary—then bringing in to the ſecular arm, and anointing it w and hot fat of animals—then tre with emollient and reſolving fomen —then with poultices of marſh lows, mallows, bonus Henricus, lilies, and fenugreek—then tak woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, ing her ſcapulary acroſs her lap decoctions of wild chicory, water- chervil, ſweet cecily and cochl and nothing all this while anſwe was prevailed on at laſt to try baths of Bourbon——ſo having f

tained leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitlo in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gain'd ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old caleſh, belonging to the abbeſs, lined with green frize. was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump ends of their tails, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—and a tailor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.—

——The carpenter and the ſmith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all looked ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of Bourbon——two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The Abbeſs of Andoüillets, ſupported by Margarita the novice, advanced ſlowly to the caleſh, both clad in white, with their black rotaries hanging at their breaſts.—

There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the caleſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform—ſweet emblem of innocence!—each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and Margarita look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands ſaint-wiſe upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd, 'God bleſs you, dear ſiſters.'

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-ſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *how's* and *when's* of life: ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the caleſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot—and he, not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leaked out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous; —the Burgundian hill on which it grew was ſteep——a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—'Come—'come—thirſty muleteer—come in.'

——The muleteer was a ſon of Adam; I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking in the abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, 'Here I am!'—he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules, 'Get on!'—ſo ſlinking behind, he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it: ſo entering into a long converſation—as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c.—&c.—and as how ſhe had got a white-ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both—&c. &c. &c.—he ſo contrived his ſtory, as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice;

ınd what was a more tickliſh
forgot than both—the two
o, being creatures that take
of the world, inaſmuch as
s took it of them—and they
n a condition to return the
lownwards— (as men, and
l beaſts are)—they do it ſide-
long-ways, and back-ways
ll, and down hill, and which
n.——Philoſophers, with all
s, have never conſidered this
ıw ſhould the poor muleteer,
cups, conſider it at all? He
ıe leaſt—'tis time we do; let
then in the vortex of his ele-
ıappieſt and moſt thoughtleſs
ıen—and for a moment let
r the mules, the abbeſs, and

: of the muleteer's two laſt
mules had gone quietly on,
ıeir own conſciences up the
y had conquered about one
when the elder of them, a
ty old devil, at the turn of
iving a ſide-glance, and no
hind them—

ig!' ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, 'I'll
ther!'—'And if I do,' re-
er, 'they ſhall make a drum
le!'—
ith one conſent they ſtopp'd

H A P. XXII.

t on with you!' ſaid the

h - - - yſh—yſh!'——cried

ı——ſhu - u—ſhu - - u——
——ſhawed the abbeſs.
ıu — v — w——whew—w
-whuved Margarita, pur-
ſweet lips betwixt a hoot
:.
—thump—thump!'——ob-
he Abbeſs of Andoüillets,
d of her gold-headed cane
ottom of the caleſh.
old mule let a f—.

I A P. XXIII.

ıre ruined and undone, my
child!' ſaid the abbeſs to
'we ſhall be here all night
'—we ſhall be plundered—we ſhall be
'raviſhed.'—

——'We ſhall be raviſhed,' ſaid Margarita, 'as ſure as a gun!'

'Sancta Maria!' cried the abbeſs, (forgetting the O!) 'why was I go-
'verned by this wicked ſtiff joint?
'why did I leave the convent of An-
'doüillets; and why didſt thou not
'ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to
'her tomb?'

'O my finger! my finger!' cried the novice, catching fire at the word *ſervant*—'why was I not content to put
'it here, or there, any where, rather
'than be in this ſtrait?'

——'Strait!' ſaid the abbeſs.

'Strait!' ſaid the novice: for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings—the one knew not what ſhe ſaid—the other what ſhe anſwered.

'O my virginity! virginity!' cried the abbeſs.

——'Inity!—inity!' ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

'MY dear mother,' quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf—'there are two certain words,
'which I have been told will force any
'horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a
'hill whether he will or no: be he ne-
'ver ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the mo-
'ment he hears them uttered, he obeys.'
—'They are words magick!' cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horror.—'No,' replied Margarita calmly—'but they
'are words ſinful——' 'What are
'they?' quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her. 'They are ſinful in the firſt de-
'gree,' anſwered Margarita—'they
'are mortal—and if we are raviſhed
'and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall
'both——' 'But you may pronounce
'them to me,' quoth the Abbeſs of Andoüillets.—'They cannot, my dear
'mother,' ſaid the novice, 'be pro-
'nounced at all; they will make all
'the blood in one's body fly up into
'one's face.'—'But you may whiſper
'them in my ear,' quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering,

creeping

creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?—no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouze! rouze!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment.

——And how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting with unpolluted lips—inſtruct me—guide me.

CHAP. XXV.

'ALL ſins whatever,' quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, 'are held by 'the confeſſor of our convent to be ei-'ther mortal or venial: there is no 'farther diviſion. Now a venial ſin 'being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all 'ſins—being halved—by taking, ei-'ther only the half of it, and leaving 'the reſt—or, by taking it all, and 'amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf 'and another perſon—in courſe, be-'comes diluted into no ſin at all.

'Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou*, '*bou*, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, a hundred times 'together; nor is there any turpitude in 'pronouncing the ſyllable *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, '*ger*, *ger*, were it from our matins to 'our veſpers: therefore, my dear daugh-'ter,' continued the Abbeſs of Andoüillets—'I will ſay *bou*, and thou 'ſhalt ſay *ger*; and then, alternately, 'as there is no more ſin in *fou* than in '*bou*—thou ſhalt ſay *fou*—and I will 'come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, 'at our complines) with *ter*.' And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus.

Abbeſs, Margarita, } 'Bou--bou--bou--' —'ger,--ger,--ger!'

Margarita, Abbeſs, } 'Fou--fou--fou--' —'ter,--ter,--ter!'

The two mules acknowſledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tails; but it went no farther.—'It will anſwer 'by an' by,' ſaid the novice.

Abb. Marg. } 'Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-' —'ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger!'

'Quicker ſtill!' cried Margarita.

'Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, 'fou, fou!'

'Quicker ſtill!' cried Margarita.

'Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, 'bou, bou!'

'Quicker ſtill!'—'God preſerve me!' ſaid the abbeſs.—'They do not under-'ſtand us,' cried Margarita.—But 'the devil does,' ſaid the Abbeſs of Andoüillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and MACON the capital of the Mâconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS—and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next, entirely loſt, do what I will.—

——'Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory, Triſ-'tram.'

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs—the peace of meekneſs—or the contentment of reſignation—I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the puter abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever—you would have come with a better appetite from it.—

——I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cuſhion—I'll put it on.—

'Bleſs me! you have had it upon 'your head this half-hour.'—Then there let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri-diddle d;
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb-c

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little, to go on.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

—All you need ſay of FONTAIN-
AU (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that
ds about forty miles (ſouth *ſome-*
) from Paris, in the middle of a
foreſt — that there is ſomething
in it—that the king goes there
every two or three years with his
e court, for the pleaſure of the
—and that during that carnival
orting, any Engliſh gentleman of
on, (you need not forget your-
may be accommodated with a
or two, to partake of the ſport,
g care only not to out-gallop the

hough there are two reaſons why
need not talk loud of this to every

rſt, becauſe it will make the ſaid
the harder to be got; and—
condly, 'tis not a word of it true.—
s!
s for SENS—you may diſpatch it
word—'*It is an archiepiſcopal*
.'
—For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think,
ays of it, the better.
it for AUXERRE—I could go on
ver: for in my *grand tour* through
pe, in which, after all, my father
caring to truſt me with any one)
ded me himſelf, with my Uncle
and Trim, and Obadiah, and
d moſt of the family, except my
es, who being taken up with the
ct of knitting my father a pair of
worſted breeches—(the thing is
non ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to
it out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home
HANDY HALL, to keep things
during the expedition; in which,
, my father ſtopping us two days at
erre, and his reſearches being ever
ch a nature, that they would have
l fruit even in a deſart—he has
ne enough to ſay upon Auxerre:
ort, wherever my father went—
was more remarkably ſo, in this
ey through France and Italy, than
y other ſtages of his life—his road
d to lie ſo much on one ſide of
wherein all other travellers had
before him—he ſaw kings and
s, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch
e lights—and his remarks and
ings upon the characters, the
ers and cuſtoms, of the countries
we paſſed over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my Uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf)—and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatory—they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragi-comical a contexture—that the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine, and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more—or, which comes to the ſame point—till the world, finally, takes it into it's head to ſtand ſtill.

——But this rich bale is not to be opened now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

'We'll go, brother Toby,' ſaid my father, 'whilſt dinner is coddling—to 'the abbey of St. Germain, if it be 'only to ſee theſe bodies, of which 'Monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a 'recommendation.'—'I'll go ſee any 'body,' quoth my Uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every ſtep of the journey.——'Defend me!' ſaid my father, 'they are all mum-'mies.'—'Then one need not ſhave,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Shave! no,' cried my father, 'it will be more like 'relations to go with our beards on.'—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of St. Germain.

'Every thing is very fine, and very 'rich, and very ſuperb, and very mag-'nificent!' ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines, 'but our curioſity has led us to 'ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur 'Sequier has given the world ſo exact 'a deſcription.'—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.—'This,' ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, 'was 'a renowned prince of the houſe of

'Bavaria, who under the ſucceſſive 'reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le De-'bonair, and Charles the Bald, bore 'a great ſway in the government, and 'had a principal hand in bringing every 'thing into order and diſcipline.'

'Then he has been as great,' ſaid my Uncle 'in the field as in the cabi-'net — I dare ſay he has been a gal-'lant ſoldier.'—'He was a monk,' ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My Uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not; my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk, worſe than all the devils in hell—yet the ſhot hitting my Uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

——'And pray what do you call 'this gentleman?' quoth my father, rather ſportingly. 'This tomb,' ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, 'contains the bones of Saint 'MAXIMA, who came from Ravena on purpoſe to touch the body——'

——'Of Saint MAXIMUS,' ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him—'they were two of the 'greateſt ſaints in the whole martyro-'logy,' added my father.—'Excuſe 'me,' ſaid the ſacriſtan—'it was to 'touch the bones of St. Germain, the 'builder of the abbey.'—And what 'did ſhe get by it?' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'What does any woman get 'by it?' ſaid my father.—'MARTYR-'DOM,' replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'It is ſuppoſed,' continued the Benedictine, 'that St. 'Maxima has lain in this tomb four 'hundred years, and two hundred be-'fore her canonization.'—'It is but a 'ſlow riſe, brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'in this ſelf ſame army of mar-'tyrs.'—'A deſperate ſlow one, an' 'pleaſe your honour,' ſaid Trim, 'un-'leſs one could purchaſe——' 'I 'ſhould rather ſell out entirely,' quoth my Uncle Toby.'—'I am pretty much 'of your opinion, brother Toby,' ſaid my father.

——'Poor St. Maxima!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, low to himſelf, as we turned from her tomb.—'She was one 'of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies 'either of Italy or France,' continued the ſacriſtan.——'But who the deuce 'has got lain down here, beſides her?' quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on.—'It 'is *St. Optat*, Sir,' anſwered the ſa-criſtan—'And properly is St. Optat 'placed!' ſaid my father: 'and what 'is St. Optat's ſtory?' continued he. '*St. Optat*,' replied the ſacriſtan, 'was 'a biſhop——'

——'I thought ſo, by Heaven!' cried my father, interrupting him.—'St. Optat!—how ſhould St. Optat 'fail?' ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine hold-ing him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of Chriſtian names: and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich—'twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleaſed with all that had paſſed in it—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

——'I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good 'gentry to-morrow,' ſaid my father, as we croſſed over the ſquare.—'And 'while you are paying that viſit, bro-'ther Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'the corporal and I will mount the 'ramparts.'

CHAP. XXVIII.

——NOW this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all—for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been get-ting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I ſhall write hereafter. There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by puſhing at ſomething be-yond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of Auxerre with my father and my Uncle Toby,

Toby, in our way back to dinner—— and I am this moment alſo entering Lyons with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavilion built by Pringello *, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monſ. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

—— Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

CHAP. XXIX.

'I Am glad of it,' ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walked into Lyons—my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me—'I am heartily glad,' ſaid I, 'that 'it is all broke to pieces; for now I can 'go directly by water to Avignon, 'which will carry me on a hundred and 'twenty miles of my journey, and not 'coſt me ſeven livres—and from thence,' continued I, bringing forwards the account, 'I can hire a couple of mules— 'or aſſes, if I like, (for nobody knows 'me) and croſs the plains of Lan- 'guedoc, for almoſt nothing——I ſhall 'gain four hundred livres by the mis- 'fortune, clear into my purſe; and 'pleaſure!——worth—worth double 'the money by it.—— With what 'velocity,' continued I, clapping my two hands together, 'ſhall I fly down 'the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARES on 'my right-hand, and DAUPHINY on 'my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities 'of VIENNE, *Valence*, and Vivieres! 'What a flame will it rekindle in the 'lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from 'the Hermitage and Coté Roti, as I 'ſhoot by the foot of them? and what 'a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold 'upon the banks, advancing and re- 'tiring, the caſtles of romance, whence 'courteous knights have whilome re- 'ſcued the diſtreſs'd—and ſee vertigi- 'nous, the rocks, the mountains, the 'cataracts, and all the hurry which Na- 'ture is in, with all her great works 'about her.'—

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck of which looked ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in it's ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more—the gilding loſt it's luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptible! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the Abbeſs of Andoüillet's itſelf——that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the deviſ—when a pert vamping chaiſe undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted—'No, no,' ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſide-ways.—'Would Mon- 'ſieur chuſe to ſell it?' rejoined the undertaker.—'With all my ſoul,' ſaid I; 'the iron work is worth forty livres— 'and the glaſſes worth forty more—and 'the leather you may take to live on.'

——'What a mine of wealth,' quoth I, as he counted me the money, 'has 'this poſt-chaiſe brought me in?'— And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em, as they happen to me—

——'Do, my dear Jenny, tell the 'world for me, how I have behaved 'under one of the moſt oppreſſive of 'it's kind which could befal me as a 'man, proud as he ought to be, of his 'manhood.'—

'It is enough,' ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſſed—'It is enough, Triſ- 'tram, and I am ſatisfied,' ſaidſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, "**** ** **** *** ******;—**** "** ****"—any other man would 'have ſunk down to the centre.'

——'Every thing is good for ſome- 'thing,' quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable for blaming fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I called her, with ſo many ſmall evils; ſurely, if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good, curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

* The ſame Don Pringello, the celebrated Spaniſh architect, of whom my Couſin Antony has made ſuch honourable mention in a Scholium to the tale inſcribed to his name. Vide p. 129. ſmall edit.

One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

TO thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity—and not be able to ſee it. To be witheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be witheld *by* a vexation—muſt certainly be what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION

UPON

VEXATION.

I had got my too diſhes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. 'I 'will take a walk to the cathedral,' ſaid I, looking at my liſt, 'and ſee the 'wonderful mechaniſm of this great 'clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt 'place.'—

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm—I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy—and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other.—

'I'll go ſee the ſurprizing move-'ments of this great clock,' ſaid I, 'the very firſt thing I do: and then I 'will pay a viſit to the great library of 'the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, 'a ſight of the thirty volumes of the 'general hiſtory of China, wrote (not 'in the Tartarian, but) in the Chineſe 'language, and in the Chineſe charac-'ter too.'

Now I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language, as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

'When theſe curioſities are ſeen,' quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood behind me, it 'will be no hurt if we go to the church 'of St. Ireneus, and ſee the pillar to 'which Chriſt was tied—and after that, 'the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived.' —'It was at the next town,' ſaid the *valet de place*—at Vienne.'—'I am 'glad of it,' ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace—'for ſo much the ſooner ſhall I 'be at the *tomb of the two lovers.*'

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! There is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when—(the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)—a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny—

Amandus——He
Amanda——She—

each ignorant of the other's courſe,

He——eaſt
She——weſt

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princeſs of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his Amanda—

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering bare-foot, and with diſhevelled hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus—'Amandus! Amandus!' —making

—making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

'Amandus! Amandus!'

at every town and city ſitting down forlorn at the gate—'Has Amandus!—'has my Amandus entered?'—till, going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpected bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

'Is Amandus } ſtill alive?'
'Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *fruſts*, and *cruſts*, and *ruſts* of Antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *ſtrained* into it; and finding, moreover, in ſome itinerary, but in what God knows—that ſacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour lovers called upon them to atteſt their truths—I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, ſome how or other, come in at the cloſe—nay ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſhed over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons, and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a *Lyons waiſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on—though I fear with ſome irreverence—'I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it 'was) as valuable as that of Mecca, 'and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, 'of the Santa Caſa itſelf, that ſome 'time or other, I would go a pilgrimage '(though I had no other buſineſs at 'Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit.'

In my liſt, therefore, of *videnda* at Lyons—this, though *laſt*—was not, you ſee, *leaſt*; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt while it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur Le Blanc, for a pleaſant voyage down the Rhône—when I was ſtopped at the gate.—

CHAP. XXXII.

——'TWAS by a poor aſs who had juſt turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, it is an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance—and where thoſe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man—upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog) he would ſpeak if he could)—yet ſome how or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations, in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

'Come,

'Come, Honeſty!' ſaid I, ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—'art thou for coming in, 'or going out?'

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet.—

'Well,' replied I—'we'll wait a 'minute for thy driver.'

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way.—

'I underſtand thee perfectly,' anſwered I—'if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep 'in this affair, he will cudgel thee to 'death—Well! a minute is but a mi-'nute, and if it ſaves a fellow creature 'a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down 'as ill-ſpent.'

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——'God 'help thee, Jack!' ſaid I, 'thou haſt a 'bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a 'bitter days labour—and many a bitter 'blow, I fear, for it's wages—it is all—'all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to 'others—And now thy mouth, if one 'knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I 'dare ſay, as ſoot'—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem)—'and thou haſt not a 'friend perhaps in all this world, that 'will give thee a macaroon.'—In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—he look'd up penſive in my face—'Don't thraſh 'me with it—but if you will, you may.'—'If I do,' ſaid I, 'I'll be d——d.'

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andouillet's—(ſo there was no ſin in it)—when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

'*Out upon it!*'

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong-placed too; for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, and caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſhed by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the

'*Out upon it!*' in my opinion, ſhould have come in here—but this I leave to be ſettled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHEN all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *Baſſe Cour* with my valet de place, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a ſecond time ſtopped at the gate—not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous.

'Upon what account?' ſaid I.—'It 'is upon the part of the king,' replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders.———

——'My good friend,' quoth I, as 'ſure as I am I—and you are you——'

——'And who are you?' ſaid he,—'Don't puzzle me!' ſaid I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

——'But it is an indubitable ve-'rity,' continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration—'that I owe 'the king of France nothing but my 'good-will; for he is a very honeſt 'man, and I wiſh him all health and 'paſtime in the world.'—

'*Pardonnez moi!*'—replied the commiſſary; 'you are indebted to him ſix 'livres, four ſous, for the next poſt from 'hence to St. Fons, in your route to 'Avignon—

'Avignon—which being a poſt-royal, 'you pay double for the horſes and 'poſtilion——otherwiſe 'twould have 'amounted to no more than three livres 'two ſous.—

——'But I don't go by land,' ſaid I.

——'You may, if you pleaſe,' replied the commiſſary.—

''Your moſt obedient ſervant!'—ſaid I, making him a low bow.—

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good-breeding—made me one, as low again.—I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——'The devil take the ſerious cha-'racter of theſe people!' quoth I—(aſide)—'they underſtand no more of 'IRONY than this—'

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſealed up my lips—I could not pronounce the name.

'Sir,' ſaid I, collecting myſelf—'it 'is not my intention to take poſt.'

——'But you may;'—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—'you may take 'poſt if you chuſe.'

——'And I may take ſalt to my 'pickled herring,' ſaid I, 'if I chuſe——

——'But I do not chuſe.'

——'But you muſt pay for it, whe-'ther you do or no.'—'Aye! for the 'ſalt!' ſaid I, '(I know)—'

——'And for the poſt too,' added he.—'Defend me!' cried I.

'I travel by water—I am going down 'the Rhône this very afternoon—my 'baggage is in the boat—and I have 'actually paid nine livres for my paſ-'ſage.'—

'*C'eſt tout egal*—'tis all one!' ſaid he.

'*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way 'I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——'*C'eſt tout egal!*' replied the commiſſary—

——'The devil it is!' ſaid I.—'But 'I will go to ten thouſand baſtiles firſt!

'O England! England! thou land 'of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe; 'thou tendereſt of mothers—and gen-'tleſt of nurſes,' cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophe—

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſſes of his drapery—aſked, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church.

'I go by WATER,'—ſaid I—'and 'here's another will be for making me 'pay for going by OIL.'

CHAP. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money——

——And ſo I ſet off thus:

——'And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by 'what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs 'ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe 'from what you uſe a Frenchman in 'this matter?'

'By no means,' ſaid he.

'Excuſe me!' ſaid I—'for you have 'begun, Sir, with firſt tearing off my 'breeches—and now you want my 'pocket—

'Whereas—had you firſt taken my 'pocket, as you do with your own 'people—and then left me bare a—'d 'after—I had been a beaſt to have com-'plained.

'As it is—

'It is contrary to the *law of nature.*

'It is contrary to *reaſon.*

'It is contrary to the GOSPEL.'

'But not to this!' ſaid he, putting a printed paper into my hand.

'PAR LE ROY.'

——'It is a pithy prolegomenon,' quoth I—and ſo read on '— — — — '— — — — — — — — — '— — — — — — — — — '— — — — — — — — — '— — — — — — — — —'

—'By all which it appears,' quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, 'that if a man ſets out in a poſt-'chaiſe from Paris—he muſt go on tra-'velling in one all the days of his life, '—or pay for it.'—'Excuſe me,' ſaid the commiſſary, 'the ſpirit of the ordi-'nance is this—that if you ſet out with 'an intention of running poſt from Pa-'ris to Avignon, &c. you ſhall not 'change that intention or mode of tra-'velling without firſt ſatisfying the fer-'miers for two poſts farther than the 'place you repent at—and 'tis found-'ed,' continued he, 'upon this—that 'the REVENUES are not to fall ſhort 'through your *fickleneſs*'—

—'O by heavens!' cried I—'if 'fickleneſs is taxable in France—we

'have

'have nothing to do but to make the 'beſt peace with you we can.'—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

——And if it is a bad one—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner-ſtone of it—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retired from the place; ſo putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) 'my remarks were *ſtolen*.'—Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occaſion.

'Heaven! earth! ſea! fire!' cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould—'My remarks are ſto-'len!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. Com-'miſſary! pray did I drop any remarks 'as I ſtood beſides you?'—

'You dropped a good many very ſin-'gular ones,' replied he.——'Pugh!' ſaid I, 'thoſe were but a few, not 'worth above ſix livres two ſous—but 'theſe are a large parcel.'—He ſhook his head.—'Monſieur Le Blanc! Ma-'dam Le Blanc! did you ſee any pa-'pers of mine?——you maid of the 'houſe! run up ſtairs—François! run 'up after her—

'I muſt have my remarks—they 'were the beſt remarks,' cried I, 'that 'ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wit-'tieſt—What ſhall I do!—which way 'ſhall I turn myſelf!'

Sancho Panca, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it to the chaiſe-vamper.

I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to.—'For my own part, if ever I ſwore 'a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my 'life, I think it was into that—* * * '* * * * * *,' ſaid I—'and ſo my 'marks through France, which were 'as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, 'and as well worth four hundred gui-'neas, as the ſaid egg is worth a pen-'ny—have I been ſelling here to a 'chaiſe-vamper—for four louis d'ors '—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by 'Heaven!) worth ſix into the bargain; 'had it been to Dodſley, or Becket, or 'any creditable bookſeller, who was 'either leaving off buſineſs, and want-'ed a poſt-chaiſe—or who was begin-'ning it—and wanted my remarks, and 'two or three guineas along with them, 'I could have borne it—but to a chaiſe-'vamper!——ſhew me to him this mo-'ment, François,' ſaid I.—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way—and I pulled off mine, as I paſſed the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the whole world was going out a May-poling—friſking here—capering there—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophating upon my condition. By a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *a la folie*—that is, as much as their matins—give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em—and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles—

The

: women would ſet them up; and hey had done, they would dance them (and the men for company) y were all blind.

: wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtep-, I told you, to take the papil-rom off her hair—the toilet ſtands or no man—ſo ſhe jerked off her o begin with them as ſhe opened or; in doing which, one of them on the ground—I inſtantly ſaw my own writing.—

ſeigneur!' cried I—'you have got ıy remarks upon your head, Ma-!'—'*J'en ſuis bien mortifie!*' ſaid 'It is well,' thinks I, 'they have : there—for could they have gone er, they would have made ſuch uſion in a French woman's nod--ſhe had better have gone with ifrizzled to the day of eternity.'

nez!' ſaid ſhe—ſo, without any the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe ıem from her curls, and put them , one by one, into my hat—— s twiſted this way—another twiſt-t——'Aye! by my faith; and ı they are publiſhed,' quoth I—will be worſe twiſted ſtill.'

CHAP. XXXIX.

ND now for Lippius's clock!' ſaid I, with the air of a man d got through all his difficulties. ing can prevent us ſeeing h-: and hineſe hiſtory, &c.'—'Except the ' ſaid François—'for 'tis almoſt n.'—'Then we muſt ſpeed the ;' ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the al.

nnot ſay, in my heart, that it ıe any concern in being told by the minor canons, as I was en-the weſt-door—that Lippius's lock was all out of joints, and t gone for ſome years—'It will ne the more time,' thought I, 'to e the Chineſe hiſtory; and be-I ſhall be able to give the world ter account of the clock in it's r, than I could have done in it's iſhing condition.'

And ſo away I poſted to the of the Jeſuits.

it is with the project of getting ıt the Hiſtory of China in Chi-aracters—as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for, as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cooled—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the tomb of the lovers. 'I wiſh to God,' ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, 'that the key of 'the library may be but loſt!' It fell out as well——

For all the JESUITS *had got the co-lick*—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the tomb of the lovers as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons—namely, that it was upon the turning of my right-hand, juſt without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe—I diſpatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long owed it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs. I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

——'Tender and faithful ſpirits!' cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda; 'long—long have I 'tarried to drop this tear upon your 'tomb—I come—I come!'—

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my Uncle Toby to have whiſtled Lillabullero!

CHAP. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or, rather, I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it—

——So now I am at Avignon; and,

as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe, in which the Duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, ſtriding the way before us with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon—though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go farther, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: that I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to Avignon—that he ſhould therefore ſay, 'Avignon is more ſub-'ject to high winds than any town in 'all France:' for which reaſon, I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had enquired of the maſter of the inn about it; who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo—and hearing, moreover, the windineſs of Avignon ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb—I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe—the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all dukes, marquiſſes, and counts there—the deuce a baron in all Avignon—ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them, on a windy day.

'Pr'ythee, friend,' ſaid I, 'take hold 'of my mule for a moment!' for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and, as I had taken it into my head he was ſome way concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand—ſo begun with my boot—when I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

——But *Monſieur le Marquis* had walked in.

CHAP. XLII.

I Had now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garonne, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure —— *at my own leiſure* —for I had left Death, the Lord knows, and he only, how far behind me.—'I have followed many a 'man through France,' quoth he, 'but 'never at this mettleſome rate.' Still he followed, and ſtill I fled him—but I fled him chearfully; ſtill he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every ſtep he loſt ſoftened his looks—why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers—than a large rich plain; eſpecially, if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps, of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain—and ſo on.

This is moſt terrible work! judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I Had not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loitered *terribly* behind: half a mile at leaſt every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums

for

Plate VII

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fairs of *Baucaira* and *Taraſ-*
did not underſtand the prin-

cond time, I cannot ſo properly
pped—for meeting a couple of
ins ſtraitened more for time than
and not being able to get to the
of what I was about—I had
ick with them.
hird was an affair of trade with
for a hand-baſket of Provence
our ſous; this would have been
d at once, but for a caſe of
e at the cloſe of it; for when
were paid for, it turned out, that
re two dozen of eggs cover'd
a vine-leaves at the bottom of
et—as I had no intention of
eggs, I made no ſort of claim
—as for the ſpace they had oc-
what ſignified it?—I had figs
for my money.
But it was my intention to have
t—it was the goſſip's intention
it, without which ſhe could do
with her eggs—and, unleſs I
baſket, I could do as little with
, which were too ripe already,
t of 'em burſt at the ſide: this
on a ſhort contention, which
ed in ſundry propoſals, what
ld both do.
How we diſpoſed of our eggs and
lefy you, or the devil himſelf,
ot been there (which I am per-
ne was) to form the leaſt pro-
onjecture; you will read the
f it—not this year, for I am ha-
o the ſtory of my Uncle Toby's
—but you will read it in the
n of thoſe which have aroſe out
journey acroſs this plain—and
therefore, I call my—

PLAIN STORIES.

far my pen has been fatigued,
oſe of other travellers, in this
of it, over ſo barren a track—
ld muſt judge—but the traces of
h are now all ſet o' vibrating to-
his moment, tell me 'tis the moſt
and buſy period of my life; for,
I made no convention with my
th the gun as to time—by ſtop-
ld talking to every ſoul I met
s not in a full trot—joining all
before me—waiting for every
ind—hailing all thoſe who were
through croſs-roads—arreſting
all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers,
friars—not paſſing by a woman in a
mulberry-tree without commending her
legs, and tempting her into converſa-
tion with a pinch of ſnuff.—In ſhort,
by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or
ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to
me in this journey—I turned my *plain*
into a *city*—I was always in company,
and with great variety too: and as my
mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf,
and had ſome propoſals always on his
part to offer to every beaſt he met—I am
confident we could have paſſed through
Pall Mall or St. James's Street for a
month together, with fewer adventures
—and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs
which at once unpins every plait of a
Languedocian's dreſs—that whatever is
beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimpli-
city which poets ſing of in better days
—I will delude my fancy, and believe
it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Niſmes
and Lunel, where there is the beſt Muſ-
catto wine in all France; and which,
by the bye, belongs to the honeſt ca-
nons of MONTPELLIER—and foul
befal the man who has drank it at
their table, who grudges them a drop
of it.

——The ſun was ſet—they had done
their work; the nymphs had tied up
their hair afreſh—and the ſwains were
preparing for a carouſal.—My mule
made a dead point.—'It is the fife
'and tabourin,' ſaid I.—'I'm fright-
'ened to death!' quoth he.—'They
'are running at the ring of pleaſure,'
ſaid I, giving him a prick.—'By St.
'Boogar, and all the ſaints at the back-
'ſide of the door of purgatory,' ſaid he,
(making the ſame reſolution with the
Abbeſs of Andoüillet's) 'I'll not go a
'ſtep farther.'—'It is very well, Sir,'
ſaid I—'I never will argue a point
'with one of your family as long as I
'live!' So leaping off his back, and
kicking off one boot into this ditch, and
t'other into that—'I'll take a dance,'
ſaid I; 'ſo ſtay you here.'

A ſun-burnt daughter of labour
aroſe up from the groupe to meet me as
I advanced towards them; her hair,
which was a dark cheſnut, approach-
ing rather to a black, was tied up in a
knot, all but a ſingle treſs.

'We want a cavalier,' ſaid ſhe, hold-

ing out both her hands, as if to offer them.—'And a cavalier you ſhall have,' ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

'Hadſt thou, Nannette, been array'd 'like a ducheſs!'—

——'But that curſed ſlit in thy pet-'ticoat!'

Nannette cared not for it.

'We could not have done without 'you!' ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, and with ſelf-taught politeneſs leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this treſs 'inſtantly!' ſaid Nannette, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger—the whole knot fell down—we had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—'The deuce take that ſlit!'

The ſiſter of the youth, who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

'VIVA LA JOIA!
'FIDON LA TRISTESSA!'

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have it ſewed up—Nannette would not have given a ſous—'*Viva la joia!*' was in her lips.—'*Viva la joia!*' was in her eyes. A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Juſt Diſpoſer of 'our joys and ſorrows,' cried I, 'why 'could not a man ſit down in the lap 'of content here—and dance, and ſing, 'and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven 'with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious.—'Then 'it is time to dance off,' quoth I: ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier—from thence to Peſçnas, Beziers— I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavilion; where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my Uncle Toby's amours—

I begun thus—

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.

—BUT ſoftly—for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurprized by the imagination; I defy—notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* *, in ſundry pages of my book—I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account—(except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up—without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or ſidling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion. —In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and ſome other lands I wot of—it may be done.—

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my inkhorn to writ my Uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in queſt of her DIEGO, in full view of my ſtudy-window—if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out!

——Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM—

——But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live—(whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day) —I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this.

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt——I'm ſure it is the moſt religious —for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence—and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil

* Vide vol. vi. p. 217.

and

and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even ſometimes before it half-way reaches me—

I believe in my conſcience I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man!

Pope and his portrait * are fools to me—no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire—I wiſh I could ſay, of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or anger—or
Anger or zeal—

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name—the arrant-eſt TARTUFFE in ſcience—in politicks—or in religion—ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

——*Bon jour!*—good morrow!——ſo you have got your cloke on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous—— And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both ſides?——and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle and couſins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, ſtranguaries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore-eyes.—What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood—give ſuch a vile purge——puke—poultice—plaiſter—night-draught—gliſter—bliſter?——And why ſo many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail.—By my Great Aunt Dinah's old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth—and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all——

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a Welch judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank——

In the ſixteenth century we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP. IV.

'IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom;'—the ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but generally the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long, as what in this veſſel of the human frame, is *love*—may be *hatred*, in that—*Sentiment* half a yard higher—and *nonſenſe*——no, Madam—not there—I mean, at the part I am now pointing to with my fore-finger—how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, whoever ſoliloquized upon this myſtick ſubject, my Uncle Toby was the worſt fitted, to have puſhed his reſearches through ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Suſannah, and Suſannah's repeated manifeſto's thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my Uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the *foot*)—ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſs'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predi-

* Vide Pope's Portrait.

t: not that, at firſt ſight, there
' conſequence, or ſhew of logick
' That a rill of cold water, drib-
g through my inward parts ſhould
t up a torch in my Jenny's——'
—The propoſition does not ſtrike
on the contrary, it ſeems to run
te to the natural workings of
and effects—
it ſhews the weakneſs and imbe-
of human reaſon.
—' And in perfect good health
i it?'
—The moſt perfect—Madam, that
ſhip herſelf could wiſh me.
—' And drink nothing!—nothing
water?'
—Impetuous fluid! the moment
preſſeſt againſt the flood-gates of
ain—ſee how they give way!
wims CURIOSITY, beckoning to
ımſels to follow—they dive into
ntre of the current—
NCY ſits muſing upon the bank;
rith her eyes following the ſtream,
ſtraws and bulruſhes into maſts
owſprits.—And DESIRE, with
eld up to the knee in one hand,
ıes at them, as they ſwim by her,
he other.
'e water drinkers! is it then by
eluſive fountain, that ye have ſo
governed and turned this world
like a mill-wheel—grinding the
of the impotent—be-powdering
ibs—be-peppering their noſes, and
ing ſometimes even the very frame
ıce of nature.
—' If I was you,' quoth Yorick,
ould drink more water, Eugenius.'
—' And, if I was you, Yorick,'
l Eugenius, ' ſo would I.'
ıich ſhews they had both read
ınus.
my own part, I am reſolved never
d any book but my own, as long
ive.

CHAP. VI.

iſh my Uncle Toby had been a
ıter-drinker: for then the thing
ıeen accounted for, that the firſt
nt Widow Wadman ſaw him, ſhe
mething ſtirring within her in his
r—Something!—ſomething.
—Something, perhaps, more than
ſhip—leſs than love——ſomething
natter what—no matter where—I
would not give a ſingle hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf, (indeed, the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worſhips into the ſecret.

But the truth is, my Uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitouſly upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure; when the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact—my Uncle Toby drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe, and it is as well known, that my Uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unleſs as a captain you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and beſides the whole is an equivocation—there is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my Uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had proceeded from ſome ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot—for my Uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and aukward, from a total diſuſe of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and in all other reſpects as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one Opinion or paſſage of my Life, where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments in getting out of 'em — Inconſiderate ſoul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every ſide of thee — are they, Triſtram, not ſufficient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart-loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes ſtill — ſtill unſold, and art almoſt at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented

with the vile aſthma thou gatteſt in ſkaiting againſt the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a quiriſter (with both hands) thou breakedſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and hadſt thou loſt as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAP. VII.

——But, for Heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons — let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and, ſome how or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it——

I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies; that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pick-ax, or a ſhovel——

——It was a bed to lie on: ſo that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurniſhed: and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built; my Uncle Toby was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon, and engineer, ſuper-added that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, conſtructed one in my Uncle Toby's houſe.

A daughter of Eve — for ſuch was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—'*That ſhe was a perfect woman*'— had better be fifty leagues of—or in her warm bed — or playing with a caſe-knife — or any thing you pleaſe — than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one —but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him — till by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory——

——And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM— for I have delivered that above; nor is it matter of BREVIARY — for I make no man's creed but my own; nor matter of FACT — at leaſt, that I know of: but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I Do not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them—or the ſtrength of their guſſets — but pray do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world—that they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almoſt as much below the feet, as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow Wadman's night-ſhifts (as was the mode, I ſuppoſe, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed—(for in Italy they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the publick—they were two Flemiſh ells and a half in length; ſo that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and for the two laſt years had got eſtabliſhed into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—that as ſoon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave Bridget notice—Bridget, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt opened the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of,

of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to it's fartheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking-pin out of her ſleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tucked all in tight at the feet, and wiſhed her miſtreſs a good night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions, and ſo performed it ſtanding—kneeling—or ſquatting—according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in; and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the etiquette was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bedchamber in Chriſtendom.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my Uncle Toby up ſtairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herſelf into her armchair, and croſſing her left-knee with her right, which formed a reſting-place for her elbow, ſhe reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of freſh candles, and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage-ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my Uncle Toby's ſtay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was eſſaying to ſtick in the corking-pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kicked in her ſituation—for ſuppoſing ********* to be the ſun in it's meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick—ſhe kicked the pin out of her fingers—the *etiquette* which hung upon it—down—down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms!

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. X.

MY Uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matter; ſo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is, ſpeaking with regard to my Uncle Toby—but with reſpect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy) of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chuſe, for that reaſon, to call theſe the amours of my Uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my Uncle Toby.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*—and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW, as Widow Wadman did love my Uncle Toby—and my Uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my Uncle Toby—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other——

——Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf; for, whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her—and that ſhe careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfaſt or no——

——Curſe on her!—and ſo I ſend her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and ſo on to the devil: in ſhort there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tide ebb and flow ten

times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way——

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one——

——The deuce take her and her influence too—for at that word I loſe all patience—much good may it do him!—'By all that is hirſute and gaſhly!'—I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger, 'I would 'not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!'

——'But 'tis an excellent cap, too,' (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—'and warm—and 'ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the 'right away—but, alas! that will ne-'ver be my luck!'—(ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again.)

——'No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pye!'—(ſo here I break my metaphor)—

'Cruſt and crumb,
'Inſide and out,
'Top and bottom—I deteſt it, I hate 'it, I repudiate it—I'm ſick at the ſight 'of it—
'It is all pepper,
'garlick,
'ſtaragen,
'ſalt, and
'devil's dung—By the great 'arch-cook of cooks, who does no-'thing, I think, from morning to night, 'but ſit down by the fire-ſide and in-'vent inflammatory diſhes for us, I 'would not touch it for the world!'

——'O Triſtram! Triſtram!' cried Jenny.

'O Jenny! Jenny!' replied I—and ſo went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

——'Not touch it for the world!' did I ſay—

Lord! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH ſhews, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it—(for, as for *thinking*—— all who *do* think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—

LOVE is certainly—at leaſt, alphabetically ſpeaking—one of the moſt
A gitating,
B ewitching,
C onfounded,
D eviliſh affairs of life—the moſt
E xtravagant,
F utilitous,
G alligaſkiniſh,
H andy-dandyiſh,
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical, of all human paſſions—at the ſame time, the moſt
M iſgiving,
N innyhammering,
O bſtipating,
P ragmatical,
S tridulous,
R idiculous—though, by the bye, the R ſhould have gone firſt—But, in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my Uncle Toby upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—'You can ſcarce,' ſaid he, 'combine 'two ideas together upon it, brother 'Toby, without an hypallage.'——'What's that?' cried my Uncle Toby.

'The cart before the horſe,' replied my father.

——'And what has he to do there?' cried my Uncle Toby.

'Nothing,' quoth my father, 'but 'to get in—or let it alone.'

Now, Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood, however, ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates—who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of Widow Wadman and my Uncle Toby—had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion, (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects, hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my Uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom, but the very houſe and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my Uncle Toby's, put

put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; ſhe could obſerve my Uncle Toby's motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war; and, as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and, ſometimes, out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my Uncle Toby up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain, from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a ſufficient wick ſtanding out—if there is not, there's an end of the affair—and if there is, by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that caſe has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt—I would oblige a houſewife conſtantly to light me at the top, for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut—

——'I beſeech you, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to-bed of me—'I beſeech you,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to tell me which is the blind gut; for, 'old as I am, I vow I do not know to 'this day where it lies.'

'The *blind gut*,' anſwered Doctor Slop, 'lies betwixt the *illion* and *colon*—'

——'In a man!' ſaid my father.

'It is preciſely the ſame,' cried Doctor Slop, 'in a woman.'

'That's more than I know!' quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

——And ſo, to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my Uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (excluſive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with Bridget to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe, as that which the expediency of my Uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—poſſibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things, which a man had better do over again, than diſpute about it—that whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaigns, my Uncle Toby always took care, on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right-hand; and edging-in her left-foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-ſtretched neck meeting it half way—to advance it towards her; on which my Uncle Toby's paſſions were ſure to catch fire—for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left-hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point—the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. Wadman's next ſtroke of generalſhip—which was to take my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſt-work in the map, ſhe would effect before my Uncle Toby (poor ſoul!) had well marched above half a dozen toiſes with it.

——It obliged my Uncle Toby to make uſe of his fore-finger.

The difference it made in the attack was this—that in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her fore-finger againſt the end of my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beerſheba, had my Uncle Toby's lines reached ſo far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment—it could neither give fire by pulſation—or receive it by ſympathy—'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my Uncle Toby's fore-finger with her's, cloſe through all the little turns and indentings of his works—preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it—then treading upon it's nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and ſo on—it ſet ſomething, at leaſt, in motion.

This, though ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry box, my Uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's cloſe beſide it: this at once opened a communication, large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occaſion for——

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my Uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear Uncle Toby! was never now in it's right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up—or, with the gentieſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it preſſed a hair-breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible, that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his—So that my Uncle Toby being thus attacked and ſore puſh'd on both his wings—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into diſorder?

——'The deuce take it!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on, would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together.—But I write not to them; it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand ſide, there is ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine were Mrs. Wadman's; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my Uncle Toby's, is abſolutely clean: this ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box.

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relique, with it's *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the reliques of the Romiſh church — always excepting, when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which entered the fleſh of St. Radagunda in the deſart, which in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

'I Think, an' pleaſe your honour,' quoth Trim, 'the fortifications 'are quite deſtroyed—and the baſon is 'upon a level with the mole.'—'I think 'ſo too,' replied my Uncle Toby, with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd; 'but ſtep into

'the

lour, Trim, for the ſtipulation
:s upon the table.'
as lain there ſix weeks,' replied
ɔral, 'till this very morning
e old woman kindled the fire
.'

Then,' ſaid my Uncle Toby,
s no farther occaſion for our
s.'—'The more, an' pleaſe
onour, the pity!' ſaid the cor-
in uttering which, he caſt his
o the wheel-barrow, which was
m, with an air the moſt expreſ-
iſconſolation that can be ima-
nd was heavily turning about
for his pick-ax, his pioneer's
iis picquets and other little mi-
res, in order to carry them off
—when a 'Heigh ho!' from the
ɔx—which being made of thin
, reverberated the ſound more
lly to his ear, forbade him.
No;' ſaid the corporal to him-
'll do it before his honour riſes
row morning:' ſo taking his
it of the wheel-barrow again,
little earth in it, as if to level
g at the foot of the glacis—but
eal intent to approach nearer to
er, in order to divert him—he
a ſod or two—pared their edges
ſpade, and having given them
blow or two with the back of it,
mſelf down cloſe by my Uncle
feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XIX.

is a thouſand pities——though,
e ieve, an' pleaſe your honour,
going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of
g for a ſoldier——'
ldier,' cried my Uncle Toby,
ting the corporal, 'is no more
t from ſaying a fooliſh thing,
than a man of letters.'—'But
often, an' pleaſe your honour!'
he corporal.—My Uncle To-
a nod.
as a thouſand pities, then,' ſaid
ɔral, caſting his eye upon Dun-
id the mole—as Servius Sulpi-
returning out of Aſia (when he
om Ægina towards Megara)
1 Corinth and Pyreus——
It was a thouſand pities, an'
your honour, to deſtroy theſe
—and a thouſand pities to have
n ſtood!'

——'Thou art ri
'caſes!' ſaid my
'This,' continued
'the reaſon, that fr
'of their demolition
'never once whiſtl
'laugh'd, or cry'd, c
'done deeds, or tol
'ſtory, good or bad.
——'Thou haſt
'Trim,' ſaid my U
'I hold it not the lea
'happeneſt to be a f
'the number thou h
'to amuſe me in my
'to divert me in my
'haſt ſeldom told m
——'Becauſe, a
'nour, except one o
'*mia and his Seven C*
'true; for they are
'I do not like the
'Trim,' ſaid my
'that ſcore: But pr
'ſtory? Thou haſt
'oſity.'
'I'll tell it your l
corporal, 'directly.'
my Uncle Toby, lo
ward Dunkirk and
'provided it is not
'ſuch, Trim, a mai
'one half of the e
'with him: and the
'at preſent would
'Trim, and thy ſto
'merry one, by any
corporal.—'Nor wo
'gether a grave one,
Toby.—'It is neith
'other,' replied the c
'ſuit your honour
'I'll thank thee for i
cried my Uncle Tob
'gin it, Trim!'
The corporal made
though it is not ſo e
world imagines, to p
tero-cap with grace,
cult, in my concepti
ſitting ſquat upon th
a bow ſo teeming
corporal was wont
the palm of his righ
towards his maſter
upon the graſs, a litt
in order to allow it
and by an unforced
ſame time, of his c
and the two fore-fin

which the diameter of the cap became reduced, ſo that it might be ſaid, rather to be inſenſibly ſqueezed—than pulled off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himſelf of both, in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his maſter's humour—he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

'THERE was a certain king of 'Bo—he—'

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my Uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment; he had ſet out bare-headed, having ſince he pull'd off his Montero-cap, in the latter end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

——The eye of goodneſs eſpieth all things—ſo that before the corporal had well got through the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my Uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane interrogatively—as much as to ſay, 'Why don't you put it on, 'Trim?' Trim took it up with the moſt reſpectful ſlowneſs, and caſting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being diſmally tarniſh'd and fray'd moreover in ſome of the principal leaves and boldeſt parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the ſubject.

——'Tis every word of it but too 'true,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'that 'thou art about to obſerve——

'*Nothing in this world, Trim, is 'made to laſt for ever.*'

——'But when tokens, Dear Tom, 'of thy love and remembrance, wear 'out,' ſaid Trim, 'what ſhall we ſay?'

'There is no occaſion, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to ſay any thing elſe; 'and was a man to puzzle his brains 'till doomſday, I believe, Trim, it 'would be impoſſible.' The corporal perceiving that my Uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead to rub out a penſive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

'THERE was a certain King of 'Bohemia, but in whoſe reign, 'except his own, I am not able to in'form your honour—'

'I do not deſire it of thee, Trim, by 'any means,' cried my Uncle Toby.

——'It was a little before the time, 'an' pleaſe your honour, when giants 'were beginning to leave off breeding '—but in what year of our Lord that 'was—'

——'I would not give a halfpenny 'to know,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'Only, an' pleaſe your honour, 'it makes a ſtory look the better in the 'face.'—'Tis thy own, Trim; ſo or'nament it after thy own faſhion; and 'take any date,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking pleaſantly upon him—'take any date in the whole world thou 'chuſeſt, and put it to—thou art hear'tily welcome!'

The corporal bowed: for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt—and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory—had my Uncle Toby ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all it's abyſſes at his feet; but as MODESTY ſcarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch—which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt 'caſt-year of the laſt caſt-almanack;—

I will

ou plainly, it was—but from a
it reaſon than you wot of.
-It was the year next him—which
the year of our Lord ſeventeen
d and twelve, when the Duke of
id was playing the devil in Flan-
the corporal took it, and ſet out
: afreſh on his expedition to Bo-

TORY OF THE KING OF BO-
IIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES,
TINUED.

the year of our Lord one thou-
ſand ſeven hundred and twelve,
was, an' pleaſe your honour—'
-' To tell thee truly, Trim,'
ny Uncle Toby, ' any other date
d have pleaſed me much better;
nly on account of the ſad ſtain
our hiſtory that year, in march-
off our troops, and refuſing to
the ſiege of Queſnoi, though
l was carrying on the works with
incredible vigour—but likewiſe,
ie ſcore, Trim, of thy own ſtory;
iſe if there are—and which, from
thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect
: the fact—if there are giants in

here is but one, an' pleaſe your
ur!'
-' 'Tis as bad as twenty,' replied
cle Toby—' thou ſhould'ſt have
ed him back ſome ſeven or eight
red years out of harm's way, both
riticks and other people; and
fore I would adviſe thee, if ever
telleſt it again—'
-' If I live, an' pleaſe your ho-
, but once to get through it, I
will tell it again,' quoth Trim,
: to man, woman, or child.'—
—poo!' ſaid my Uncle Toby;
th accents of ſuch ſweet encou-
nt did he utter it, that the cor-
rent on with his ſtory with more
than ever.

TORY OF THE KING OF BO-
IIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES,
TINUED.

HERE was, an' pleaſe your
' honour,' ſaid the corporal—
his voice, and rubbing the palms
of his two hands cheerily together as he began—' a certain King of Bohemia—'

——' Leave out the date entirely, ' Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—leaning forwards and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption—' leave it out entirely, ' Trim: a ſtory paſſes very well with-' out theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ' ſure of 'em.'—' Sure of 'em!' ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head.

' Right,' anſwered my Uncle Toby, ' it is not eaſy, Trim, for one bred up ' as thou and I have been, to arms, ' who ſeldom looks farther forward than ' to the end of his muſket, or backwards ' beyond his knapſack, to know much ' about this matter.'—' God bleſs your ' honour!' ſaid the corporal—won by the *manner* of my Uncle Toby's reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf—' he ' has ſomething elſe to do! if not on ' action, or a march, or upon duty in ' his garriſon—he has his firelock, an' ' pleaſe your honour to furbiſh—his ' accoutrements to take care of—his ' regimentals to mend—himſelf to ſhave ' and keep clean, ſo as to appear al-' ways like what he is upon the parade ' —what buſineſs,' added the corporal triumphantly, ' has a ſoldier, an' ' pleaſe your honour, to know any thing ' at all about *geography*?'

——' Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid *chro-* ' *nology*, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; ' for, as for geography, 'tis of abſo-' lute uſe to him. He muſt be ac-' quainted intimately with every coun-' try and it's boundaries where his pro-' feſſion carries him; he ſhould know ' every town and city, and village and ' hamlet, with the canals, the roads, ' and hollow-ways, which lead up to ' them——there is not a river or rivulet ' he paſſes, Trim, but he ſhould be able ' at firſt ſight to tell thee what is it's ' name—in what mountains it takes ' it's riſe—what is it's courſe—how far ' it is navigable—where fordable—' where not——he ſhould know the fer-' tility of every valley, as well as the ' hind who ploughs it; and be able to ' deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give ' thee an exact map, of all the plains ' and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, ' the woods and moraſſes, through and ' by which his army is to march——' he ſhould know their produce, their ' plants, their minerals, their waters,

' their

'their animals, their ſeaſons; their cli-
'mates, their heats and cold, their in-
'habitants, their cuſtoms, their lan-
'guage, their policy, and even their
'religion.

'Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal,' continued my Uncle Toby—riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe—'how 'Marlborough could have marched his 'army from the banks of the Maes to 'Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpe-'nord—' (here the corporal could ſit no longer)—'from Kerpenord, Trim, 'to Kallaken; from Kalſaken to New-'dorf; from Newdorf to Landen-'bourg; from Landenbourg to Mil-'denheim; from Mildenheim to El-'chingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; 'from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from 'Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg—where 'he broke in upon the enemy's works, 'forced his paſſage over the *Danube*, 'croſſed the *Lech*—puſh'd on his troops 'into the heart of the empire, marching 'at the head of them through Friburg, 'Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the 'Plains of Blenheim and Hochſtet?—'Great as he was, corporal, he could 'not have advanced a ſtep, or made 'one ſingle day's march, without the 'aids of *geography*—As for *chronology*, 'I own, Trim,' continued my Uncle Toby—ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box—'that of all others, it 'ſeems a ſcience which a ſoldier might 'beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights 'which that ſcience muſt one day give 'him, in determining the invention of 'powder; the furious execution of 'which, renverſing every thing, like 'thunder, before it, has become a new 'æra to us of military improvements; 'changing ſo totally the nature of at-'tacks and defences both by ſea and 'land, and awakening ſo much art and 'ſkill in doing it, that the world can-'not be too exact in aſcertaining the 'preciſe time of it's diſcovery, or too 'inquiſitive in knowing what great 'man was the diſcoverer, and what 'occaſions gave birth to it.

'I am far from controverting,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'what hiſto-'rians agree in, that in the year of our 'Lord 1380, under the reign of Win-'celaus, ſon of Charles the Fourth—'a certain prieſt, whoſe name was 'Schwartz, ſhew'd the uſe of powder 'to the Venetians, in their wars againſt 'the Genoeſe; but 'tis certain he was 'not the firſt: becauſe, if we are to 'believe Don Pedro the Biſhop of 'Leon—' 'How came prieſts and 'biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to 'trouble their heads ſo much about 'gunpowder?'—'God knows!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'his providence 'brings good out of every thing—and 'he avers, in his chronicle of King 'Alphonſus, who reduced Toledo, that 'in the year 1343, which was full 'thirty-ſeven years before that time, 'the ſecret of powder was well known, 'and employed with ſucceſs, both by 'Moors and Chriſtians, not only in 'their ſea combats, at that period, but 'in many of their moſt memorable 'ſieges in Spain and Barbary—And all 'the world knows, that Friar Bacon 'had wrote expreſsly about it, and had 'generouſly given the world a receipt 'to make it by, above a hundred and 'fifty years before even Schwartz was 'born—And that the Chineſe,' added my Uncle Toby, 'embarraſs us, and 'all accounts of it ſtill more, by boaſt-'ing of the invention ſome hundreds 'years even before him—'

——'They are a pack of lyars, I 'believe!' cried Trim.

——'They are ſome how or other 'deceived,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'in 'this matter, as is plain to me from 'the preſent miſerable ſtate of military 'architecture amongſt them; which 'conſiſts of nothing more than a foſſe 'with a brick wall without flanks—'and for what they give us as a baſtion 'at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly 'conſtructed, that it looks for all the 'world——' 'Like one of my ſeven 'caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour!' quoth Trim.

My Uncle Toby, though in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my Uncle Toby was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal—that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

THE

DRY OF THE KING OF BO-
A AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES,
INUED.

IS *unfortunate* King of Bohe-
mia—' ſaid Trim—' Was
rtunate, then?' cried my Uncle
or he had been ſo wrapt up in
tation upon gunpowder and
litary affairs, that though he
ed the corporal to go on, yet
r interruptions he had given,
ſtrong upon his fancy, as to
or the epithet—' Was he *un-*
te, then?' ſaid my Uncle To-
:tically.—The corporal, wiſh-
he *word* and all it's ſynonimas
evil, forthwith began to run
is mind the principal events in
of Bohemia's ſtory; from every
ich it apppearing that he was
ortunate man that every exiſted
orld—it put the corporal to a
or not caring to retract his epi-
l leſs, to explain it—and leaſt of
iſt his tale (like men of lore)
. ſyſtem—he looked up in my
by's face for aſſiſtance——but
was the very thing my Uncle
: in expectation of himſelf—
im and a haw he went on——
King of Bohemia, an' pleaſe
ionour,' replied the corporal,
fortunate, as thus—that tak-
at pleaſure and delight in na-
a, and all ſort of ſea affairs—
ere *happening* throughout the
tingdom of Bohemia, to be no
t town whatever—'
the deuce ſhould there, Trim?'
Uncle Toby; ' for Bohemia,
otally inland, it could have
d no otherwiſe.'—' It might,'
a, ' if it had pleaſed God.'
ncle Toby never ſpoke of the
d natural attributes of God,
diffidence and heſitation.
I believe not,' replied my
oby, after ſome pauſe; ' for
nland, as I ſaid, and having
and Moravia to the eaſt; Lu-
d Upper Saxony to the north;
nia to the weſt; and Bavaria
outh: Bohemia could not have
ropell'd to the ſea, without
to be Bohemia—nor could the
the other hand, have come up
emia, without overflowing a
art of Germany, and deſtroy-
llions of unfortunate inhabi-
' tants who could make no defence
' againſt it.'—(' Scandalous!' cried
Trim.)—' Which would beſpeak,' add-
ed my Uncle Toby mildly, ' ſuch a
' want of compaſſion in him who is the
' Father of it—that I think, Trim, the
' thing could have happened no way.'

The corporal made the bow of un-
feigned conviction, and went on.

' Now the King of Bohemia, with
' his queen and courtiers, *happening*
' one fine ſummer's evening to walk
' out—' ' Aye! there the word *hap-*
' *pening* is right, Trim!' cried my
Uncle Toby; ' for the King of Bohe-
' mia and his queen might have walked
' out, or let it alone—'twas a matter of
' contingency, which might happen, or
' not, juſt as chance ordered it.'

' King William was of an opinion,
' an' pleaſe your honour,' quoth Trim,
' that every thing was predeſtined for
' us in this world; inſomuch, that he
' would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that
' *every ball had it's billet*.'—' He was
' a great man,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—
' And I believe,' continued Trim, ' to
' this day, that the ſhot which diſabled
' me at the battle of Landen, was point-
' ed at my knee for no other purpoſe,
' but to take me out of his ſervice, and
' place me in your honour's, where I
' ſhould be taken ſo much better care of
' in my old age!'—' It ſhall never,
' Trim, be conſtrued otherwiſe!' ſaid
my Uncle Toby.

The heart both of the maſter and the
man, were alike ſubject to ſudden over-
flowings——a ſhort ſilence enſued.

' Beſides,' ſaid the corporal—reſum-
ing the diſcourſe, but in a gayer ac-
cent; ' if it had not been for that ſingle
' ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your ho-
' nour, been in love!'

' So thou waſt once in love, Trim?'
ſaid my Uncle Toby, ſmiling—

' Souſe!' replied the corporal!—
' over head and ears! an' pleaſe your
' honour.'—' Pr'ythee, when? where?
' —and how came it to paſs?—I never
' heard one word of it before,' quoth
my Uncle Toby.—' I dare ſay,' an-
ſwered Trim, that every drummer and
ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of
' it.'—' It's high time I ſhould!' ſaid
my Uncle Toby.

' Your honour remembers with con-
' cern,' ſaid the corporal, ' the total
' rout and confuſion of our camp and
' army at the affair of Landen—every

'one was left to ſhift for himſelf; and, 'if it had not been for the regiments of 'Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, 'which covered the retreat over the 'bridge of Neerſpeeken, the king him-'ſelf could ſcarce have gained it—he 'was preſſed hard, as your honour 'knows, on every ſide of him.'

'Gallant mortal!' cried my Uncle Toby, caught up with enthuſiaſm; 'this moment, now that all is loſt, I 'ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, 'to the left, to bring up the remains of 'the Engliſh horſe along with him, to 'ſupport the right, and tear the laurel 'from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis 'poſſible!—I ſee him with the knot of 'his ſcarf juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh 'ſpirits into poor Galway's regiment—'riding along the line!—then wheeling 'about, and charging Conti at the head 'of it—Brave! brave! by Heaven!' cried my Uncle Toby—'he deſerves a 'crown!'—'As richly, as a thief a 'halter!' ſhouted Trim.

My Uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty—otherwiſe the compariſon was not at all to his mind: it did not altogether ſtrike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—ſo he had nothing to do, but proceed.

'As the number of wounded was 'prodigious, and no one had time to 'think of any thing but his own ſafe-'ty—' 'Though Talmaſh,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'brought off the foot with 'great prudence.'—'But I was left 'upon the field,' ſaid the corporal.—'Thou waſt ſo; poor fellow!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'So that it was noon 'the next day,' continued the corporal, 'before I was exchanged, and put 'into a cart with thirteen or fourteen 'more, in order to be conveyed to our 'hoſpital.

'There is no part of the body, an' 'pleaſe your honour, where a wound 'occaſions more intolerable anguiſh 'than upon the knee——'

'Except the groin!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.—'An' pleaſe your honour,' replied the corporal, 'the knee, in my 'opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt 'acute, their being ſo many tendons 'and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.'

'It is for that reaſon,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible—there being not only 'ſo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems—(for I know their names as 'little as thou doſt)—about it—but 'moreover * * *—'

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—inſtantly ſtopped her breath—unpinned her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg.

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim for ſome time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my Uncle Toby would not allow—'It is a proof 'of nothing, Trim,' ſaid he, 'but the 'generoſity of thy temper!'

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*cæteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee—or—

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP. XX.

'THE anguiſh of my knee,' continued the corporal, 'was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of 'the cart, with the roughneſs of the 'roads, which were terribly cut up—'making bad ſtill worſe—every ſtep 'was death to me; ſo that with the 'loſs of blood, and the want of care 'taken of me, and a fever I felt coming 'on beſides——' (Poor ſoul!' ſaid my Uncle Toby)—'all together, an' pleaſe 'your honour, was more than I could 'ſuſtain!

'I was telling my ſufferings to a 'young woman at a peaſant's houſe, 'where our cart, which was the laſt of 'the line, had halted; they had helped 'me in, and the young woman had 'taken a cordial out of her pocket and 'dropped it upon ſome ſugar; and ſeeing it had cheared me, ſhe had given 'it me a ſecond and a third time.—So 'I was telling her, an' pleaſe your 'honour, the anguiſh I was in, and 'was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to 'me, that I had much rather lie down 'upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of 'the room—and die, than go on—'when, upon her attempting to lead 'me to it, I fainted away in her arms.

'—She

She was a good ſoul! as your ho-
ur,' ſaid the corporal, wiping his
' will hear.'
: thought *love* had been a joyous
ig,' quoth my Uncle Toby.
t is the moſt ſerious thing, an'
aſe your honour, (ſometimes) that
n the world!—
By the perſuaſion of the young wo-
n,' continued the corporal, ' the
t with the wounded men ſet off
hout me: ſhe had aſſured them I
uld expire immediately if I was
into the cart. So when I came
myſelf—I found myſelf in a ſtill,
et cottage, with no one but the
ing woman, and the peaſant and
wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in
corner of the room, with my
anded leg upon a chair, and the
ing woman beſide me, holding the
ner of her handkerchief dipped in
egar to my noſe with one hand, and
bing my temples with the other.
took her, at firſt, for the daughter
the peaſant—(for it was no inn)—
had offered her a little purſe with
iteen florins, which my poor bro-
r Tom—' (Here Trim wiped his
—' had ſent me as a token, by a
uit, juſt before he ſet out for Lif-
—
—' I never told your honour that
ous ſtory yet!'—Here Trim wiped
es a third time.—
The young woman called the old
n and his wife into the room, to
w them the money, in order to
n me credit for a bed, and what
le neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I
uld be in a condition to be got to
hoſpital.—" Come, then!" ſaid
, tying up the little purſe—" I'll
your banker!—but, as that office
re will not keep me employed,
l be your nurſe too."
thought by her manner of ſpeak-
this, as well as by her dreſs,
ch I then began to conſider more
ntively—that the young woman
ld not be the daughter of the pea-
:.
he was in black down to her toes,
h her hair concealed under a cam-
k border, laid cloſe to her fore-
d: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of
s, an' pleaſe your honour, of
ch, your honour knows, there
a good many in Flanders which
let go looſe.'—' By thy de-
' ſcription, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle To-
by, ' I dare ſay ſhe was a young *Beguine*,
' of which there are none to be found
' any where but in the Spaniſh Nether-
' lands—except at Amſterdam.—They
' differ from nuns in this, that they
' can quit their cloiſter if they chuſe to
' marry; they viſit and take care of the
' ſick by profeſſion—I had rather, for
' my own part, they did it out of good-
' nature!'
—' She often told me,' quoth
Trim, ' ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt—
' I did not like it.'—' I believe, Trim,
' we are both wrong,' ſaid my Uncle
Toby; ' we'll aſk Mr. Yorick about
' it to-night at my brother Shandy's—
' ſo put me in mind,' added my Uncle
Toby.
' The young Beguine,' continued
the corporal, ' had ſcarce given herſelf
' time to tell me *ſhe would be my nurſe*,
' when ſhe haſtily turned about to be-
' gin the office of one, and prepare
' ſomething for me—and, in a ſhort
' time—though I thought it a long
' one—ſhe came back with flannels,
' &c. &c. and having fomented my
' knee ſoundly for a couple of hours,
' &c. and made me a thin baſon of
' gruel for my ſupper—ſhe wiſhed me
' reſt, and promiſed to be with me
' early in the morning.—She wiſhed
' me, an' pleaſe your honour, what
' was not to be had. My fever ran
' very high that night—her figure made
' ſad diſturbance within me—I was
' every moment cutting the world in
' two—to give her half of it—and eve-
' ry moment was I crying, that I had
' nothing but a knapſack and eighteen
' florins to ſhare with her.—The whole
' night long was the fair Beguine, like
' an angel, cloſe by my bed-ſide, hold-
' ing back my curtain and offering me
' cordials—and I was only awakened
' from my dream by her coming there
' at the hour promiſed, and giving
' them in reality. In truth, ſhe was
' ſcarce ever from me; and, ſo accuſ-
' tomed was I to receive life from her
' hands, that my heart ſickened, and
' I loſt colour, when ſhe left the room:
' and yet,' continued the corporal—
(making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections
upon it in the world)——
—' *It was not love*—for, during
' the three weeks ſhe was almoſt con-
' ſtantly with me, fomenting my knee
' with her hand, night and day—I can

'honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour—
'* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
'* * * once.'

'That was very odd, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'I think ſo too!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

'It never did!' ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

——'But 'tis no marvel,' continued the corporal—ſeeing my Uncle Toby muſing upon it; 'for love, an' pleaſe 'your honour, is exactly like war, in 'this; that a ſoldier, though he has 'eſcaped three weeks compleat o'Saturday night—may nevertheleſs be ſhot 'through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened ſo here*, an' pleaſe 'your honour, with this difference 'only—that it was on Sunday in the 'afternoon, when I fell in love all at 'once with a ſiſſerara—it burſt upon 'me, an' pleaſe your honour, like a 'bomb—ſcarce giving me time to ſay, "God bleſs me!"

'I thought, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'a man never fell in love ſo 'very ſuddenly.'

'Yes, an' pleaſe your honour, if 'he is in the way of it;' replied Trim.

'I pr'ythee, quoth my Uncle Toby, 'inform me how this matter hap-'pened?'

——'With all pleaſure!' ſaid the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

'I Had eſcaped,' continued the corporal, 'all that time from falling 'in love, and had gone on to the end 'of the chapter, had it not been pre-'deſtined otherwiſe—there is no reſiſt-'ing our fate.

'It was on a Sunday, in the after-'noon, as I told your honour—

'The old man and his wife had 'walked out—

'Every thing was ſtill and huſh as 'midnight about the houſe—

'There was not ſo much as a duck 'or a duckling about the yard—

——'When the fair Beguine came 'in to ſee me.

'My wound was then in a fair way 'of doing well—the inflammation had 'been gone off for ſome time, but it 'was ſucceeded with an itching both 'above and below my knee ſo inſuf-'ferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes 'the whole night for it.

"Let me ſee it," ſaid ſhe, kneeling 'down upon the ground parallel to my 'knee, and laying her hand upon the 'part below it: "it only wants rub-"bing a little," ſaid the Beguine.—'So covering it with the bed-cloaths, 'ſhe began with the fore-finger of her 'right-hand to rub under my knee, 'guiding her fore-finger backwards 'and forwards by the edge of the 'flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

'In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlight-'ly the end of her ſecond finger—'and preſently it was laid flat with the 'other, and ſhe continued rubbing in 'that way round and round for a good 'while; it then came into my head that 'I ſhould fall in love—I bluſhed when 'I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had—I 'ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, 'behold another hand ſo white whilſt I 'live!'

——'Not in that place!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

Though it was the moſt ſerious affair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear ſmiling.

'The young Beguine,' continued the corporal, 'perceiving it was of great 'ſervice to me—from rubbing, for ſome 'time, with two fingers—proceeded to 'rub at length with three—till by little 'and little ſhe brought down the fourth, 'and then rubb'd with her whole hand: 'I will never ſay another word, an' 'pleaſe your honour, upon hands again '—but it was ſofter than ſattin.'

——'Pr'ythee, Trim, commend it 'as much as thou wilt!' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the 'more delight!' The corporal thanked his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the Beguine's hand, but the ſame over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

'The fair Beguine,' ſaid the corporal, 'continued rubbing with her whole 'hand under my knee—till I feared her 'zeal would weary her.—"I would do "a thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of Chriſt."—In ſaying 'which, ſhe paſſed her hand acroſs the 'flannel, to the part above my knee, 'which I had equally complained of, 'and rubbed it alſo.

'I perceived

Plate VIII

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'I perceived then I was beginning
'to be in love—

'As ſhe continued rub-rub rubbing
'—I felt it ſpread from under her hand,
'an' pleaſe your honour, to every part
'of my frame—

'The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer
'ſtrokes ſhe took—the more the fire
'kindled in my veins—till at length,
'by two or three ſtrokes longer than the
'reſt—my paſſion roſe to the higheſt
'pitch—I ſeiz'd her hand—'

——'And then, thou clapped'ſt it to
'thy lips, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby,
'and madeſt a ſpeech!'

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my Uncle Toby deſcribed it, is not material; it is enough that it contain'd in it the eſſence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XXIII.

AS ſoon as the corporal had finiſh'd the ſtory of his amour—or rather my Uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicker gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which Trim had made in my Uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlipp'd.

——The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my Uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer s ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-ax, the picquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk ſtood. The corporal had march'd—the field was clear.

Now conſider, Sir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do—to act by plan: for if ever plan, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold—(I mean, in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my Uncle Toby in his ſentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the Plan hanging up in it at this juncture, b
Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale
kirk a tale of relaxation, it oppoſ
impreſſion ſhe could make: and
could ſhe have gone upon it—
nœuvre of fingers and hands ir
tack of the ſentry-box, was ſo
by that of the fair Beguine's, in
ſtory—that juſt then, that partic
tack, however ſucceſsful befor
came the moſt heartleſs attack th
be made.

O! let woman alone for this.
Wadman had ſcarce open'd the
gate, when her genius ſported
change of circumſtances.

——She formed a new atta
moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

——'I am half diſtracted,
'Shandy!' ſaid Mrs. Wadma
ing up her cambrick handkerch
left-eye, as ſhe approached the
my Uncle Toby's ſentry-box—
'—or ſand—or ſomething—I k
'what, has got into this eye of
'do look into it—it is not in the

In ſaying which, Mrs. Wadm
ed herſelf cloſe in beſide my Un
by, and ſqueezing herſelf down
corner of his bench, gave him
portunity of doing it without ri
—'Do look into it!' ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look
with as much innocency of h
ever child looked into a raree-ſh
and 'twere as much a ſin to h
thee!

——If a man will be peepin
own accord, into things of thi
—I've nothing to ſay to it—

My Uncle Toby never did
will anſwer for him, that he wo
ſat quietly upon a ſofa from Ju
nuary, (which, you know, take
the hot and cold months) with
as fine as the Thracian Rodope
him *, without being able to t
ther it was a black, or a blue

The difficulty was, to get m
Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And
I ſee him yonder with his pip
lous in his hand, and the aſh

* Rodope Thracia tam inevetabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exacte oculis intuens
ut ſi in illam quis incideſſet, fieri non poſſet, quin caperetur.—*I know not who.*

out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left-eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or ſand, or duſt, or chaff, or ſpeck, or particle of opake matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

——If thou lookeſt, Uncle Toby, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect; that it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon—by which both the one and the other are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: however, as it is made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return is, that whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

'I proteſt, Madam,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'I can ſee nothing whatever in 'your eye.'

'It is not in the white!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman: my Uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of Venus herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head—there never was an eye of them all, ſo fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repoſe, as the very eye at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye ſparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my Uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations—and ſoft reſponſes—ſpeaking—not like the trumpet-ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarſe converſe—but whiſpering ſoft—like the laſt low accents of an expiring ſaint—'How can you live comfortleſs, 'Captain Shandy, and alone, without 'a boſom to lean your head on—or 'truſt your cares to!'

It was an eye——

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

——It did my Uncle Toby's buſineſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing ſhews the characters of my father and my Uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the ſame accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what muſt my Uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion, before he married—but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never ſubmit to it like a chriſtian; but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterelt Philippicks againſt the eye, that ever man wrote—there is one in verſe upon ſomebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which, in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus—

'A devil 'tis—and miſchief ſuch doth work,
'As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk*.'

In ſhort, during the whole paroxiſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for though my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without

* This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c. &c.

curſing

himſelf in at the bargain, as one
moſt egregious fools and cox-
he would ſay, that ever was let
the world.

Uncle Toby, on the contrary,
ike a lamb—ſat ſtill and let the
vork in his veins without re-
—in the ſharpeſt exacerbations
round (like that on his groin)
dropt one fretful or diſcon-
ord—he blamed neither heaven
—or thought or ſpoke an in-
hing of any body, or any part
e ſat ſolitary and penſive with
—looking at his lame leg—then
out a ſentimental heigh-ho!
ixing with the ſmoke, incom-
o one mortal.

ok it like a lamb—I ſay.

th, he had miſtook it at firſt;
g taken a ride with my father,
morning, to ſave if poſſible a
wood, which the dean and
were hewing down to give to
oor *; which ſaid wood being
iew of my Uncle Toby's houſe,
ngular ſervice to him in his de-
of the battle of Wynnendale—
ng on too haſtily to ſave it—
uneaſy ſaddle—worſe horſe,
. . it had ſo happened, that
us part of the blood had got
the two ſkins, in the nether-
t of my Uncle Toby—the firſt
s of which (as my Uncle Toby
xperience of love) he had taken
t of the paſſion—till the bliſter
; in the one caſe—and the other
g—my Uncle Toby was pre-
nvinced, that his wound was
n-deep wound—but that it had
his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

E world is aſhamed of being
tuous—My Uncle Toby knew
he world; and therefore, when
was in love with Widow Wad-
e had no conception that the
as any more to be made a myſ-
than if Mrs. Wadman had
n a cut with a gap'd knife acroſs
r. Had it been otherwiſe—yet,
er looked upon Trim as a hum-
d; and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life, to treat him as ſuch—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

'I am in love, corporal!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

'IN love!' ſaid the corporal; 'your 'honour was very well the day 'before yeſterday, when I was telling 'your honour the ſtory of the King of 'Bohemia!'—'Bohemia!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—muſing a long time—'What became of that ſtory, Trim?'

——'We loſt it, an' pleaſe your 'honour, ſomehow betwixt us—but 'your honour was as free from love 'then, as I am—'twas juſt whilſt thou 'went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow—'with Mrs. Wadman,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'She has left a ball 'here!' added my Uncle Toby—pointing to his breaſt.

——'She can no more, an' pleaſe 'your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe 'can fly!' cried the corporal.'

——'But, as we are neighbours, 'Trim—the beſt way, I think, is to 'let her know it civilly firſt!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'Now if I might preſume,' ſaid the corporal, 'to differ from your ho-'nour—'

——'Why elſe do I talk to thee, 'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, mildly.

——'Then I would begin, an' pleaſe 'your honour, with making a good 'thundering attack upon her, in re-'turn—and telling her civilly after-'wards—for, if ſhe knows any thing 'of your honour's being in love, be-'fore-hand——' 'L—d help her!' 'ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, 'than 'the child unborn.'

Precious ſouls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all it's circumſtances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment ſitting in council with her, touching ſome ſlight miſgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before

* Shandy muſt mean the poor *in ſpirit*: inaſmuch as they divided the money themſelves.

he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

'I am terribly afraid,' ſaid Widow Wadman, 'in caſe I ſhould marry him, 'Bridget—that the poor captain will 'not enjoy his health, with the mon-'ſtrous wound upon his groin.'

'It may not, Madam, be ſo very 'large,' replied Bridget, 'as you think; '—and I believe, beſides,' added ſhe, 'that 'tis dried up.'

——'I could like to know—merely 'for his ſake!' ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

—'We'll know the long and the 'broad of it, in ten days,' anſwered Mrs. Bridget; 'for, whilſt the captain 'is paying his addreſſes to you—I'm 'confident Mr. Trim will be for mak-'ing love to me—and I'll let him, as 'much as he will,' added Bridget, 'to 'get it all out of him.'

The meaſures were taken at once—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

'Now,' quoth the corporal, ſetting his left-hand a kimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs—and no more; 'if your 'honour will give me leave to lay down 'the plan of this attack—'

——'Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, 'Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, exceedingly; 'and, as I foreſee thou muſt act 'in it as my aid de camp, here's a 'crown, corporal, to begin with, to 'ſteep thy commiſſion.'

'Then, an' pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the corporal,'—(making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—'we will begin with 'getting your honour's laced cloaths 'out of the great campaign trunk, to 'be well aired, and have the blue and 'gold taken up at the ſleeves—and I'll 'put your white ramallie-wig freſh into 'pipes—and ſend for a taylor, to have 'your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches 'turned—'

——'I had better take the red pluſh 'ones!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'They will be too clumſy,' ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

——'Thou wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my ſword—' 'Twill 'be only in your honour's way,' replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

——'But your honour's two razors 'ſhall be new ſet—and I will get my 'Montero-cap furbiſh'd up, and put on 'poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental 'coat, which your honour gave me to 'wear for his ſake—and as ſoon as 'your honour is clean ſhaved, and has 'got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue 'and gold, or your fine ſcarlet—ſome-'times one and ſometimes t'other—and 'every thing is ready for the attack—'we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to 'the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your 'honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the 'parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. 'Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; 'and having ſeiz'd that paſs, I'll an-'ſwer for it,' ſaid the corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head, 'that 'the day is our own!'

'I wiſh I may but manage it right,' ſaid my Uncle Toby; 'but I declare, 'corporal, I had rather march up to 'the very edge of a trench—'

——'A woman is quite a different 'thing!' ſaid the corporal.

——'I ſuppoſe ſo!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father ſaid, could have provoked my Uncle Toby during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of Hilarion the hermit; who, in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion—would ſay—though with more facetiouſneſs than became a hermit—*that they were the means he uſed, to make his* ASS (meaning his BODY) *leave off kicking.*

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconick way of expreſſing—but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that, for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion—he never uſed the word *paſſions* once—but *aſs* always inſtead of them—So that he might be ſaid truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's, during all that time.

I muſt

muſt here obſerve to you, the diſ-
ıce betwixt
My father's *aſs*
and my *bobby-horſe*—in order
keep characters as ſeparate as may
in our fancies, as we go along.
or my hobby-horſe, if you recol-
a little, is no way a vicious beaſt;
ıas ſcarce one hair or lineament of
aſs about him—'Tis the ſporting
: filly-folly which carries you out
he preſent hour—a maggot, a but-
y, a picture, a fiddle-ſtick—an Un-
'oby's ſiege—or an *any thing*, which
ın makes a ſhift to get a-ſtride on,
ınter it away from the cares and ſo-
ıdes of life.—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt
ı in the whole creation—nor do I
y ſee how the world could do with-
t—
—But, for my father's aſs—oh!
nt him—mount him—mount him—
t's three times, is it not?)—mount
not—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent—and
befal the man who does not hinder
from kicking!

CHAP. XXXII.

VELL! dear brother Toby,' ſaid my father—upon his ſeeing him after he fell in love—d how goes it with your Asse?' ow my Uncle Toby thinking more e *part* where he had had the bliſter, of Hilarion's metaphor—and our conceptions having (you know) as a power over the ſounds of words e ſhapes of things, he had imagin- hat my father, who was not very nonious in his choice of words, nquired after the part by it's proper ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, or Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were g in the parlour, he thought it ra- civil to conform to the term my r had made uſe of than not.— n a man is hemmed in by two in- ums, and muſt commit one of -I always obſerve—let him chuſe h he will, the world will blame —ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it es my Uncle Toby.
My a—e,' quoth my Uncle Toby, much better, brother Shandy.'— father had formed great expecta- from his Aſſe in this onſet; and d have brought him on again: but r Slop ſetting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out 'L—d bleſs us!' it drove my father's Aſſe off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bring- ing him back to the charge for ſome time——

And ſo the diſcourſe went on with- out him.

'Every body,' ſaid my mother, 'ſays 'you are in love, brother Toby—and 'we hope it is true.'

'I am as much in love, ſiſter, I be- 'lieve,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as 'any man uſually is.'—'Humph!' ſaid my father.—'And when did you 'know it?' quoth my mother.

——'When the bliſter broke,' re- plied my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby's reply put my fa- ther into good temper—ſo he charged o'foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

'AS the ancients agree, brother 'Toby,' ſaid my father, 'that 'there are two different and diſtinct 'kinds of *love*, according to the dif- 'ferent parts which are affected by it— 'the brain or liver—I think, when a 'man is in love, it behoves him a little 'to conſider which of the two he is 'fallen into.'

'What ſignifies it, brother Shandy,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'which of the 'two it is, provided it will but make 'a man marry, and love his wife, and 'get a few children!'

——'A few children!' cried my fa- ther, riſing out of his chair, and look- ing full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doc- tor Slop's—'a few children!' cried my father, repeating my Uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro.

——'Not, my dear brother Toby,' cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my Uncle Toby's chair—'not 'that I ſhould be ſorry had'ſt thou a 'ſcore—on the contrary, I ſhould re- 'joice—and be as kind, Toby, to eve- 'ry one of them as a father.'

My Uncle Toby ſtole his hand un- perceived behind his chair, to give my father's a ſqueeze.

——'Nay, moreover,' continued he, keeping hold of my Uncle Toby's hand; 'ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear

'Toby, of the milk of human nature, 'and ſo little of it's aſperities—'tis pi-'teous the world is not peopled by 'creatures which reſemble thee; and 'was I an Aſiatick monarch,' added my father, heating himſelf with his new project—'I would oblige thee, 'provided it would not impair thy 'ſtrength—or dry up thy radical moiſ-'ture too faſt—or weaken thy memory 'or fancy, brother Toby—which theſe 'gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt 'to do—elſe, dear Toby, I would pro-'cure thee the moſt beautiful woman 'in my empire, and I would oblige 'thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me 'one ſubject every *month*.'

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence—my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.

'Now I would not,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get a child, *nolens volens*, '(that is, whether I would or no) to 'pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth!'

——'And 'twould be cruel in me, 'brother Toby, to compel thee!' ſaid my father: 'but 'tis a caſe put, to ſhew 'thee, that it is not thy begetting a 'child—in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able—'but the ſyſtem of love and marriage 'thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet 'thee right in.'

'There is, at leaſt,' ſaid Yorick, 'a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe 'in Captain Shandy's opinion of love: 'and 'tis amongſt the ill-ſpent hours of 'my life which I have to anſwer for, 'that I have read ſo many flouriſhing 'poets and rhetoricians in my time, 'from whom I never could extract ſo 'much.'

'I wiſh, Yorick,' ſaid my father, 'you had read Plato; for there you 'would have learnt that there are two 'LOVES.'—'I know there were two 'RELIGIONS,' replied Yorick, 'a-'monſt the ancients—one for the vul-'gar, and another for the learned: 'but I think ONE LOVE might have 'ſerved both of them very well.'

'It could not,' replied my father; 'and for the ſame reaſons: for of theſe 'loves, according to Ficinus's com-'ment upon Velaſius, the one is *ra-'tional*——

——'The other is *natural*—— 'the firſt ancient—without mother— 'where Venus had nothing to do: the 'ſecond, begotten of Jupiter and Di-'one.'

——'Pray, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'what has a man who be-'lieves in God to do with this?'—My father could not ſtop to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſcourſe.

'This latter,' continued he, 'par-'takes wholly of the nature of Venus.

'The firſt, which is the golden chain 'let down from heaven, excites to love 'heroick, which comprehends in it, 'and excites to the deſire of philoſophy 'and truth—the ſecond, excites to *de-'ſire*, ſimply.'

'I think the procreation of children 'as beneficial to the world,' ſaid Yorick, 'as the finding out the longi-'tude.'

——'To be ſure,' ſaid my mother, '*love* keeps peace in the world.'

——'In the *houſe*—my dear, I own!'—'It repleniſhes the earth,' ſaid my mother.

'But it keeps heaven empty—my 'dear!' replied my father.

——'It is virginity,' cried Slop, triumphantly, 'which fills paradiſe.'

'Well puſh'd, nun!' quoth my father.

CHAP. XXXIV.

MY father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of them againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenable than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Chriſtendom about Slop's

p's ears, when corporal Trim came
› the parlour, to inform my Uncle
by, that his thin ſcarlet breeches,
which the attack was to be made
on Mrs. Wadman, would not do;
that the taylor, in ripping them up,
order to turn them, had found they
l been turn'd before. 'Then turn
iem again, brother,' ſaid my father
idly, 'for there will be many a
irning of 'em yet before all's done in
he affair.'—'They are as rotten as
irt,' ſaid the corporal.—'Then, by
ll means,' ſaid my father, 'beſpeak
'new pair, brother—for though I
now,' continued my father, turning
nſelf to the company, 'that Widow
Wadman has been deeply in love
vith my brother Toby for many
ears, and has uſed every art and cir-
umvention of woman to outwit him
nto the ſame paſſion, yet now that
he has caught him—her fever will
e paſs'd it's height—
——'She has gain'd her point.
'In this caſe,' continued my father,
vhich Plato, I am perſuaded, never
hought of—Love, you ſee, is not ſo
nuch a SENTIMENT as a SITUA-
TION, into which a man enters, as
ny brother Toby would do into a
orps—no matter whether he loves the
ervice or no—being once in it—he
cts as if he did; and takes every ſtep
o ſhew himſelf a man of prowess.'
The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my
her's, was plauſible enough; and
Uncle Toby had but a ſingle word
object to it—in which Trim ſtood
dy to ſecond him—but my father had
t drawn his concluſion.
'For this reaſon,' continued my fa-
r, (ſtating the caſe over again) 'not-
withſtanding all the world knows,
hat Mrs. Wadman *affects* my bro-
her Toby—and my brother Toby
ontrariwiſe *affects* Mrs. Wadman,
nd no obſtacle in nature to forbid
he muſick ſtriking up this very night,
et will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-
ame tune will not be play'd this
welvemonth.'
'We have taken our meaſures badly?'
oth my Uncle Toby, looking up in-
rogatively in Trim's face.
'I would lay my Montero-cap,' ſaid
im—(Now Trim's Montero-cap, as
nce told you, was his conſtant wager;
d having furbiſh'd it up that very
ght, in order to go upon the attack—
it made the odds look more conſid
able)——'I would lay, an' pleaſe y
'honour, my Montero-cap to a ſt
'ling—was it proper,' continued Tri
(making a bow) 'to offer a wager
'fore your honours—'
——'There is nothing improper
'it,' ſaid my father; 'it is a m
'of expreſſion: for, in ſaying th
'would'ſt lay thy Montero-cap t
'ſhilling—all thou meaneſt is thi
'thou believeſt—
——'Now, what do'ſt thou
'lieve?'
'That Widow Wadman, an' ple
'your worſhip, cannot hold it out
'days.'
'And whence,' cried Slop, jeering
'haſt thou all this knowledge of
'man, friend?'
'By falling in love with a Po
'clergy-woman,' ſaid Trim.
'It was a *Beguine*,' ſaid my Un
Toby.
Doctor Slop was too much in wr
to liſten to the diſtinction; and my
ther taking that very criſis to fall
helter-ſkelter upon the whole Orde
Nuns and Beguines—a ſet of ſi
fuſty baggages—Slop could not ſt
it—and my Uncle Toby having ſc
meaſures to take about his breeche
and Yorick about his fourth gen
diviſion—in order for their ſeveral
tacks next day—the company broke
and my father being left alone; and h
ing half an hour on his hands betv
that and bed-time, he called for pen, i
and paper, and wrote my Uncle T
the following letter of inſtructions.

'MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY,'

'WHAT I am going to ſa
'thee, is upon the natur
'women, and of love-making to th
'and perhaps it is as well for the
'though not ſo well for me—that t
'haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtr
'tions upon that head, and that I
'able to write it to thee.
'Had it been the good pleaſur
'Him who diſpoſes of our lots—
'thou no ſufferer by the knowledg
'I had been well content that t
'ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this
'ment into the ink, inſtead of myſ
'but that not being the caſe—N
'Shandy being now cloſe beſides
'preparing for bed—I have thr

'together, without order, and just as 'they have come into my mind, such 'hints and documents as I deem may 'be of use to thee; intending, in this, 'to give thee a token of my love; not 'doubting, my dear Toby, of the man-'ner in which it will be accepted.

'In the first place, with regard to all 'which concerns religion in the affair— 'though I perceive from a glow in my 'cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak 'to thee upon the subject, as well know-'ing, notwithstanding thy unaffected 'secrecy, how few of it's offices thou 'neglectest—yet I would remind thee 'of one (during the continuance of thy 'courtship) in a particular manner, 'which I would not have omitted: and 'that is, never to go forth upon the 'enterprize, whether it be in the morn-'ing or in the afternoon, without first 'recommending thyself to the protec-'tion of Almighty God, that he may 'defend thee from the evil one.

'Shave the whole top of thy crown 'clean, once at least every four or five 'days, but oftner if convenient; lest 'in taking off thy wig before her, 'through absence of mind, she should 'be able to discover how much has 'been cut away by Time—how much 'by Trim.

'It were better to keep ideas of bald-'ness out of her fancy.

'Always carry it in thy mind, and 'act upon it, as a sure maxim, Toby— '*That women are timid:* and 'tis 'well they are—else there would be no 'dealing with them.

'Let not thy breeches be too tight, 'or hang too loose about thy thighs, 'like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

——'A just medium prevents all con-'clusions—.

'Whatever thou hast to say, be it 'more or less, forget not to utter it in 'a low soft tone of voice. Silence, and 'whatever approaches it, wo ves dreams 'of midnight secrecy into the brain; 'for this cause, if thou canst help it, 'never throw down the tongs and poker.

'Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and 'facetiousness in thy discourse with her, 'and do whatever lies in thy power at 'the same time, to keep from her all 'books and writings which tend there-'to: there are some devotional tracts, 'which if thou can'st entice her to read 'over—it will be well: but suffer her 'not to look into Rabelais, or Scar-'ron, or Don Quixote—

——'They are all books which ex-'cite laughter; and thou knowest, dear 'Toby, that there is no passion so se-'rious as lust.

'Stick a pin in the bosom of thy 'shirt, before thou entereſt her par-'lour.

'And if thou art permitted to sit 'upon the same sofa with her, and she 'gives thee occasion to lay thy hand 'upon her's—beware of taking it— 'thou can'st not lay thy hand on her's, 'but she will feel the temper of thine. 'Leave that, and as many other things 'as thou can'st, quite undetermined; 'by so doing, thou wilt have her cu-'riosity on thy side; and if she is not 'conquered by that, and thy ASSE con-'tinues still kicking, which there is 'great reason to suppose—thou must 'begin, with first losing a few ounces 'of blood below the ears, according to 'the practice of the ancient Scythians, 'who cured the most intemperate fits 'of the appetite by that means.

'Avicenna, after this, is for having 'the part anointed with the syrup of 'helleb re, using proper evacuations and 'purges—and, I believe, rightly. But 'thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, 'nor red deer—nor even foal's flesh by 'any means; and carefully abstain— 'that is, as much as thou can'st—from 'peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, 'and water-hens—

'As for thy drink—I need not tell 'thee, it must be the infusion of VER-'VAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which 'Ælian relates such effects—but if thy 'stomach palls with it—discontinue it 'from time to time, taking cucumbers, 'melons, purslane, water lilies, wood-'bine, and lettice, in the stead of them.

'There is nothing farther for thee, 'which occurs to me at present—

——'Unless the breaking out of a 'fresh war.—So wishing every thing, 'dear Toby, for the best—

'I rest thy affectionate brother,

'WALTER SHANDY.'

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my Uncle Toby and the corporal were busy

in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolved upon for eleven o'clock.

'Come, my dear,' ſaid my father to my mother—'it will be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's—to countenance him in this attack of his.'

My Uncle Toby and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother entered—and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my Uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

'I could like,' ſaid my mother, 'to look through the key hole, out of *curioſity*.'—'Call it by it's right name, my dear,' quoth my father—

'*And look through the key-hole* as long as you will.'

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CHAP. I.

I Call all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs that I could never yet get fairly to my Uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it—wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

'Call it, my dear, by it's right name,' quoth my father, 'and look through 'the key-hole as long as you will.'

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſubacid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left-arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall—it could ſcarce be called a tap—or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether it was a tap of remonſtrance, or a tap of confeſſion—my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſſed it right—Conſcience redoubled her blow—he turned his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right-leg, keeping her left as it's centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eyes.—Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chryſtal, with all it's humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted—it did not—and how I happened to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows!——My mother, Madam, was ſo at no time,—either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts—which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one.—And as for my father's example, 'twas ſo far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole buſineſs of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head.—Nature had done her part, to have ſpared him this trouble; and what was not a little

inconſiſtent,

inconſiſtent, my father knew it.—And here am I ſitting, this 12th day of Auguſt 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of ſlippers, without either wig or cap on, a moſt tragi-comical completion of his prediction, *that I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account.*

The miſtake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, inſtead of the act itſelf: for certainly key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and conſidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your reverences, that key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs, than all other holes in this world put together.

——Which leads me to my Uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my Uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years ſqueezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not ſo eaſy to be got the better of, and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air — had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile—it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was—or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my Uncle Toby's, aſſimulated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had moreover wrote *Gentleman* with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my Uncle Toby put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been pick'd up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have cooperated more powerfully towards this, than my Uncle Toby's blue and gold—*had not quantity in ſome meaſure been neceſſary to grace:* in a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my Uncle Toby's life, for he ſeldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the ſleeves was of no advantage. — They were laced, however, down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my Uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *ſixes* and *ſevens*.

——Yes, Madam—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my Uncle Toby's wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The corporal had array'd himſelf in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbiſh'd up for the occaſion. march'd three paces diſtant from his maſter: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his ſhirt at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's ſtick.—My Uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

——'It looks well, at leaſt!' quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. III.

MY Uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the corporal;

ral; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick—but not vapouringly; and, with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour *never fear*.

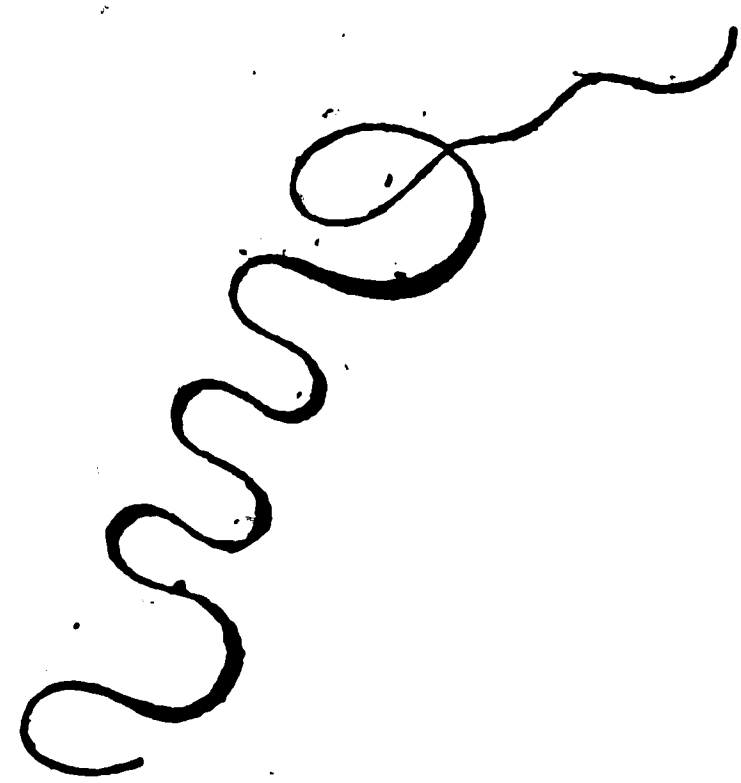
Now my Uncle Toby did fear, and grievouſly too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his eaſe—near any one of them—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs—then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye: and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not alout) as bad as talking bawdy.

——'And ſuppoſe it is!' my father would ſay.

'—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your honour, 'as liberty.'

'Nothing, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, muſing.

'Whilſt a man is free—' cried the corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick thus—



CHAP. IV.

'SHE cannot,' quoth my Uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—'ſhe cannot, 'corporal, take it amiſs!'

——'She will take it, an' pleaſe 'your honour,' ſaid the corporal, 'juſt 'as the Jew's widow at Liſbon took it 'of my brother Tom.'

——'And how was that?' quoth my Uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'knows of Tom's misfortunes; but 'this affair has nothing to do with them, 'any farther than this, that if Tom had 'not married the widow—or had it 'pleaſed God after their marriage, that 'they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been 'taken out of his warm bed, and 'dragg'd to the inquiſition.—'Tis a 'curſed place!' added the corporal, ſhaking his head: 'when once a poor 'creature is in, he is in, an' pleaſe your 'honour, for ever.'

'Tis very true!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's houſe as he ſpoke.

'Nothing,' continued the corporal, 'can be ſo bad as confinement for life A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My Uncle Toby looked earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the ſpirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his ſtory, and in this form of exorciſm, moſt un-eccleſiaſtically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

'AS Tom's place, an' pleaſe your 'honour, was eaſy—and the 'weather warm—it put him upon thinking ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the 'world; and as it fell out about that 'time, that a Jew who kept a ſauſage-ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill 'luck to die of a ſtrangury, and leave 'his widow in poſſeſſion of a rouzing 'trade—Tom thought (as every body 'in Liſbon was doing the beſt he could 'deviſe for himſelf) there could be no 'harm in offering her his ſervice to 'carry it on: ſo, without any introduc-'tion to the widow, except that of buy-'ing a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop—

'Tom ſet out — counting the matter 'thus within himſelf as he walked a-'long; that let thè worſt come of it 'that could, he ſhould at leaſt get a 'pound of ſauſages for their worth— 'but, if things went well, he ſhould 'be ſet up; inaſmuch as he ſhould get 'not only a pound of ſauſages—but a 'wife—and a ſauſage-ſhop, an' pleaſe 'your honour, into the bargain.

'Every ſervant in the family, from 'high to low, wiſhed Tom ſucceſs; 'and I can fancy, an' pleaſe your ho-'nour, I ſee him this moment with his 'white dimity waiſtcoat and breeches, 'and hat a little o'one ſide, paſſing 'jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his 'ſtick, with a ſmile and a chearful 'word for every body he met.—But, 'alas! Tom, thou ſmileſt no more!' cried the corporal—looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophized him in his dungeon.

'Poor fellow!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, feelingly.

'He was an honeſt, light-hearted 'lad, an' pleaſe your honour, as ever 'blood warmed!'

——'Then he reſembled thee, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal bluſhed down to his fingers ends —— a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs — another of gratitude to my Uncle Toby — and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes — ſtarted into his eye, and ran ſweetly down his cheek together: my Uncle Toby's kindled, as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of Trim's coat, (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling — he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with the ſtory of his brother, and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. VI.

'WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your 'honour, got to the ſhop, 'there was nobody in it, but a poor 'negro girl, with a bunch of white 'feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a 'long cane, flapping away flies—not 'killing them.'—'Tis a pretty pic-'ture!' ſaid my Uncle Toby — 'ſhe 'had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and 'had learnt mercy!'

——'She was good, an' pleaſe your 'honour, from nature as well as from 'hardſhips; and there are circumſtances 'in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, 'that would melt a heart of ſtone!' ſaid Trim; 'and ſome diſmal winter's even-'ing, when your honour is in the hu-'mour, they ſhall be told you with the 'reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a 'part of it.'

'Then do not forget, Trim,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'A negro has a ſoul, an' pleaſe your 'honour?' ſaid the corporal (doubtingly.)

'I am not much verſed, corporal,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'in things of 'that kind; but I ſuppoſe God would 'not leave him without one, any more 'than thee or me.'

——'It would be putting one ſadly 'over the head of another!' quoth the corporal.

'It would ſo!' ſaid my Uncle Toby. 'Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, 'is a black wench to be uſed worſe 'than a white one?'

'I can give no reaſon,' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

——'Only,' cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, 'becauſe ſhe has no one 'to ſtand up for her!'

——'It is that very thing, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'which re-'commends her to protection—and her 'brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of 'war which has put the whip into our 'hands *now*—where it may be here-'after, Heaven knows!—but be it 'where it will, the brave, Trim, will 'never uſe it unkindly.'

——'God forbid!' ſaid the corporal.

'Amen!' reſponded my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on—but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice, which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout hem!

to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding Nature at the ſame time with his left-arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended ſupporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

'AS Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, 'had no buſineſs at that time 'with the Mooriſh girl, he paſſed on 'into the room beyond to talk to the 'Jew's widow about love—and his 'pound of ſauſages; and being, as I 'have told your honour, an open, 'cheery-hearted lad, with his character 'wrote in his looks and carriage, he 'took a chair, and without much apo-'logy, but with great civility at the 'ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at 'the table, and ſat down.

'There is nothing ſo aukward as 'courting a woman, an' pleaſe your 'honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages. '—So Tom began a diſcourſe upon 'them; firſt gravely—*as how they were* '*made—with what meats, herbs and* '*ſpices.*—Then a little gayly—as, '*With what ſkins—and if they never* '*burſt?—Whether the largeſt were not* '*the beſt?*—and ſo on—taking care 'only as he went along, to ſeaſon what 'he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather 'under, than over—that he might have 'room to act in.'—

'It was owing to the neglect of that 'very precaution,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's ſhoulder, 'that Count De la Motte loſt the 'battle of Wynendale: he preſſed too 'ſpeedily into the wood; which, if he 'had not done, Liſle had not fallen in-'to our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, 'which both followed her examples. 'It was ſo late in the year,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'and ſo terrible a 'ſeaſon came on, that if things had not 'fallen out as they did, our troops 'muſt have periſhed in the open field.'

——'Why, therefore, may not bat-'tles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well 'as marriages, be made in heaven?'—My Uncle Toby muſed.

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—my Uncle Toby ſaid n at all; and the corporal finiſh ſtory.

'As Tom perceived, an' plea 'honour, that he gained groun 'that all he had ſaid upon the 'of ſauſages was kindly taken, h 'on to help her a little in makin '—Firſt, by taking hold of the 'the ſauſage whilſt ſhe ſtroked th 'meat down with her hand—t 'cutting the ſtrings into proper l 'and holding them in his hand, 'ſhe took them out one by one 'by putting them acroſs her 'that ſhe might take them ou 'wanted them—and ſo on, fro 'to more, till at laſt he advent 'tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt 'the ſnout.

——'Now a widow, an' ple 'honour, always chuſes a ſecon 'band as unlike the firſt as ſh 'ſo the affair was more than hal 'in her mind before Tom menti

'She made a feint, however, 'fending herſelf, by ſnatchin 'ſauſage—Tom inſtantly laid 'another—

'But ſeeing Tom's had mor 'in it—

'She ſigned the capitulatio 'Tom ſealed it: and there was 'of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

'ALL womankind,' cr Trim, (commenting u ſtory) 'from the higheſt to th 'an' pleaſe your honour, lov 'the difficulty is to know h 'chuſe to have them cut; and 'no knowing that, but by tryi 'do with our artillery in the 'raiſing or letting down their l 'till we hit the mark.'

——'I like the compariſ my Uncle Toby, 'better than 'itſelf!'

——'Becauſe your honour the corporal, 'loves glory, m 'pleaſure.'

'I hope, Trim,' anſwered m Toby, 'I love mankind more 'ther; and as the knowledge 'tends ſo apparently to the g 'quiet of the world—and pa 'that branch of it which we h

'tiſed together in our bowling-green, 'has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides 'of AMBITION, and intrench the lives 'and fortunes of the *few*, from the 'plunderings of the *many*—whenever 'that drum beats in our ears, I truſt, 'corporal, we ſhall neither of us want 'ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling 'as to face about and march.'

In pronouncing this, my Uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt as he took his firſt ſtep—marched cloſe behind him down the avenue.

——'Now what can their two 'noddles be about?' cried my father to my mother.—'By all that's ſtrange, 'they are beſieging Mrs. Wadman in-'form, and are marching round her 'houſe to mark out the lines of circum-'vallation!'

'I dare ſay,' quoth my mother—— But ſtop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion—and what my father did ſay upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented, and deſcanted upon—or to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumbed over by poſterity in a chapter apart——I ſay, by *poſterity*—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moſes, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: time waſtes too faſt; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen, the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing preſſes on—whilſt thou art twiſting that lock—ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

MY mother had gone with her left-arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horſe: as this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my Uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about.—'Let us juſt ſtop a moment,' quoth my father, 'and ſee with what cere-'monies my brother Toby and his 'man Trim make their firſt entry—it 'will not detain us,' added my father, 'a ſingle minute.'—'No matter, if it 'be ten minutes,' quoth my mother.

——'It will not detain us half a 'one,' ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the ſtory went on—and on—it had epiſodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader found it very long.

——G—d help my father! he *piſh'd* fifty times at every new attitude; and gave the corporal's ſtick, with all it's flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events, like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of Fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

CURIOSITY governs the *firſt moment*; and the ſecond moment is all OECONOMY to juſtify the expence of the firſt—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethick writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that *virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's ſtory; and from thence to the end of my Uncle Toby's panegyrick upon arms in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that inſtead of march-

ing

up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they
faced about and marched down
avenue diametrically oppoſite to his
ctation—he broke out at once with
little ſubacid ſoreneſs of humour,
ch, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſh-
is character from that of all other

CHAP. XI.

—'NOW what can their two noddles be about?' cried father! - - &c. - - - -'

I dare ſay,' ſaid my mother, 'they e making fortifications.'

—'Not on Mrs. Wadman's preiſes!' cried my father, ſtepping k.

I ſuppoſe not!' quoth my mother.

I wiſh,' ſaid my father, raiſing his e, 'the whole ſcience of fortificaon at the devil! with all it's trumery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, uſſe-brays and cuvetts.'

—'They are fooliſh things!' ſaid mother.

low ſhe had a way—which, by the , I would this moment give away purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlip- into the bargain, if ſome of your rences would imitate—and that was, er to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to propoſition my father had laid be- her, merely becauſe ſhe did not unand it, or had no ideas of the prinl word or term of art, upon which tenet or propoſition rolled. She coned herſelf with doing all that her fathers and godmothers promiſed for —but no more; and ſo would go ſing a hard word twenty years to- er—and replying to it too, if it was erb, in all it's moods and tenſes, out giving herſelf any trouble to uire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery my father, and broke the neck, at firſt ſetting out, of more good diaues between them, than could have e the moſt petulant contradiction—few which ſurvived were the better the cuvetts.

—'They are fooliſh things,' ſaid mother.

—'Particularly the *cuvetts!*' red my father.

I was enough—he taſted the ſweets riumph, and went on.

—'Not that they are, prop ſpeaking, Mrs. Wadman's premiſ ſaid my father, partly correcting ſelf—'becauſe ſhe is but tenant life.'

—'That makes a great differe ſaid my mother.

—'In a fool's head!' replied father.

'Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to ha child,' ſaid my mother.

—'But ſhe muſt perſuade my ther Toby firſt to get her one!'

—'To be ſure, Mr. Shan quoth my mother.

—'Though if it comes to per ſion,' ſaid my father—'Lord mercy upon them!'

'Amen!' ſaid my mother, *pian*

'Amen!' cried my father, *ſo ſimè*.

'Amen!' ſaid my mother aga but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of ſonal pity at the end of it, as diſc fited every fibre about my father inſtantly took out his almanack; before he could untie it, Yorick's gregation coming out of church, came a full anſwer to one half of buſineſs with it—and my mother ing him it was a ſacrament-day—him as little in doubt, as to the part.—He put his almanack int pocket.

The firſt lord of the treaſury th ing of *ways and means*, could not returned home with a more embarr look.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from th of the laſt chapter, and ſurve the texture of what has been wrote neceſſary, that upon this page anc five following, a good quantity of rogeneous matter be inſerted, to ke that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom folly, without which a book woul hold together a ſingle year: nor is poor creeping digreſſion (which b the name of, a man might contin well going on in the king's high which will do the buſineſs—no; i to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a friſky one, and upon a friſky ſt too, where neither the horſe or his are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raiſing p

ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious—WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

——The beſt way for a man, is to ſay his prayers.

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe—ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties.

——I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then, by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body by temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity. 'Theſe are good,' quoth I, 'in themſelves—they are good, abſolutely—they are good, relatively—they are good for health—they are good for happineſs in this world—they are good for happineſs in the next.'

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as Heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that ſniveling virtue of meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again—ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this—

——Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logick, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it publick; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

NOW in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs gummous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my ſoul*; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done—

——I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff or a ſtride or two acroſs the room will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my ſhirt—put on a better coat—ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger—and, in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do! for conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably ſits over againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run a riſque of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhaving, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity—How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care—But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (ἐξ ἕξεως πρᾶξις) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the ſoul and body are joint ſharers in every thing they get; a man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get cloathed at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing

to

), but take his pen, and write imſelf.
r this cauſe, when your honours everences would know whether I clean and fit to be read, you will le to judge full as well by looking ay laundreſs's bill, as my book: was one ſingle month in which I nake it appear, that I dirtied one nirty ſhirts with clean writing; and all, was more abuſed, curſed, cri-d, and confounded, and had more ck heads ſhaken at me, for what wrote in that one month, than all ther months of that year put to-r.
—But their honours and reverences ot ſeen my *bills*.

CHAP. XIV.

B I never had any intention of be-ginning the digreſſion I am making is preparation for, till I come to teenth chapter—I have this chap-put to whatever uſe I think pro-I have twenty this moment ready —I could write my chapter of *n-holes* in it—
· my chapter of *Piſhes*, which l follow them—
my chapter of *Knots*, in caſe their nces have done with them—they : lead me into miſchief: the ſafeſt s to follow the track of the learn-nd raiſe objections againſt what I been writing, though I declare be-iand, I know no more than my how to anſwer them.
d firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a g kind of *therſitical* ſatire, as as the very ink 'tis wrote with—by the bye, whoever ſays ſo, is in-l to the muſter-maſter-general of ſrecian army, for ſuffering the of ſo ugly and foul-mouthed a as *Therſites* to continue upon his for it has furniſhed him with an t)—in theſe productions, he will all the perſonal waſhings and ings upon earth do a ſinking ge-o ſort of good—but juſt the con-inaſmuch as the dirtier the fel-, the better generally he ſucceeds

this, I have no other anſwer—ſt ready—but that the Archbi-f Benevento wrote his *naſty* Ro-of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as ſevere as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that *inveſtment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is it's want of univerſality; forasmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from it's uſe: all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, muſt e'en go without it.

As for the Spaniſh ladies—I am in no ſort of diſtreſs.

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of *How our pleaſures ſlip from under us in this world!*

For in talking of my digreſſion—I declare before Heaven I have made it!

'What a ſtrange creature is mortal 'man!' ſaid ſhe.

'It is very true,' ſaid I———but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their buſineſs lay the other way; ſo they faced about, and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

'I warrant your honour,' ſaid the corporal, touching his Montero cap with his hand, as he paſſed him in order to give a knock at the door.—My Uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marſhall'd his ideas; he wiſhed for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door—he hemm'd twice—a portion of my Uncle Toby's moſt modeſt ſpirits fled, at each expulſion, towards the corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for

for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. Bridget ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

'Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My Uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as, perchance, your honour's taylor—I might have taken my example ſomething nearer home; for I owe mine, ſome five and twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience.

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt; and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no œconomy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart of keeping ſtraight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box—the year round; and for the ſix months I'm in the country, I'm upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that with all the good temper in the world, I out-do Rouſſeau a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a veſtal (to keep my fire in) who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf—but if you think this makes a philoſopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy——but there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHA

CHAP. XX.

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* *——

–‘ You ſhall ſee the very place, lam,’ ſaid my Uncle Toby.

. Wadman bluſhed—looked to- the door—turned pale—bluſhed y again—recovered her natural —bluſhed worſe than ever: which, : ſake of the unlearned reader, I te thus—

—d! I cannot look at it!—
hat would the world ſay if I d at it?—
ſhould drop down if I looked at
–
wiſh I could look at it.—
here can be no ſin in looking at
-

–‘ *I will look at it!*’

ilſt all this was running through Wadman’s imagination, my Un- oby had riſen from the ſofa, and the other ſide of the parlour-door, e Trim an order about it in the e.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

believe it is in the garret,’ ſaid ncle Toby—‘ I ſaw it there, an’ ſe your honour, this morning,’ ed Trim.—‘ Then pr’ythee ſtep ſtly for it, Trim,’ ſaid my Un- oby, ‘ and bring it into the par- .’

e corporal did not approve of the , but moſt chearfully obeyed them. irſt was not an act of his will— cond was: ſo he put on his Mon- ap, and went as faſt as his lame would let him. My Uncle To- turned into the parlour, and ſat lf down again upon the ſofa.

–‘ You ſhall lay your finger upon place!’—ſaid my Uncle Toby.— ill not touch it, however!’ quoth Wadman to herſelf.

is requires a ſecond tranſlation— ws what little knowledge is got ere words—we muſt go up to the prings.

w in order to clear up the miſt hangs upon theſe three pages, I endeavoured to be as clear as poſ- myſelf.

b your hands thrice acroſs yo foreheads—blow your noſes—cleanſe your emunctories—ſneeze, my good people!——God bleſs you!—

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is her’s: then, by diſcourſe, enquiry, argumentation and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe has got hold of the right one—and if ſhe has—then by pulling it gently this way and that way, ſhe farther forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impreſſes this upon his reader’s fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour I bear the ſex will not ſuffer me to quote it—otherwiſe ’tis not deſtitute of humour.

‘ She firſt,’ ſaith Slawkenbergius, ‘ ſtops the aſs, and holding his halter ‘ in her left-hand (leſt he ſhould get ‘ away) ſhe thruſts her right-hand into ‘ the very bottom of his pannier to ſearch ‘ for it——’ ‘ For what?’——‘ You’ll ‘ not know the ſooner,’ quoth Slawkenbergius, ‘ for interrupting me!’—

“ I have nothing, good lady, but “ empty bottles!” ſays the aſs.

‘ “ I am loaded with tripes,” ſays the ‘ ſecond.

“ And thou art little better,” quoth ‘ ſhe to the third; “ for nothing is there “ in thy panniers but trunk-hoſe and “ pantoufles!” and ſo to the fourth and ‘ fifth, going on one by one through ‘ the whole ſtring; till coming to the ‘ aſs which carries it, ſhe turns the ‘ pannier upſide down, looks at it— ‘ conſiders it—ſamples it—meaſures it, ‘ —ſtretches it—wets it—dries it— ‘ then takes her teeth both to the warp ‘ and weft of it—’

——‘ Of what? for the love of ‘ Chriſt!’

‘ I am determined,’ anſwered Slawkenbergius, ‘ that all the powers upon ‘ earth ſhall never wring that ſecret ‘ from my breaſt!’

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles—and ſo 'tis no matter—elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer it's deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature ſhe models, be it but an aſs's foal, you are ſure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the ſame time ſhould ſo eternally bungle it as ſhe does, in making ſo ſimple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently ſpoiled in the baking; by an exceſs of which a huſband may turn out too cruſty (you know) on one hand—or not enough ſo, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great artificer is not ſo attentive to the little platonick exigencies of *that* part of the ſpecies, for whoſe uſe ſhe is fabricating *this*—or that her ladyſhip ſometimes ſcarce knows what ſort of a huſband will do—I know not: we will diſcourſe about it after ſupper.

It is enough, that neither the obſervation itſelf, or the reaſoning upon it, are at all to the purpoſe—but rather againſt it; ſince, with regard to my Uncle Toby's fitneſs for the marriage ſtate, nothing was ever better; ſhe had formed him of the beſt and kindeſt clay—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the ſweeteſt ſpirit—ſhe had made him all gentle, generous, and humane—ſhe had filled his heart with truſt and confidence, and diſpoſed every paſſage which led to it, for the communication of the tendereſt offices—ſhe had, moreover, conſidered the other cauſes for which matrimony was ordained—

And accordingly * * *

the difficulties of the deſcriptions I'm going to give——and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week in a moſt uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining, it may be more in the ſerous and globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE ſpirit of ſweeteſt Humour, who erſt didſt ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidedſt daily through his lattice, and turnedſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence—tingedſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtick mantle o'er his withered ſtump *, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life—

——Turn in hither, I beſeech thee! —behold theſe breeches!—they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons—

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happened amongſt 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the reſt of 'em here—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gypſey of a laundreſs at Milan cut me off the *fore*-laps of five.—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration—for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box which was moreover filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs—once at Raddicoffini, and a ſecond time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe: there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into vallies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment!—'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and nine-pence halfpenny—who would embroil their philoſophy for it? For Heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it—pay it with both hands open—rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair hoſteſs and her damſels in the gate-way, at your departure—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſiſterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound—at leaſt, I did.

——For my Uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike: ſo that whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw, or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring either of ſentiment or rapture.

——They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly. —'It is Maria!' ſaid the poſtilion, obſerving I was liſtening—'Poor Maria,' continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) 'is ſitting upon a bank, 'playing her veſpers upon her pipe, 'with her little goat beſide her!'

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece when I got to Moulins.

——'And who is this *poor Maria!*' ſaid I.

'The love and pity of all the villages 'around us!' ſaid the poſtilion: 'it 'is but three years ago, that the ſun 'did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-'witted, and amiable a maid; and 'better fate did Maria deſerve, than to 'have her banns forbid, by the intrigues 'of the curate who publiſhed them—'

He was going on—when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the ſame notes—yet were ten

* He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

times ſweeter. 'It is the evening ſer-'vice to the Virgin,' ſaid the young man. 'But who has taught her to play 'it—or how ſhe came by her pipe—no 'one knows: we think that Heaven 'has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince 'ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, 'it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has 'never once had the pipe out of her 'hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it 'almoſt night and day.'

The poſtilion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition—and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—ſhe was beautiful: and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her.

——'God help her! poor damſel! 'above a hundred maſſes,' ſaid the poſtilion, 'have been ſaid in the ſeveral 'pariſh-churches and convents around, 'for her—but without effect: we have 'ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort 'intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will 'reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, 'who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon 'that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are 'loſt for ever.'

As the poſtilion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender, and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her; and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again—and ſo on alternately—

——'Well, Maria,' ſaid I, ſoftly, 'what reſemblance do you find?'

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *beaſt* man is—that I aſk'd the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered—and yet I own, my heart ſmote me—and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them—I believe there was a reſerve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!—ſome time, but not *now*, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips:—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and, with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

——What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we muſt all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my yellow ſlippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

——That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world—or for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as caſual as the foam of Zeuxis his horſe: beſides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it* with reſpect; and, conſidering what vaſte things there are in the world—that it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire.

——'Why then was it left ſo?'—And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be called as many blockheads, numſculls, doddy-poles, dunder heads, ninny-hammers, gooſe-caps, jolt-heads, nincompoops, and ſh—t-a-beds—and other unſavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne caſt in the teeth of King Garagantua's ſhepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget ſaid, as much as they pleaſe: for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the twenty-fifth chapter of my book, before the eighteenth, &c.

——So I don't take it amiſs—All I wiſh is, that it may be a leſſon to the world,

ld, *to let people tell their ſtories their r way.*

The Eighteenth Chapter.

S Mrs. Bridget opened the door be- fore the corporal had well given rap, the interval betwixt that and Uncle Toby's introduction into the lour, was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. Wad- n had but juſt time to get from behind curtain—lay a Bible upon the table, advance a ſtep or two towards the or to receive him.

My Uncle Toby ſaluted Mrs. Wad- n, after the manner in which women e ſaluted by men in the year of our d God one thouſand ſeven hundred thirteen—then facing about, he rch'd up abreaſt with her to the ſofa, in three plain words—though not be- : he was ſat down—nor after he was down—but as he was ſitting down, l her, *I was in love*—ſo that my cle Toby ſtrained himſelf more in the laration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down n a ſlit ſhe had been darning up in apron, in expectation every mo- nt, that my Uncle Toby would go ; but having no talents for amplifi- ion, and LOVE moreover of all others ng a ſubject of which he was the leaſt aſter—when he had told Mrs. Wad- n once that he loved her, he let it ne, and left the matter to work after own way.

My father was always in raptures h this ſyſtem of my Uncle Toby's, e falſely called it, and would often , that could his brother Toby to his ceſs have added but a pipe of to- co—he had wherewithal to have nd his way, if there was faith in a niſh proverb, towards the hearts of f the women upon the globe.

My Uncle Toby never underſtood at my father meant: nor will I pre- e to extract more from it, than a demnation of an error which the k of the world lie under—but the nch, every one of 'em to a man, be- e in it almoſt as much as the REAL ESENCE—*that talking of love, is king it.*

——I would as ſoon ſet about mak- a black-pudding by the ſame re- pt.

Let us go on.—Mrs. Wadman ſat in expectation my Uncle Toby would ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of minute, wherein ſilence on one ſid the other generally becomes indece ſo edging herſelf a little more tow him, and raiſing up her eyes, bluſhing, as ſhe did it—ſhe took up gauntlet—or the diſcourſe—(if you it better)—and communed with Uncle Toby, thus.

'The cares and diſquietudes of 'married ſtate,' quoth Mrs. Wadm 'are very great.'—'I ſuppoſe ſo,' my Uncle Toby. 'And there 'when a perſon,' continued Mrs. W man, 'is ſo much at his eaſe as 'are—ſo happy, Captain Shandy, 'yourſelf, your friends, and your 'muſements—I wonder what reaſ 'can incline you to the ſtate.'—

——'They are written,' quoth Uncle Toby, 'in the Common-Pra 'Book.'

Thus far my Uncle Toby went warily, and kept within his depth, le ing Mrs. Wadman to ſail upon gulph as ſhe pleaſed.

——'As for children,' ſaid M Wadman, 'though a principal 'perhaps of the inſtitution, and the 'tural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every pa '—yet do not we all find they are 'tain ſorrows, and very uncertain c 'forts? and what is there, dear Sir 'pay one for the heart-aches—w 'compenſation for the many tender 'diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſu 'ing and defenceleſs mother who bri 'them into life?'—'I declare,' my Uncle Toby, ſmit with pity, 'know of none! unleſs it be the p 'ſure which it has pleaſed God—'

——A fiddleſtick!' quoth ſhe.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are ſuch an infini of notes, tunes, cants, chants, looks, and accents, with which the *fiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all caſes as this, every one of them imp ſing a ſenſe and meaning as diffe from the other as *dirt* from *cleanl* —that caſuiſts (for it is an affai conſcience on that ſcore) reckon u leſs than fourteen thouſand in w you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddle* which ſummoned up all my Uncle

by's modeſt blood into his cheeks—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had ſome how or other got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When my Uncle Toby had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again: ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him—which was the ſiege of Jericho—he ſet himſelf to read it over—leaving his propoſal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after it's own way. Now it wrought neither as an aſtringent or a looſener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buck-thorn, or any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world—in ſhort, it worked not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times! but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject—allons!

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect ſtranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire before he ſets out, how many miles to York—which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and aſks about the corporation, &c.

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a *ſciatica*, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more or leſs in her feelings, in one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed Graaf upon the bones and muſcles *; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſoned likewiſe from her own powers — laid down theorems — drawn conſequences—and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor Slop, if poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound.

——'He is recovered,' Doctor Slop would ſay.

'What! quite?'

——'Quite, Madam!'

'But what do you mean by a recovery?' Mrs. Wadman would ſay.

Doctor Slop was the worſt man alive at definitions; and ſo Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in ſhort, there was no way to extract it, but from my Uncle Toby himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind, which lulls SUSPICION to reſt—and I am half perſuaded, the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the devil without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-ſurgeon.

—— *Was it without remiſſion?*

—— *Was it more tolerable in bed?*

—— *Could he lie on both ſides alike with it?*

—— *Was he able to mount a horſe?*

—— *Was motion bad for it?—et cetera*; were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my Uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themſelves:—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my Uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and pell-mell with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St. Roch ſword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea—all was lifted up—the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels—an angel of mercy ſat beſide him on the ſofa—his heart glowed with fire,—and had he been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

* This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.

——'And

——'And whereabouts, dear Sir,' quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, 'did you receive this ſad blow?' —In aſking this queſtion, Mrs. Wadman gave a ſlight glance towards the waiſtband of my Uncle Toby's red pluſh breeches, expecting naturally, as the ſhorteſt reply to it, that my Uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place. It fell out otherwiſe—for my Uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverſes of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of St. Roch; he could at any time ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding when the ſtone ſtruck him: this ſtruck inſtantly upon my Uncle Toby's ſenſorium—and with it ſtruck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur and it's environs, which he had purchaſed and paſted down upon a board by the corporal's aid, during his long illneſs—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever ſince, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My Uncle Toby meaſured off thirty toiſes, with Mrs. Wadman's ſciſſars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with ſuch a virgin modeſty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddeſs of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her ſhade —ſhook her head, and with a finger wavering acroſs her eyes—forbid her to explain the miſtake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

——For nothing can make this chapter go off with ſpirit but an apoſtrophe to thee—but my heart tells me, that in ſuch a criſis an apoſtrophe is but an inſult in diſguiſe, and ere I would offer one to a woman in diſtreſs——let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critick *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY Uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——'AND here is the Maes— 'and this is the Sambre,' ſaid the corporal — pointing with his right-hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. B ſhoulder—but not the ſhoulder ne —'and this,' ſaid he, 'is the 'Namur—and this the citade 'there lay the French—and her 'honour and myſelf—and in th 'ed trench, Mrs. Bridget,' q corporal, taking her by the han 'he receive the wound which 'him ſo miſerably *here!*'— nouncing which, he ſlightly the back of her hand towards he felt for—and let it fall.

'We thought, Mr. Trim, it h 'more in the middle,' ſaid Mrs.

'That would have undone 'ever!' ſaid the corporal.

——'And left my poor miſt 'done too!' ſaid Bridget.

The corporal made no reply repartee, but by giving Mrs. B kiſs.

'Come—come!' ſaid Bridget ing the palm of her left-hand pa the plane of the horizon, and ſli fingers of the other over it, in which could not have been dc there been the leaſt wart or protu

——'It is every ſyllable of i cried the corporal, before ſhe h finiſhed the ſentence.

——'I know it to be fal Bridget, from credible witneſſes

——'Upon my honour,' ſaid poral, laying his hand upon h and bluſhing as he ſpoke with h ſentment—'it is a ſtory, Mrs. 'as falſe as hell!'—'Not,' ſaid interrupting him, 'that either 'miſtreſs care a halfpenny a 'whether 'tis ſo or no—only th 'one is married, one would 'have ſuch a thing by one at h

It was ſomewhat unfortunate Bridget that ſhe had begun th with her manual exerciſe; for poral inſtantly *

CHAP. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary the moiſt eye-lids of an Ap ing, whether Bridget ſhould lau

She ſnatched up a rolling-pi ten to one, ſhe had laughed.

She laid it down—ſhe cried: one ſingle tear of 'em but taſt

terneſs, full ſorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had uſed the argument; but the corporal underſtood the ſex, a *quart major to a terce*, at leaſt, better than my Uncle Toby, and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

'I know, Mrs. Bridget,' ſaid the corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, 'that thou art good and modeſt 'by nature, and art withal ſo generous 'a girl in thyſelf, that if I know thee 'rightly, thou would'ſt not wound an 'inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo 'gallant and worthy a ſoul as my ma'ſter, wait thou ſure to be made a coun'teſs of—but thou haſt been ſet on and 'deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a 'woman's caſe, *to pleaſe others more 'than themſelves!*'

Bridget's eyes pointed down at the ſenſations the corporal excited.

——'Tell me—tell me then, my 'dear Bridget,' continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide—and giving a ſecond kiſs—'whoſe ſuſpicion has miſ'led thee?'

Bridget ſobbed a ſob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—ſhe then opened her heart, and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations the greateſt part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My Uncle Toby, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver, and blue and gold alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and ſo had nothing to communicate—

The corporal, on his ſide, in taking Bridget, by it had gained conſiderable advantages—and conſequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well, as what was the manner by which he had ſeized them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the corporal durſt not venture upon it; and as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment.—

——Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!——But I have apoſtrophized thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOW my Uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf upon his finger-ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger—'Pr'ythee, Trim!' ſaid he, taking up his pipe again, 'bring me a pen and 'ink.' Trim brought paper ſo.

'Take a full ſheet, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby—making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dipped it in the ink.

'She has a thouſand virtues, Trim!' ſaid my Uncle Toby.

'Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe 'your honour?' quoth the corporal.

——'But they muſt be taken in their 'ranks,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'for 'of them all, Trim, that which wins 'me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for 'all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn 'and ſingular humanity of her cha'racter.—I proteſt,' added my Uncle Toby, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling—'that 'was I her brother, Trim, a thouſand'fold, ſhe could not make more con'ſtant or more tender enquiries after 'my ſufferings—though now no more!'

The corporal made no reply to my Uncle Toby's proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—he dipped the pen a ſecond time into the ſinkhorn: and my Uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet at the left-hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - thus.

'Pr'ythee,

'Pr'ythee corporal,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, as ſoon as Trim had done it—'how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire 'after the wound on the cap of thy 'knee, which thou receiveđſt at the 'battle of Landen?'

''She never, an' pleaſe your honour, 'enquires after it at all!'

'That, corporal,' ſaid my Uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit—'that 'ſhews the difference in the character 'of the miſtreſs and maid!—had the '.ame of war allotted the ſame miſ-'chance to me, Mrs. Wadman would 'have enquired into every circumſtance 'relating to it a hundred times.'—'She 'would have enquired, an' pleaſe your 'honour, ten times as often about your 'honour's groin!'—'The pain, Trim, 'is equally excruciating—and compaſ-'ſion has as much to do with the one as 'the other.'

——'God bleſs your honour!' cried the corporal—'what has a woman's 'compaſſion to do with a wound upon 'the cap of a man's knee? had your 'honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand 'ſplinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. 'Wadman would have troubled her 'head as little about it as Bridget; be-'cauſe,' added the corporal, lowering his voice and ſpeaking very diſtinctly as he aſſigned his reaſon—

'The knee is ſuch a diſtance from 'the main body—whereas the groin, 'your honour knows, is upon the very '*curtin* of the *place*.'

My Uncle Toby gave a long whiſtle—but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the reſt.

My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been ſpun from the unravellings of a ſpider's web.

——'Let us go to my brother Shan-'dy's,' ſaid he.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my Uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, ſome moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Suſannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about—but Suſannah was ſufficient by herſelf for, all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have in exporting a family ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen fat to the poſtilion for a groat, who trucked it with the dairy-maid for ſomething of about the ſame value—and though whiſpered in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and ſounded them upon the houſe-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my Uncle Toby's ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delayed the ſurrender.

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did—had but juſt heard of the report as my Uncle Toby ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to Yorick, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by—not only, that the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was luſt; but that every evil and diſorder in the world, of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of Adam, down to my Uncle Toby's (incluſive) was owing one way or other to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my Uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled againſt the paſſion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as ſoon as my Uncle Toby was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——'THAT proviſion ſhould be 'made for continuing the 'race of ſo great, ſo exalted and god-'like a being as man—I am far from

'denying—but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards—a paſſion, my dear,' continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, 'which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

'I know it will be ſaid,' continued my father, (availing himſelf of the *prolepſis*) 'that in itſelf, and ſimply taken —like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep— it is an affair neither good or bad—or ſhameful, or otherwiſe.—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

——'The act of killing and deſtroying a man,' continued my father—raiſing his voice, and turning to my Uncle Toby, 'you ſee, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable—we march with them upon our ſhoulders—we ſtrut with them by our ſides—we gild them—we carve them—we inlay them—we enrich them!—Nay, if it be but a *ſcoundrel* cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breech of it!'—

——'My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces—

——When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as impropriater of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a bull for the ſervice of the pariſh, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *topviſit* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer—I ſay, one day or other—becauſe, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſe-maid—ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to-bed, Obadiah thanked God—

——'Now,' ſaid Obadiah, 'I ſhall have a calf!' So Obadiah went daily to viſit his cow.

'She'll calve on Monday—on Tueſday—or Wedneſday, at the farthet.'

The cow did not calve—No—ſhe'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly—till at the end of the firſt week Obadiah's ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment—and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——'Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip,' ſaith Obadiah, 'believe that 'tis all the bull's fault.'

——'But may not a cow be barren?' replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

'It never happens,' ſaid Doctor Slop; 'but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough.

——'Pr'ythee, has the child hair upon his head?' added Doctor Slop.

——'It is as hairy as I am!' ſaid Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been ſhaved for three weeks.——'Wheu - - u - - -